THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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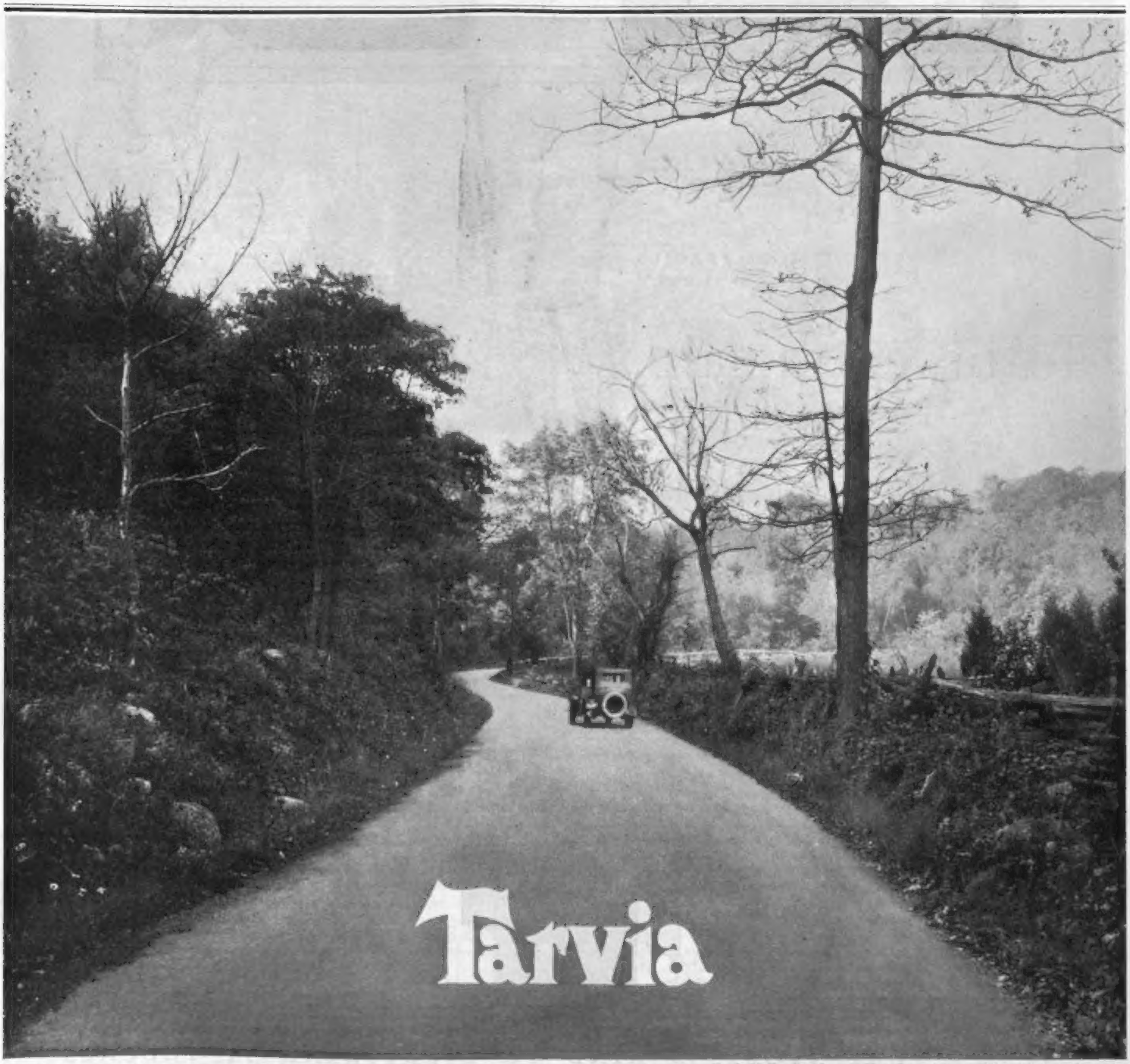

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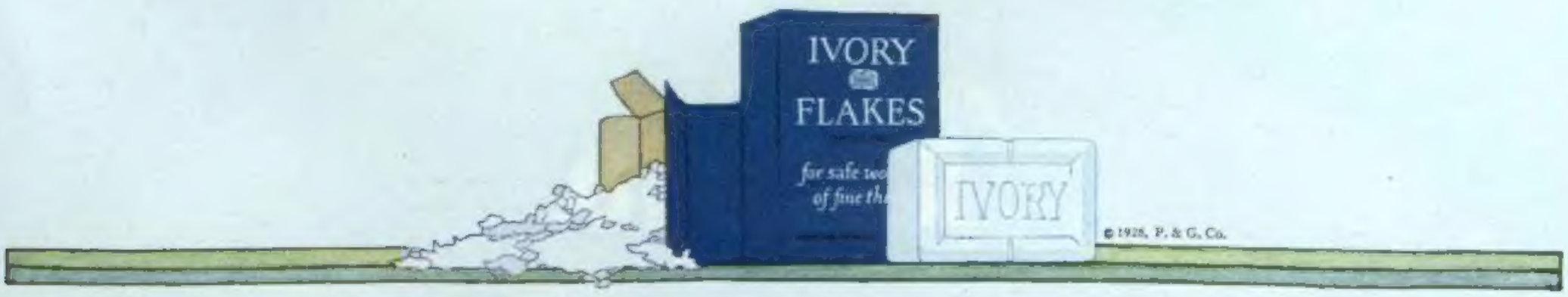

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DOVE'S NEST

By Katharine Newlin Burt

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

That Night He Played for the First Time With Real Ecstasy

AT THE top of Crazy Woman's Hill Diana Coventry lost control of her steering gear, the result being that at the foot of Crazy Woman's Hill, fifteen minutes later, she lost control of that group of reflexes which she called symbolically her heart. She had closed her eyes at the beginning of the accident; at its end she opened them and looked up into the face of Rupert Farr.

It was the face Diana was in the habit of searching for to and fro across the restless world. Occasionally she found it. But it always gave her a fresh shock of delight to come across it again unexpectedly, under different circumstances, against a novel background; and this background of a Montana roadside was of an intriguing novelty, indeed, an incongruous setting for the face, which was a civilized sort of countenance, Latin in type, still in expression, without grimness or resistance; a face beautiful, possessable and always a trifle dazed.

And it was the face of a young and healthful man.

Rarely had its materialization so approached the perfect image Diana carried in her subconsciousness as it did during the happy moment when she lay limp, gradually returning to full possession of her wits, at the foot of Crazy Woman's Hill.

The moments that immediately followed were not so satisfactory, however, being disturbed by flashes of intense physical pain which shot from her right side down to her right foot and back.

"I'm hurt," she said, meaning to use the singing voice evoked from her by any realization of that vision she pursued, but not being able in this instance to produce anything more alluring than a whisper. "I'm pretty badly hurt."

Said the young man, moving his grave and handsome lips with a fascinating sort of difficulty, an enchanting fumble characteristic of such lips: "May I carry you over to my house up yonder? It's not far. I'll be very careful not to hurt you."

"Please," murmured Diana, and surrendered herself to his strong and most respectful embrace.

The short journey up a piny path beside a stream did hurt; but she was very brave, being diverted to some extent by her view of his anxious and Spanish-looking profile. Not until she had been left in a bedroom under the care of a young woman, who ran to the call of Clytie, did she begin to moan and to cry a little.

"Oh, my dear, I'm so sorry. Oh, let me try to undress you, get you more comfortable. Your clothes are all torn and muddy. I'll be very careful. I'm sure I won't hurt you much."

But in spite of all the deftness and tenderness of which she was possessed, Clytie hurt, and Diana squirmed and moaned and gasped and swore occasionally during the undressing process. She was grateful, however, and very polite in her own fashion, and she was glad that a sheer nightgown and a not-impossible negligee were to be her portion.

"We'd Ketch Our Man, Killer or Thief, and Judge Him and Sentence Him"

"I've dislocated my ankle, I dare say, and broken most of my ribs," she groaned. "Oh, damn! But how clever you are! You've done so beautifully. I wish I hadn't let my maid go at Ten Sleep. All this trouble for a stranger. Will you send someone for a doctor? And perhaps it might be as well to get a mechanic."

"Rupert says the car looks like a junk shop."

"And my luggage?"

"Rupert is bringing it in now."

"How sweet! You're both so kind. This pain —— I can't keep still. I've always been such a coward. . . . Where is the doctor?"

"He's a long way off, I'm afraid, down at Ten Sleep. Rupert has asked Oliver ——"

"How sweet! I wish I had some dope."

"Dope?"

"A good stiff drink would help. Where's my cigarette case?"

The cigarette was found, was lighted, the drink procured, and thereafter, flushed and brilliant-eyed, Diana lay, gathered up against her pillows, studying her surroundings with the feverish zest that was her special gift.

The room was pretty, in its way. The hostess was pretty, in her way—both ways simple, a trifle rustic, quaint. "Quaint" was the right word.

There was a subtle difference between her voice, her speech, her air, and the voice, speech and air of that young man with the face.

Supper was brought to Diana and, groaning between bites, chatting pleasantly between groans, she set herself to win, as she was used to winning, the amused admiration and confidence of this Clytie person with the wide-apart kitten eyes.

"And Rupert is ——"

"My husband."

Diana closed her eyes and faintly frowned. Damn! But married or single, it was the face and, after all—well, after all ——

At cost of pain, Diana, when Rupert's wife went out with the empty plates, reared herself up a little on her pillows so that she faced in a mirror between two lighted candles a silvery image of herself—of this Diana, this splendid, supple Diana, with her short rich hair, her amazing eyes, her mouth sidelong smiling, cut clear, with her boyish polished jaw, with her hovering, pouncing, high-bred face; of this beautiful and famous and infamous Diana who would never allow herself, even for a minute, to be bored.

She called, "Don't leave me alone, please. Come back and talk to me, someone."

"Someone" was Rupert's wife again, slim, graceful, sturdy too, with a deep young glow of health and happiness about her. The gray, wide-apart kitten eyes shone mistily like opals. Lovely eyes. Diana liked her.

"How do you two wonderful people happen to be out here, at the foot of Crazy Woman's Hill, please?"

Rupert had been sent out by his father six years ago for his health.

"His health? That creature? Why, he's made of sunshine and fresh air! He looks as strong as ——"

"Yes, I know. He is now. But he was threatened with tuberculosis and he is afraid to go back."

"Back to ——"

"To New York."

"Yes, he's quite right. It would be dangerous for him in New York. You're wise to keep him here. But you—don't you get dreadfully homesick, terribly lonely?"

"This is my home—or, rather, it has been since I was twelve years old. My mother was raised in Wyoming, not far from here, and she came to Ten Sleep to teach school. Rupert met me when he first came into the country. He boarded with my mother. It didn't take him long to know what he wanted. We were married five years ago. We've been very happy. . . . What do we do? Why, we're ranching. Then, summers, we ride and camp and fish. Winters, I take correspondence courses. . . . No, Rupert hates to study. He only reads detective tales and such-like rubbish. But he has his music. He plays just wonderful. . . . Piano. . . . Yes, ma'am. And he sings too. It's beautiful. You'll like to hear him. I won't let him keep it up too long, though, if it tires your head."

"My dear girl, when I'm tired he'll know it! I never hesitate to make my wishes known. You'll be glad of that too. No one's more ghastly than the really considerate guest. I call myself a guest, you see, because I don't know yet what I may be. Perhaps you'll let me board. . . . No? Rupert wouldn't hear of such a thing? How sweet! Well, it will be very simple for you, because I'm not a bit considerate. When I want anything I just ask for it."

"I see. That's very—comfortable."

"Isn't it? And you may be just as brutal as you like. When you're tired of me, leave me alone or turn me out. Praise the Lord, I'm not sensitive. I don't care about other people's feelings, nor my own. It makes life exquisitely simple—of a simplicity. Try it yourself."

Rupert's wife said "I will," then stood up, flushing, as was her constant, pretty habit. "Oh, here's Rupert with the doctor—and I don't even know your name!"

"Diana Coventry—Mrs. Joel Coventry. . . . Why, you nice doctor, did you come all the way from Ten Sleep to see poor smashed-up me?"

The doctor looked at her as though in the middle of a desert journey he had come suddenly across a phosphorescent deep-sea fish.

Examination almost confirmed Diana's diagnosis of her injuries—a dislocated ankle and three cracked ribs, and by the time these matters had been adjusted their victim was willing to be left alone to sleep under the effects of a powder she had wheedled out of her unwilling medical attendant.

"Just leave the door open, though, won't you, until I get to sleep?"

Through this opening she enjoyed, as long as she could hold up her lids, a last drowsy vision of Rupert where he leaned against the side of the front door to say good-by to Doctor Storley; a graceful vision, richly colored, long-limbed, long-eyed, smiling with that charming look of difficulty and of lazy exertion, as though a supple animal were imitating the meaningless facial distortions of a man.

Against the darkening sky of out-of-doors the doctor's bulk was visible, and above it the face of the man who had ridden to Ten Sleep at Rupert's request.

Diana closed her eyes. . . . A hawk—what made her think of hawks? Hawks hovering. . . . She slept.

For a week it was Diana's not disagreeable lot to lie in the pretty and quaint ranch bedroom, watching the way of Rupert with his native wife. It was a casual, tender, almost filial way. He allowed himself, gracefully, drowsily sometimes, to be loved. And he was loved! That little woman's child he was—her lord, the pulse of her body. By him her eyes were lighted to their misty brilliance; for him her color flowed in and out of a sensitive young face; to Diana a spectacle half touching and half abject.

"My good girl, don't you see that he's nothing better than a tiger cat, a soft, smooth, purring creature with a heart as empty as a pod? Don't you know he'd follow anyone carrying a bowl of cream or a bundle of catnip? Why, my poor little creature, he's a mere chemical combination of charm and vacancy. He's a flageolet, his tune dependent on any skillful or unskillful flute player." And so thinking back of her eyes, she allowed those same eyes to smile and flatter and caress him, offering a growth of catnip highly flavored and a cream of creams.

After a week she allowed Rupert to carry her into the living room. The hour was evening, an hour after the ranch supper, and it had been used by Diana in making herself beautiful, in forgetfulness of everything but her pleasure in that beauty. While she was thus absorbed, the ranch household, unknown to her, had welcomed another visitor, so that when she was laid down by Rupert on a lounge before the fire she found herself looking up into a

strange face—not altogether strange; she'd seen it once before, against a background of night.

"Aren't you," Diana asked, "the Oliver who got me a doctor from Ten Sleep the evening of my accident?"

"Yes, ma'am."

Ah, this was one of the woman's sort—a native.

"Oliver what?"

"Wat Oliver," he answered gravely.

Diana's forehead wrinkled with a look of curdled cream.

"What does the man mean, Rupert, please?"

"Walter Oliver—Wat Oliver. It's his name, Diana."

Her laughter ran up and down like a musical mouse.

"How priceless! He works for you—no?"

"No, no. He's foreman for the J. D. outfit and, besides, he has a place of his own up beyond Pilgrim Creek—a mountain ranch. It's a beautiful spot, though very far from here. I'd like you to see it before you leave."

"Ah, so you're one of the neighbors then, Mr. Wat?"

"Yes, Mrs. Diana, ma'am."

"I'm sorry. My name is Coventry."

"Coventry what, ma'am?"

"Diana Coventry."

"Yes, ma'am. I figured that was the way of it."

Diana felt faintly confused. "Won't you play for me, Rupert?"

He moved over to the piano, his eyes still dazedly upon her, as they had been with hardly a deviation since he had laid her on the elk-hide-covered couch before the fire. That small and sensitive face of his native wife's, observing him, looked smaller than it had ever looked before. It had shrunk perceptibly since Diana's accident.

Rupert played and sang, exerting the best of his slight amateurish gift. His tenor quivered:

When, Mary, thy bard is at rest
And his harp all unstrung in thy bower;
When others like him, but more blest,
Shall strive to beguile thy lone hour —

Then think of the days of lang syne,
When Holyrood echoed my strain
And thy voice sweetly mingled with mine
As it never will mingle again.

"As it ——" Here Diana's lovely muffled voice chimed in with a queen's half-wistful nonchalance—"as it ne-ver will mingle again!"

"What was prickin' that feller?" asked the deep voice of Mr. Oliver.

Clytie's hands were clenched tight in her lap. Her eyes were large, were scared.

"He was the minstrel of Mary Queen of Scots," explained Diana. "She had his head chopped off, I believe. He played the harp for her, and this is really his lament, just as he wrote it, when he heard the bad news. He loved her, of course, madly, as all the boys of Holyrood did love her."

"I don't wonder he talks like he'd kind of lost his head already and longed to be at rest. Poor feller! It must have been a rough life, playin' the harp and knowin' all the while you'd soon be an angel. That's a real job, too, bein' a lady's pet, especially if the lady has a job of her own like bein' a queen and a married woman. She was married, wasn't she?"

"Very much so, indeed."

Diana was diverted. She removed the light of her eyes from Rupert to Wat Oliver, a long, gnarled limb, not without its own peculiar picturesqueness. The man had a manner; she had nearly called it distinguished. His life had lopped him down to the hard essentials that are the framework of all breeding. No frills, no mannerisms, no gestures, no purposeless enthusiasms; gravity, irony, gentleness, composure.

"It's a job," said Diana, lazily experimental, "that you would hold down quite handsomely, Mr. Oliver."

He smiled. His eyes rested for a moment directly upon her, and she had a strange wish for covering, for something at once finer and less transparent than her own flesh to hide what lay behind the flesh. Those eyes moved from her without haste, without reluctance, bearing their silent discoveries with them. Their immediate effect upon Diana was to make her irritable. She chose her victim.

"Don't you know any music, Rupert, that does not reek with sentimentality?"

She could see—they could all see—Rupert's smooth neck above his white collar furiously burn.

"I—I —— What do you want, Diana? I can play—anything."

"Let's have Samson and Delilah then. It may be sentimental, but it's a little less obvious than 'Give me your smile, the sunshine of your eyes.'"

He played, he sang, Diana's voice sweetly mingling, while Clytie listened, watched and seemed visibly to wither. Twice she rose, went over to the piano, spoke to Rupert, suggesting some favorite tune of her own. He scarcely listened, failed to look or to smile; indeed, his forehead developed a sharp vertical line of absent-minded annoyance, as though she were a half-heard plaguing insect.

"You missed any of your belongin's, ma'am?" asked Oliver at a lull in melody.

"Oh—what did you say? My belongings? From the machine?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Wh-why, I haven't really looked over them yet to see."

"You were on your way to ——"

"Vaguely—to California," said Diana.

"'Vaguely to Californy,'" he repeated as though he were tasting a half-forgotten flavor on his tongue. "I been there that same route myself. It's a dandy journey. . . . 'Vaguely to Californy.' Your folks must be sufferin' considerable on your account."

"My folks have long ago got over that bad habit, Mr. Oliver. Besides, I've written to them about my good fortune and my charming host and hostess and the marvelous kind hospitality of the West. But why did you ask about my belongings, please?"

"Because I picked up something of yours not far from where you was throwed out and you don't seem to have missed it any. I thought likely there might be other things missing. Your husband wasn't travelin' with you, ma'am?"

"Heavens! You're afraid I might have lost him without noticing it? It wasn't a husband you picked up, perhaps?"

Oliver rose, walked over to her and took something from his pocket.

"No, ma'am, but it is a letter from him."

Diana faintly, very faintly, flushed. "You've read it evidently."

"Well, ma'am, there wasn't hardly anything else for me to do. It was layin' open on the sage. I looked acrost it like and it kinder caught my fancy. It don't begin like most letters—'My dear Diana.' It ain't only till just at the end that your name come in at all. You see—there, in the last sentence."

"Yes, yes, I see." She thrust it into the great sleeve of the Chinese mandarin coat she wore; then, smiling faintly, she looked up into Mr. Oliver's eyes. It was one of her best looks too. "And what do you think of my husband from the letter, Mr. Oliver?"

(Continued on Page 112)

Holding Her Breath, She Stole Out, Stocking-Footed, Carrying Her Jacket and Her Shoes

AN AMERICAN COMEDY

Main Street—By Harold Lloyd, Directed by Wesley Stout

BIRTH was one of the least interesting things that ever happened to me; but there must be an opening shot in a war, tears at a wedding, a raccoon coat on a sophomore and a birth in a biography, experts tell me.

The Lloyd family lived in seven different authenticated Nebraska and Colorado towns, some of them twice or oftener, in my first fifteen years. The towns were Burchard, Humboldt, Pawnee City, Beatrice and Omaha, Nebraska; and Fort Collins and Denver, Colorado. No two of us can agree, can even reach a compromise, as to the order of these movings, and no one kept a diary; but fortunately for the necessities of biography there is no dispute as to the fact, the place or the time of my birth. The place was a frame cottage in Burchard, a town of 300 in the First District of Nebraska, just then represented in Congress by a young man named William Jennings Bryan. The time was April 20, 1893, a few days in advance of the outbreak of the silver panic and of the opening of the Chicago World's Fair, neither of which events was associated with my birth at the time, or later. The former, however, may very well have left its mark upon me, for a long period of national hard times set in with the panic and the journeyings of the Lloyds began when I was a year old.

In this third paragraph I stop to serve fair warning—or unfair, as you prefer—that I am not a funny man off the screen. In pictures I am as funny as I know how to be, like the job and have no secret sorrows that I am not John Gilbert or Adolphe Menjou; but I have no desire to be or knack for being comic in my off hours. Such comedy as there will be here—and there should be plenty of it—will lie in the humor of events, not in any conscious effort of the author to be cute.

The Lloyds went to Southeastern Nebraska in pioneer times from Pennsylvania, my grandfather opening a general store in Burchard. My mother, coming out from Toulon, Illinois, to visit Nebraska relatives, met and married my father there. I was the second of two children, five years younger than my brother Gaylord.

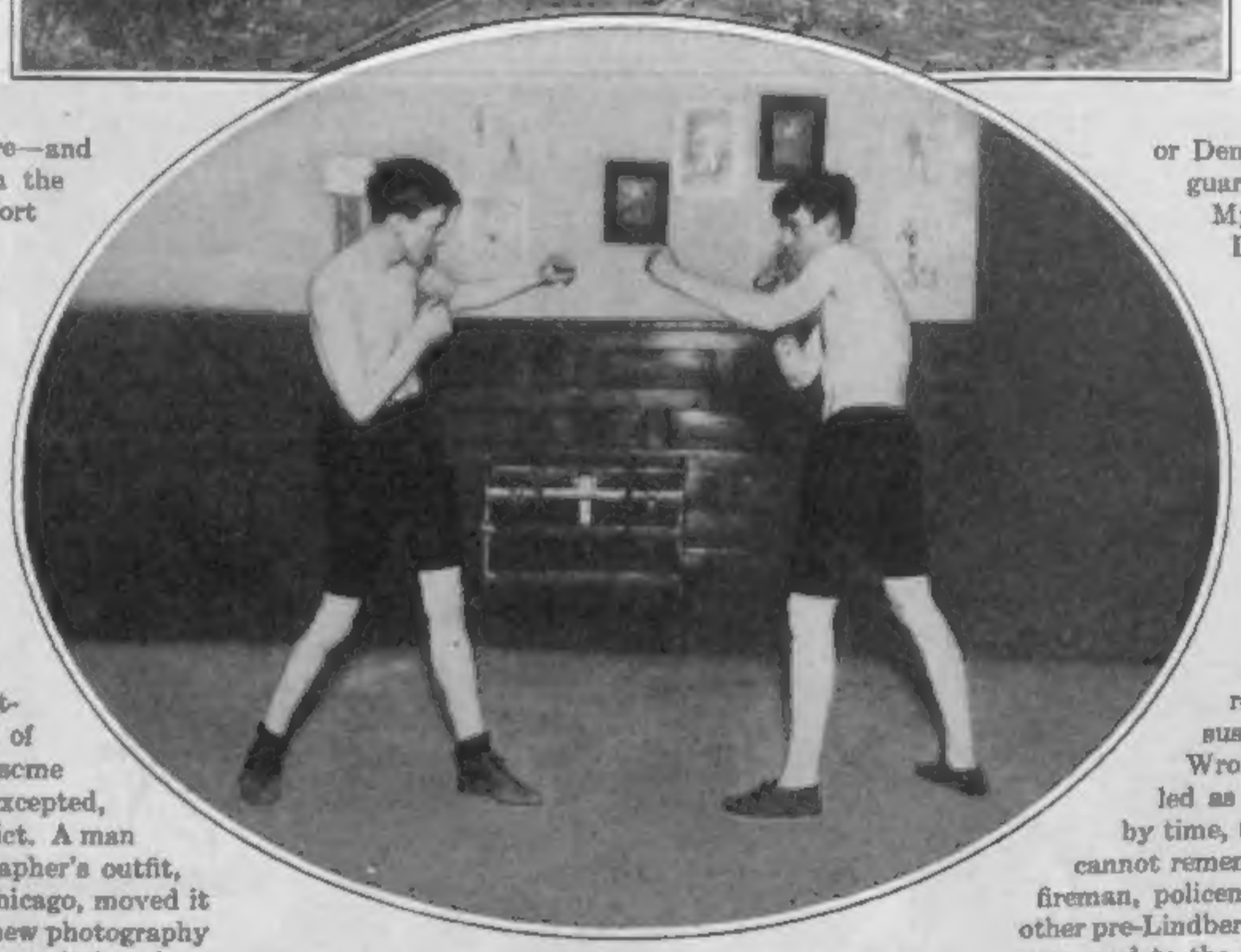
An Early Start

THE first move from Burchard was only a hop and a skip twenty-two miles eastward along the Kansas City-Denver line of the Burlington to Humboldt, a place of some 1200. All our Nebraska homes, Omaha excepted, were within the First Congressional District. A man named Bennett had picked up a photographer's outfit, head pincers, birdy and all, cheaply in Chicago, moved it to Humboldt and opened a studio. He knew photography but lacked capital; my father had some capital and no photography, so they became the firm of Bennett & Lloyd, Cabinet Photos a Specialty.

It would be a better story if Master Harold Clayton Lloyd, having been exposed to a camera at this early age, had never recovered and sat around drumming his heels thereafter waiting for the motion picture to be born that he might get in front of a camera taking 960 pictures a minute where only one grew before. That was not the way of it. When, at length, I stumbled into pictures it was as a stopgap at three dollars a day to fill a hungry stomach. The studio at Humboldt was an episode that I know of only by hearsay and the further evidence of a portrait taken by my father which I have reason to fear will be printed along with this text.

The photographic adventure was not a success and we moved next to Denver, where my father clerked in a shoe store. On the theory that anything that is worth telling is worth telling accurately, a family council was called at the beginning of this task in the hope of agreement on an authorized and official version of our route. Up to our first arrival in Denver, my father, mother and brother agree; thereafter there are three accounts which cross and recross one another. One has us moving from Denver to Fort Collins, back to Denver, thence to Pawnee City, returning to Denver; next to Beatrice, thence to Omaha, once more to Denver and back again to Omaha. It will do as well as another; the point is that we moved. Father and mother admit that we moved; they protest only that we were not so continuously in motion as I remember.

PHOTO. BY WILSON, PAWNEE, NEBRASKA



Back in Denver, I Decided to Take Boxing Lessons and Enrolled at Jacobs' Gymnasium in Curtis Street. Above—Burchard, Nebraska, Where the Story Begins

Perhaps not, but this restlessness was not so unusual as it sounds today. The same dissatisfactions and optimisms that sent the pioneers across the Mississippi in search of a promised land kept many of them moving when the grass turned out to be not so green as it first had seemed. The population was in a constant state of being shuffled and reshuffled.

It still goes on; nearly 1,000,000 persons have moved to Los Angeles since I first came here.

There are two kinds of poor boys in America—the Tom Sawyers and the Huckleberry Finns, and Hollywood is full of examples of each who have reached the top in pictures. If you remember your Mark Twain, Tom's family was the kind that used to be described as poor but honest. That is, they were self-respecting; and in a place where all were poor, suffered no penalty for poverty. Tom was young Sammy Clemens himself. Huckleberry was the kid from across the tracks whose lawless life Tom envied. His family was shiftless and not altogether respectable, as well as being poor. They usually were described as white trash.

The mammas of the old home town unanimously predicted a bad end for the Huckleberries, and the Huckleberries frequently defied the mammas and environment and grew up to be first-rate citizens. It would be easy to make this more exciting by putting myself down as a Huck Finn, but it would not be true. I was a good example of a Tom Sawyer. As people went in the West, we were not poor; my father was better off than most of his neighbors, to begin with, for he had a little capital. But as others grew moderately prosperous with time, we slipped back a little, until we were, in the United States sense of the word, poor. In our lowest ebbs I went to live with various aunts and grandmothers, and my schooling went on, interrupted only by the intervals of moving.

Black Hair and Freckles

THESE visits further complicate the question of where and when. For example, the family never lived in Durango, Colorado, but I did on two occasions. So when I tell a story as happening in Beatrice or Omaha or Denver, I tell it as I remember and do not guarantee the time or place.

My argument, if I haven't lost you, is that I was average and typical of the time and place. Supposing Atlantic City had been holding Average American Boy contests, with beauty waived, I might have been Master America most any year between 1893 and 1910. This is assuming that the average boy before the war was moderately poor, that his folks moved a good deal and that he worked for his spending money at any job that offered.

In two things I was exceptional—freckles and a single-tracked ambition. Authors always make their boy heroes red-haired and freckle-faced, and you may suspect the freckles were double exposure. Wrong. My hair is black, but I was as freckled as Wesley Barry. Though much dimmed by time, they can be seen yet. As to ambition, I cannot remember ever of wanting to be an engineer, fireman, policeman, bakery-wagon driver or any of the other pre-Lindbergh goals of boys. As far back as memory goes, and to the exclusion of all else, I was stage crazy. There is no accounting for its strength and persistence, for it began before I ever saw a play, and there were no actors, so far as we know, in either my father's or mother's family.

Gaylord was bitten by the same bug less severely, but long before he got his first job backstage I already was playing theater, with the loose hats and caps in the house as my actors. We lived in a duplex apartment, an aunt living across the hall. She owned a large couch, probably one of those trick furnitures that double by day as a davenport and by night as a bed. It was my stage. Taking off my shoes, which was required by my aunt, I would sit tailor fashion on the couch with the hats ranged in front of me. I invented and spoke their lines and moved them about. Of the plays, I remember only that they were as full of violence as Shakspere's own. This was a regular diversion, they tell me. I recall the game better at a time when hats ceased to satisfy my critical sense and were replaced by

As Photographed at Three by His Father

At a Boys' Camp at Saugatuck, Michigan

false faces left over from Halloween. From masks I graduated into real make-up before my teens.

In other matters I had a family reputation of being fickle. For instance, I had a succession of hobbies, each ridden furiously for a time, then abruptly tossed aside forever; but through all I played actor, and at the first opportunity became one.

That is well ahead of my story, however. Before the stage claimed me—or, more precisely, I claimed the stage—for good, I held more assorted boy jobs than a stock actor plays parts in a season. Not that there will be any order to these kid recollections. I put them down ramblingly, much as they come back. The excuse for putting them down is that they describe pretty accurately an average American boy.

It was about the time of the hat-and-cap theater that I first ran off. That is what it was called, though it seems to have been no more than an unauthorized excursion. I was about five, and with a boy my age strayed to the Platte River. We investigated its stone-skipping and stick-floating possibilities and, following downstream, came to a paper mill, where we spent most of the day. No one appears to have asked us our business; probably we were taken for an employe's kids. Certainly we went into the processes of paper making most thoroughly, for I remember bringing home a sample of the pulp in each of the stages of manufacture. After the paper mill, we explored a lumber yard; then, dusk coming on, hooked on the rear of a South Denver street car. The car happened to stop at our corner, and on the corner brother Gaylord was waiting with that message that always is the same:

"Young man, you're going to catch it."

A Boy's Best Friend is His Mother

I THINK I was forgiven, but a second time it happened I was haled before a sterner judge. We ran away in the opposite direction this time, to the Colorado state capitol. It was a long way from South Denver and we hooked passage on various wagons. There is a museum in the basement of the capitol. As I recall it, it consists largely of mineral specimens, and what interest it could have had for two five-year-old tourists I can't say, yet we went over it case by case. The capitol sits on a knoll, its terraced lawns inclining sharply. We were having a high time rolling down these grassy grades when Aunt Grace came down the street in her pony cart, hauled by Cricket. She was bound on a shopping trip, and so startled at seeing her nephew rolling on the state-house lawn, five miles from home, that she pulled Cricket back on his haunches, then yanked me out of the capitol grounds, and delivered me at my grandmother's, where I got what used to be known as what Paddy gave the drum.

Gaylord says it was Denver, but it seems to me to have been Pawnee City that I tagged him skating. He drove me back, but mother made him take me. I was too young for skating and was put alongside a bonfire while the big boys played shinny. The shinny kept them warm and the fire was neglected. I had not the gumption either to keep it going or to go home. Occasionally I would whine "How soon are we going home?" and would be told "Pretty soon." When the shinny game broke up I was discovered to be cold-storaged. When Gaylord got me home he got the licking and I got baby-talk sympathy, for my feet were so nearly frozen that they did not return to normal for a day.

Gaylord redeemed himself the following summer by dragging me out of the swimming hole when I was drowning. I remember what every man remembers of the swimming hole—the race to shed your clothes, with "Last man in's a nigger baby"; the muddy slide down the bank; the smacking of two rocks together under the water while some kid was diving, thereby nearly breaking his ear-drums; the pelting with mud of any weak sister who tried to dress ahead of the gang; the tying of the other fellow's shirt into hard knots, then wetting it until only teeth and time would unknot it, technically known as "chaw beef."

The worst licking I ever took is associated very definitely with Pawnee, and it was not at the hands of a relative. It was the fourth grade, and in marching out of the room the boys and girls filed down opposite stairs which joined at the landing. At the landing one day I found myself paired off with a girl I didn't like and I broke ranks rather than march with her. After recess the teacher called me to the front of the room and ordered me to hold my hand out. As she struck with a ruler I jerked my hand away instinctively, the ruler hit the desk and broke in half. That was put down as open insubordination and reported to the principal, a man, who kept a black-snake whip for such cases. He expressed a desire to see me in the hall. When he laid on the whip I squirmed, and in trying to hold me he tore the shirt off my back. In this condition I ran home, outraged and yelling. My furious mother took one look and marched upon the schoolhouse demanding an apology. According to family tradition, she got it.

Harold and Mildred Davis Lloyd in the Garden of Their Present Los Angeles Home

The Job for All Boys

IT WAS at Beatrice that I first stayed up to see the circus come in. Circuses always are due at two A.M. and never arrive until daybreak. Smart boys know this and set the alarm clock; green ones try to stay up. When we no longer could keep one eye open between us, we went to sleep on the lawn of the Rock Island station; but the dew coming on, we were driven inside to the hard, partitioned depot benches. After a night as long as an Eskimo ever knew, the circus train rolled in and all of us got the immemorial job of watering the elephants. We began by carrying the water in buckets from a pump. This making no more impression than an eye dropper, we borrowed circus tubs and carried them, slopping at every step, for what seemed hours. Whether that thirst ever was slaked I do not know, for I quit in disgust and began looking for a likely spot to crawl under the canvas, when I found Gaylord carrying boards for the seat-erecting crew. I picked up a board, fell in line and got my pass.

One way of earning money was to scour the alleys for bottles, old iron and discarded washboards and sell them to the ragman. Swimming holes in Denver were apt to dry up in summer and there were no free public pools then, but there was a natatorium near the capitol, where, every Wednesday afternoon, the management would toss five dollars in nickels in the pool, a handful at a time, to be dived for. If the alley harvest was good, we would walk the five miles to the nat on Wednesdays.

The day I recall in particular there were three of us and just enough money to pay our way in. We dived like South Sea Islanders, but never a nickel fell to one of us.

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THE GRANDER CASUISTRY

By Thomas Beer

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

OVER the front hall," said Geoghan, "is the lib'ry. It's square and kinda paneled-like, in wood. The kid was up there wi' the old gentleman one minute before he come down, and Veronica helped him inta his overcoat and he went out." Fingers rested a hand on one stave of the iron fence. It had been painted not so long ago. Tiny pimples of black paint rasped his palm. "The dinin' room's the swellest room in the house. Left of the front door. All red and gold. The furniture come from Paris in 1890."

"Must be grand," said Fingers.

"I'm tellin' you! The parlor's the other side the front hall, and the conservatory useda have black and white tiles to the floor. Mind that. Was an accident in 1922 and they was all ripped out. A pipe broke. A thing you could do to keep 'em from being suspicious any, is to walk in there and say, 'Lawd, the tiles is all different,' or somethin' like that."

"Thanks."

"Little things like that is what you need to know. You get the main part of it slick. It's the details, like," said the lawyer's clerk, "we got to be careful of. Harmon Shillito's old room was behind the house, facin' east."

"Look Out or I'll Sing You! Clear Out——"

"Overlooking the celebrated Hudson River?"

"Oh, be serious, can't you? You ain't in vaudeville right now!"

"Can't be very serious, Mr. Geoghan. You're offering me an elegant cell in state's prison for impersonating this Harmon Shillito. It's no good," Fingers drawled. "Here! Look at the holes! This kid has some sort of scrap with his snotty old grandfather in 1916 and walks out of the house. Now I'm to walk in and say I'm Harmon Shillito. I call it vaudeville. I grant you that I look like the boy in that snapshot, but his hair's darker."

"No such thing! He was tow-headed like you! Hardly no color in his hair at all. It looks darker, like light hair does in photographs. You're the dead image of him. I keep tellin' you that the reason I went to the theater and saw you was that this young fella comin' out of there says, 'They've a pianist in the Navy Boys looks just like Har Shillito.'"

"'Nother hole," Fingers said, watching an awning flutter above the green door. "This kid had friends here. I make my play with your Judge Barth and this Doctor Henry and possibly get past them. Then a lot of husky heroes come and shake hands and say, 'Well, Harmon, how the hell are you?' And they'd be blanks to me. I wouldn't know his gang from Ad——"

"I keep tellin' you this thing works if you stall! You got to stall and grin it off and say stuff like: 'Say, old man, you're so changed that ——'"

"Another hole is that your old Shillito inevitably told his lawyer or his doctor or his clergyman what he and the boy quarreled about."

"I've heard Judge Barth wish he knew a hundred times!"

"Nonsense! The old aristocrat beckoned someone to his deathbed and ——"

"Aristocrat nothin'! I keep tellin' you that old Noel Shillito come to this town, a common bricklayer, in the Civil War! And the way he made his money was buyin' little pieces of land cheap and holdin' on. The town grew in the 1880's to beat ——"

"Never mind! The point is," said Fingers, "that someone knows why this kid left home. An' I don't. This girl—the other grandchild—what's her name anyhow?"

"Shillito Watson. She was nothin' but a baby in 1916—not more'n seven or six years old. She dunno nothin'. He come down from the lib'ry, Veronica Boyle helped him on with his overcoat and he walked out. She saw he was cryin'."

The gray house was rooted in an immensity of planed lawn. It seemed to demand a stillness of trees and grass

"Oh," an Angry Female Said, "There You Are!"

around its awkward dignity. It spread right and left from the green door in runs of shuttered window and woodbine. Silence, silence, silence!

"Let's see if I've got the facts straight. My name," said Fingers, "is Harmon John Shillito. I was born on December 22, 1899. . . . Where, by the way?"

"Here. Ed Shillito lived with his father."

"Born at the house of my lamented grandfather, Noel Shillito, Glendale Road, Carmelsville on Hudson, New York. My mother was named Jane Harmon. . . . Where was she from?"

"I dunno. Where do chorus girls come from?"

"You're a merry fellow, Geoghan. . . . All right! My father died in 1912 and my mother in 1914. On December 22, 1916, I had some sort of scene with my grandfather in his library an' walked out of the house. Was there a snowstorm?"

"No, not that I know of."

"Well, there should ha' been a snowstorm, Mr. Geoghan. The spotlight could have followed me clean to the backdrop while the orchestra rendered a few strains from Mendelssohn. I haven't been seen since. You want me to come walkin' in now and collect this estate for our mutual benefit? You're a fool!"

Geoghan's stomach bounced inside his spotted suit of brown linen as he dug a damp wallet out of himself. Fingers looked again at the creased little photograph of a lad in white standing over a tiny dog on a lawn.

"That you, or ain't it?"

"That, apparently, is I—or me."

"Aw, quit bein' funny!"

"I've been the pianist of Comesky's Navy Boys ever since October of 1919. It's a gay life an' it's made me frivolous. You're offering me a chance to sober up in a nice, quiet cell for a term of years. Where'd you get that photograph?"

"Off Veronica Boyle."

"The maidservant you were telling me about who was so fond of this kid?"

"Yeh. Died last year."

"How did you an' she come to be so thick?"

Geoghan was scarlet. "She was Mrs. Geoghan's sister."

Incredible! He's ready to risk prison, but he gets red admitting that his wife's sister was a servant. Men are so funny that you can't believe them. I'd better shut this off now.

"The thing's impossible, Geoghan."

"Why? I been tellin' you ever since Tuesday you're the image of this kid. You're him. I seen him the day he quit. He came in the office with the old gentleman. He was built like you are—big shoulders an' no belly."

"Thanks. You say this pup was at St. Andrew's School? It's the haughtiest school in the United States. Had an ensign on my ship in the war who'd been at St. Andrew's.

"You Make Her Stop, Judge! She——"

Never condescended to know the admiral socially. Do I fit the picture?"

"Sure! And you play the piano swell. And that fits, 'cause one of the things the kid and old Shillito useda quarrel about some was the kid playin'. The old man thought it was effem'nate."

"Our dreadful American aversion to the arts, huh?"

"I keep tellin' you old Shillito was an Englishman! He come from this town of Winchester in England."

"So you did say." Fingers yawned.

A little wind dipped among lilacs around the house and then went away. All sounds seemed crushed by the power of heat. Sun gripped his neck and his thin shirt was a fluid dough on his ribs.

He looked through bars at the bright level of the swimming pool.

"That pool ——"

"Yeh, that's new! Glad you noticed it. You wouldn't know about 'at, see? That's 1920. The old man made it for Shillito Watson—the granddaughter. Her folks died of flu in 1919. Both of 'em."

"So this girl consoled her grandpapa's dyin' moments?"

"Dunno. She lives with the judge and his daughter—Mrs. Eustis. Hey, Mrs. Eustis—Kate Barth—was a pretty good friend of this Harmon kid. They was about the same age. I useda see 'em skatin' together down at the pond. She's a widda now. She's black-headed, kinda skinny and pretty good-lookin'."

"Don't you see what a net your game is, Geoghan? You tell me that Judge Barth is half blind and gettin' deaf. Suppose I pass his inspection. Then there's Mrs. Eustis, who isn't half blind and knew the boy well. Then there's this Watson child"

"She's nothin' but some fluff. A fool to look at."

"But she is a female fool, Geoghan. An' who's this Doctor Henry?"

"He," said Geoghan uncertainly, "is a nerve specialist. I dunno how he came to be a friend of the fam'ly. He comes up a lot. You can't miss him though. He's six feet an' a half, Roman nose and wears a beard. Haughty, kinda. Doctor Henry's one of the biggest nerve specialists in New York, so Judge Barth says."

"Ah? An' another part of the committee of inspection is a celebrated nerve specialist. Thanks, Mr. Geoghan. Let's get back downtown."

Geoghan panted, "I've seen smart doctors fooled a plenty! Where's a doctor any wiser'n us, huh? This ain't a case of bellyache or typhoid fever!"

"Geoghan, did you ever notice old Mr. Shillito's hands—the backs of his hands? Or his son's hands? Look at the backs of mine. Notice anything?"

"No."

"But this doctor, y'know, might remember whether the Shillitos were fur-bearing animals. No hair on my hands. Let's get downtown."

"I thought you was a man! Yella!"

"Thanks."

"I'm throwin' as good as two hundred thousand dollars an' a house at you, an' you ——"

"Geoghan, do you really believe your damn casuistry about this being an utterly harmless stunt?"

"Casuistry?"

"Your fool argument that this isn't hurting anybody?"

"Who's hurt? The kid's dead, ain't he? Yeh, he went and enlisted in the Army or died of flu or something! He ain't never been heard of since 1916. The estate's gotta be settled. I tell you, you're his twin! Who's hurt?"

Fingers lighted a cigarette and listened to the man's panting. But he looked at the gray house and had a sense of coolness hidden behind the walls, of high rooms, naked floors, shutters through which the July sun must seep.

"You've been advertising for this fellow ever since his grandfather died, you say?"

"Oh, they advertised for him from the first off."

"Eh?"

"I say they advertised from the first off. Soon as the kid didn't come home in two days, they begun advertisin'. Old Shillito musta spent fifty thousand in detectives an' advertisin'. He "

"Detectives?"

"Sure."

Fingers picked up his cigarette from a tuft of grass and put it back in his mouth.

"Another thing, Geoghan, is that you forget I'm the pianist of Comesky's Navy Boys. One of the funny things about the Navy Boys is that a lot of us were in the Navy. I'm on the Navy Department books as John Fingers of New York City. And we've played from Maine to the halls of Montezuma. That's part of our advertisin'. I'm not just bein' eloquent. Yesterday a kid said 'Hello, Fingers,' down on Water Street. He used to be in vaudeville. His name's Smith. Used to be part of a swimming act. We played the same house in San Francisco in 1920. His brother's a contractor here. I'm Fingers out of Comesky's Navy Boys to hundreds of people—thousands, maybe. I ——"

"What t'hell? You got sore on your grandfather 'cause he wouldn't give you some more allowance or like that an' run off and enlisted in the Navy. I bet it was because the kid was mixed up with a girl, likely, but what of it? Fix that part of it to suit yourself. You're handsome and you talk smart and you're the image of ——"

"Thanks. I'll have to think about it."

"Now," Geoghan panted, "you're talkin' sense. When's your crowd move on?"

"I Think That You're Perfectly Beautiful, Harmon John"

(Continued on Page 94)

Battleships and Battle Cruisers

By T. P. MAGRUDER

Rear Admiral United States Navy

ALL great naval battles of modern times have been decided by gunfire. Probably all major fleet engagements in the future similarly will be determined. The airplane, the submarine, the destroyer and the light cruiser have played and will play their important parts, yet they cannot of themselves win the decision. That is reserved for the big guns and for the vessels which carry them—the battleships and the battle cruisers.

Battleships may be defined as naval vessels of the largest tonnage, protected by the thickest armor and carrying the biggest guns. Battle cruisers are vessels as large as battleships, carrying guns of similar size, but less armor. Together the two types are known as capital ships. The big guns are their raison d'être. It is to carry and to serve the guns that these great vessels are built and manned. Largely because of the guns, the nation boasting a fleet with a superiority in capital ships—assuming equality in courage and tactical skill—will control the seas. Should a fleet weaker in battleships and battle cruisers essay an engagement, its defeat is probable. Should it avoid battle, the enemy fleet may take at will such a strategical position as to throttle commerce and, by resultant economic pressure, to win the war. The tremendous contribution to victory made by the British Grand Fleet in 1914–18 is universally recognized.

It will be remembered that the Washington Conference treaties limited the capital ships of each nation represented to a given ratio. Between the three great naval powers—the United States, the British Empire and Japan—that ratio was fixed at 5–5–8. As a result the United States has today eighteen capital ships of 525,000 tons; the British Empire has twenty such ships of 559,000 tons; and Japan has ten of 301,000 tons. The treaty ratios, it will be observed, apply to tonnage and not to numbers.

To understand clearly the difference between a battleship and a battle cruiser, it is essential to comprehend the elements considered when a warship is designed. These elements are:

1. Displacement—that is, tonnage or size.
2. Armament—guns and torpedoes.
3. Protection—armor, armored decks and conning towers.
4. Speed—which is dependent on weight of machinery and fuel.

The Element of Victory

NOW all four of these elements may be installed in a ship of any given displacement. Naturally the larger the ship the heavier may be the guns and the thicker the armor. Thus capital ships grew larger and larger until certain ones attained a tonnage of 40,000, a draft of 32 feet, a speed of 34 knots, and carried 16-inch guns and 14-inch armor.

The only actual limit to the size of capital ships is that fixed by practicability. The depth of channels leading to naval ports, the size of dry docks and—particularly where the United States is concerned—the width and depth of the locks on the Panama Canal must influence their dimensions. The last is important to our own Navy because it must consider the possibility of carrying on a campaign in either the Atlantic or Pacific Ocean. The Washington treaties, however, now limit the size of the capital ships to 35,000 tons.

Obviously any one ship cannot have a large number of heavy guns and, at the same time, the thickest armor and the greatest speed. Were this attempted the ship would sink. So there must be ever a compromise in the design of the capital ship.

Being given a displacement—let us say, for example, of 35,000 tons—the hull and bulkheads will represent a certain weight. If twelve 16-inch guns are installed in turrets and thick armor is provided, there will remain only a certain limited displacement available for machinery and fuel. Always, of course, there must be reserved a small percentage of the displacement to care for the weight of the necessary supplies, airplanes, catapults and personnel. If a ship is heavily armored a smaller percentage of the displacement can be assigned for machinery; whereupon it follows directly that the speed must be moderate or slow and the fuel supply limited. American designers have always insisted that American ships carry the heaviest practicable armament and thick armor. Their reasoning is sound. As I have said, gunfire wins naval battles; gunfire combined with ability to withstand punishment.

The speed of ships in battle is, however, a valuable tactical factor. To assure this advantage some of the naval powers built enormous cruisers capable of making more than thirty knots. As this demanded that a very large part of the displacement be assigned to weight of machinery and fuel, it was essential to reduce the number of guns and to lighten the armor. The result was the battle cruiser—a fast battleship, but with fewer guns and less protection. The United States has no battle cruisers. The British and the Japanese each have four of such craft.

The present relative strength in capital ships of the three great naval powers follows:

NATION	TONNAGE	NO.	BATTLESHIPS	BATTLE CRUISERS
United States	525,850	18	18	0
British Empire	558,450	20	16	4
Japan	301,000	10	6	4

Gun power of the capital ships:

CALIBER OF GUNS	UNITED STATES	BRITISH EMPIRE	JAPAN
16 inch	24	18	16
15 inch	..	100	
14 inch	124	..	80
13.5 inch	..	48	
12 inch	44	..	
Total	192	166	96

The table above is most illuminating. Since the range of a gun depends upon its caliber, the fleet having the largest number of the heaviest guns has a decided advantage in battle. This may be more clearly indicated by the following comparison of the number of British and American ships which can come into action at various ranges.

RANGE IN YARDS	BRITISH SHIPS IN ACTION	AMERICAN SHIPS IN ACTION
30,000	3	5
24,000	13	10
23,000	20	13
22,000	26	15
21,000	32	18

Here it is seen that at ranges from 22,000 to 24,000 yards the number of British ships in action could outnumber the American ships by from 33⅓ per cent to more than 50 per cent. In view of the superior speed of the British fleet over the American fleet, which is estimated to be at least two knots, the British fleet—if we can consider theoretically the unthinkable possibility of an encounter—could choose the most advantageous range. However, ships and guns alone do not win battles. In the last analysis always it is the personnel that is victorious. The gunnery of the American fleet is second to that of no other nation. A broad statement—and a true one.

United States Battleships and Destroyers Leaving Port. Above—Battleships in Maneuvers

An Experimental Laboratory

THE speed of the American battleships is about 21 knots. The speed of the Japanese battleships is around 23 knots, and Japanese battle cruisers can attain 27.5 knots. Of the British battleships, four have a speed of 21 knots, five of 23 knots, and seven of 25 knots. The speed of the four British battle cruisers is about 31 knots.

One of the newest and largest of all the battleships in the United States Navy is the Colorado, commissioned in 1923. Because of the Washington Limitation of Armaments Conference treaties, this is the last capital ship the nation will build for a number of years. A description of the vessel should give a clear and general idea of those marvels of marine engineering, the modern battleships.

The Colorado is 624 feet long on the main deck, has a beam on the water line of 97 feet and displaces 32,600 tons with normal load. Its speed is 21 knots. Exclusive of armor and armament, the vessel cost the Navy Department $27,000,000. Built primarily to fight in a great sea battle, it may never fire a shot and yet give a return to the country for the great expenditure it represents. The ship is a vast experimental laboratory of marine engineering. Introduction of electricity not only for propulsion but for all power on shipboard has made such experimentation highly necessary. Commercial shipping interests cannot afford to try new ideas on a large scale, but they can benefit by the work of the Navy along such lines. The Colorado,

as the latest type of naval vessel using electric propulsion and operation, provides invaluable data on the subject, which are freely given to our shipbuilders.

The main battery of the warship consists of eight 16-inch, forty-five-caliber guns, mounted in four turrets, two forward and two aft. The guns are the largest permissible under the treaty of Washington. In range and striking power they are unsurpassed. They can drop eight tons of steel and high explosive on the deck of an enemy twenty miles away—a blow that will disable any ship afloat. Such blows may be struck with amazing rapidity and accuracy. Three salvos can be fired in one minute. The accuracy of the fire is insured by an efficient aiming and fire control on the foremast, 140 feet above the water line. There are duplicate stations in other and better protected parts of the ship, to be utilized if the foremast is shot away. In addition to its heaviest armament, the Colorado carries twelve 5-inch guns and four 3-inch antiaircraft guns. Two submerged torpedo tubes add to effectiveness in battle. Scouting planes are carried to provide the distant vision required in long-range action.

Almost as important as striking power is the ability to resist punishment. All the lessons taught by the great naval Battle of Jutland have been learned by our naval architects, who used this knowledge in designing the Colorado. An 18-inch armor belt gives side protection. The turrets, ammunition tubes and fighting stations are heavily covered. Several protected decks give added security. There is protection from plunging as well as direct fire; from submarine torpedoes as well as from aerial bombs. Because of the great number of its water-tight compartments, it is doubtful whether the ship could be sunk even if struck by three or four torpedoes.

The United States Navy is unique in having for the propulsive force of its latest battleship the electric drive. The four propellers of the Colorado are electrically driven by direct-connected, two-speed induction motors, each of 8000 horse power, supplied with current by two sets of turbogenerators. Each propelling motor can deliver a maximum of 8375 horse power, having about 185 turns a minute. Steam is supplied to the turbines at 265 pounds' pressure by a battery of eight oil-burning water-tube boilers. All auxiliary machinery, as, for example, pumps and blowers, is driven by direct-current motors. To furnish this current the vessel is equipped with three 300-kilowatt geared turbine sets.

H. M. S. Rodney. The Rodney and Nelson, Sister Ships, Completed in 1927, are the Latest Battleships in Any Navy. Displacement 35,000 Tons, Speed 23 Knots. Armament, 9 16-Inch Guns, 12 6-Inch Guns

Electricity

THE electric drive has many advantages. It assures greater efficiency and reliability than any other system of propulsion. Propeller shafts and steam pipes are shorter than in the less modern systems, as the motors can be placed near the propellers and the generators close to the boilers. Neither reversing turbines nor mechanical gears are required. The system also gives flexibility and, above all, the great tactical advantage of enabling the ship to reverse propellers at full power. In action this means greater maneuverability and increased ability to dodge torpedoes threatening the ship.

The U. S. S. California and Destroyers Passing in Review With Crews Manning the Rail

The U. S. S. Colorado, One of the Latest United States Battleships. Displacement 32,600 Tons, Speed 21 Knots. Armament, 8 16-Inch Guns, 12 5-Inch Guns

The Last Word

A COMPLEMENT of 65 officers and 1350 men is required to operate the Colorado. The pay roll amounts to approximately $110,000 a month. The government ration provides daily more than three tons of nourishing, well-cooked food. Storerooms and refrigeration permit a three months' supply of provisions to be carried.

Living places for the personnel are spacious, light and comfortable. For additional comfort and sanitation the ship includes a hospital, with operating room; a dentist, with fully equipped office; a post office, with a mail clerk in charge; and a laundry which fixes no limit on the number of pieces.

Then there are in addition a library, a barber shop, tailor shop and cobbler shop, a ship's store and a telephone exchange. Attached to the galleys, or kitchens, are a butcher shop and a bakery.

There are also industrial shops, including the carpenter shop, paint room, machine shop, foundry and smithy in this community afloat. The Colorado resembles, in fact, a small, complete city with every facility and every convenience—even to a movie theater.

It may be of interest here to compare the latest type of British and Japanese battleships with the Colorado. The Japanese vessel Mutsu, completed in 1921, has the same main battery as the Colorado, is 1000 tons larger, and has a speed two knots greater. It carries a secondary battery of twenty 5.5-inch guns to the Colorado's twelve 5-inch pieces. The British battleships, Nelson and Rodney, completed in 1927, are the most powerful capital ships afloat. Naturally they must remain so for three years to come. Today they represent the last word in battleship design. Following are some of the features of these super-dreadnaughts:

Length . .	600 feet	Mean draft . . .	30 feet	Horse power,	
Beam . . .	106 feet	Displacement	35,000 tons	full speed . .	45,000
Speed . .	23 knots				
Fuel oil .	4,000 tons				

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THE LAST OF THE TORIES

By J. P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

IN EXAMINING the somewhat chaotic memoirs of William Lipp, one is confessedly confronted with the peculiarity which exists in assembling the chapters in the career of any man actively involved in life. Many of the most interesting are missing. Again and again curiosity is whetted to a degree not to be appeased, for seemingly a mystery lurks behind all great acts. Thus is it a mystery how Willie ever got to London. Being big-hearted and not prone to spill things, Willie would never say. It was not a private matter; it had to do with one of the larger permutations and combinations of his profession, but it had been profitable. Willie's clothes were enough to show it.

The parties with whom he was professionally engaged took him to a place where they made clothes. You might have thought the guys who made them were bank presidents, the way they acted; but just the way they looked at him showed they knew he was out of the ordinary running. A bird in a coat with tails to it, similar to what the manager of a funeral parlor would have worn at home, pushed him over some high-grade cigarettes.

"A lounge suit, sir?" he said. "Or something more formal, say?"

"Can you beat it?" said Willie. "I want some rags, that's all."

"Rags, sir?" That kid should have been a bull, he was so dumb.

"Glad rags," said Willie, "and I want 'em quick. I got the money—see?—as long as I get 'em quick."

"You're leaving for America at once, sir?"

Willie gave a slight start and blinked his beady eyes.

"Hey," he cried, "what put you wise to that?"

"Begging your pardon, it's quite obvious, sir. The way you say things, sir—that forceful mode of expression you all have in your extraordinary country."

Willie took a piece of crisp paper from his pocket, on which was printed the head of an old gent with a beard and no collar. "Brother," he said, "buy yourself a shave and shine and get the factory busy."

That was why Willie looked right when he blew into the railroad station where adventure was to meet him. Indeed he was a symphony of autumnal colors. His suit was a rich yellow and purple of a fuzzy material that had a smell such as he had never known, save in going through gents' wardrobes in some swell house at home. A broad cap of the same material sat upon his head like a stiff pancake, slightly sloping to cover his narrow forehead. As he pulled on a pair of yellow chamois gloves, he knew he was a handsome sight. It was evident that the porter who carried Willie's small pigskin bag thought so also. He was an old-ish man, and he kept staring at Willie, giving him the eye as though he had never seen a gentleman before, but Willie was in too much of a twitter to notice much.

Willie liked order, and somehow he had a sense that things were not going exactly right. They were standing in the middle of the train shed with a jam of people running this way and that. It was almost like home if those people had only possessed a little sense, but he knew from experience that they were all nutty. Uneasily Willie moved his delicate fingers.

"Where will it be, sir?" inquired the old bird who was holding his bag. Willie started. His beady eyes had been moving furtively over the milling crowd.

"Huh?" said Willie.

"Where will it be, sir?"

"It'll be right here," said Willie. "That's how I was tipped where the goods would pass."

"I should say which train, sir? Surely you're bound to a train."

"Nix," said Willie, "I ain't bound to nothing yet." He coughed behind his hand and stared anxiously at the crowd. "I'm waiting for a party, see?"

"Beg pardon, sir—a party?"

Now Willie had nerve, but it made him jumpy to stand there talking.

"Buddy," said Willie slowly, "don't you savvy English? I'm waiting for a certain party—a guy."

Dumb as he was, that baggage breaker caught on then. "Oh, you mean a bloke, sir?"

"Buddy," said Willie wearily, "you certainly are quick. I'm waiting for a guy—see?—a little guy with his nose to one side, and cross-eyed. It so happens I got an important article to give him, see? And while we're waiting" Willie plunged his hand into his pants pocket and produced a piece of paper, white, not like a dollar bill—"while we're waiting, snap onto this and get yourself a haircut and a shine. Don't say I ain't generous when things are rolling right."

To see that old bird's eyes pop out was enough to make you laugh. He stammered, began to choke.

"Nix," said Willie. "Can the sob stuff, kid." But you might have thought the old guy had been poked in the solar plexus from the way he looked.

"Great heaven, sir!" he said. "Where you come from are they all like you?"

"Nix, kid," said Willie, and rubbed his nails hastily upon his sleeve. "If they was all like me what would happen to the world?"

"Beg pardon, sir," said the old bird suddenly, "but is that the gentleman over by the pillar? He seems to recognize you, I think, sir. Shall I signal him?"

What the boys at home always admired in Willie was the quickness of his mind, and one glance was enough to tell him. A big bozo was standing by the pillar, perhaps a hundred feet away, with a mustache the color of dark beer and a brown dip hat. Though it might have required experience to spot him, that guy was a bull.

"Nix," said Willie, "dontcher bother. What's he doing now?"

"He's still looking at you, sir."

And Willie thought quick. It was beautiful how quick he thought. He put his right hand into his pants pocket as fast as though he was plunging it into a safe-deposit box, and drew forth another of those pieces of paper as big as a handkerchief, almost, with pictures and numbers upon it, and then another and another.

"Kid," he said, "I certainly like your face. How fast can you run?"

There was something to that old guy once he saw the paper.

"Like the wind, sir, if you'd ask me, sir," he said.

"And keep your mouth shut?" said Willie.

"Dear me, sir," said the old guy, and his eyes were popping out, "you wouldn't think I'd peach on a generous gentleman?"

"Listen, kid," said Willie. "Take these and buy yourself a shave and shine. What's that guy doing now?"

"He's coming this way, sir."

Willie buttoned two buttons of his fuzzy coat. "How soon is the next train pulling out?" he asked.

Willie Had Balanced a Knife Upon His Nose and Made a Coin Disappear Behind His Ear

"The Manchester Flyer, sir," said the old bird, "is leaving in half a minute."

Willie pulled another piece of paper from his pocket, another and another.

"Get me on it, kid," he said. "Get me on it, see?"

It was wonderful how fast that old bird ran. Willie was always quick on his feet and slippery in a crowd, but it was all he could do to follow that old bird. He bumped into a fat old dame; jumped over two kids and a lunch basket. Someone behind him was hollering, but Willie didn't mind. They got beside the train, and the train was phony—not like the ones at home. Instead there were a lot of doors all opening out, and as they got there a guy was shutting those doors and hollering.

"Hey!" yelled Willie.

"This way, sir!" yelled the old bird with the bag. The train was moving slowly. He yanked at a door and it popped open, and Willie heard a voice:

"I say, my man, this is private."

"Can't help it, sir," said the old bird. "There's a gentleman in a 'urry. This way, sir. God bless you. Pleasant journey, sir."

Willie was quick; he was always quick. Even as he was jumping toward the door, he did it. Almost in mid-air he snapped out a pair of bone-rimmed spectacles with yellow lenses on them from his inside pocket, and snapped them on his nose, and at the same time snatched off that pancake cap and threw it far away.

"Cheest!" gasped Willie.

He was on the train and the train was pulling out and the door was slammed behind him. Out of breath as he was, Willie pulled a cigar from his pocket and snapped it between his lips, and then looked about him quickly through his spectacles.

"Cheest!" he gasped again.

He was in a funny place, like a box, and though he was used to those trains, he had never been in a box like that. You could see it was a Pullman, only it wasn't a Pullman. The whole box was filled with soft gray cushions on two benches that were high-grade and soft. On the ceiling an electric light in a big globe was burning, and near the ceiling were lots of little nets, like fish nets almost, filled with bundles and shawls and canes.

On the corner of one of the benches a guy was sitting with a newspaper held in front of his face, so that Willie could see only his hands and legs. He had on dark pants with stripes on them, and that wasn't all. Over his shoes was buttoned a covering of gray felt cloth such as folks sometimes wore in musical comedies. His hands were long and narrow and on one finger was a ring.

"Cheest!" gasped Willie.

Even at that moment his sense for the beautiful had got the better of him. That ring was a grand ring with a green stone in it—enough to give you a headache just to see it. But Willie always kept his mind on what he was doing. His bag was on the floor. With the speed of a twinkling star Willie ripped off his coat, opened his bag, snapped the coat into it and pulled out another of a modest darker hue. At this juncture Willie's fine perceptions were called into sudden play. Though his back was turned, he knew he was being given the once-over, and he turned around like a fancy skater on the ice—turned and allowed his mouth to fall wide open.

The party who was sharing that box was looking at him over the top of the newspaper, but the newspaper came down with a rattle as Willie turned. Willie was face to face with an old gent of a sort he had never beheld, and bony as a half-starved traffic cop, with gray-white hair, like a platinum setting of a heavy diamond. The old gent also had on one of those coats with tails on it, like the keeper of a funeral parlor, but he wasn't like a funeral parlor. He had a big, straight bony nose, the old gent had, that wiggled slightly on the end, and a pair of mustaches as white as Santa Claus' that drooped down toward his chin, like the branches of a weeping willow; but it was his eyes, not the mustaches, that made you jump. Both the old gent's eyes looked as though they had cinders in them, red and angry just like that.

"See here, my man," he said. In spite of himself, Willie gave another jump. That old party's voice sounded something like a horn, and not a tin horn either, but rather like the horn of a ship on a foggy day—"see here, my man; how do you come to be intruding here? I've hired this carriage especially to be free from people just like you. Take that bag of yours and be off!"

It hurt Willie; it wasn't right, the tone that old gent used. He squared his narrow shoulders, threw back his head, at the same time extending his hand palm downward toward the floor, with a gentle, peaceful gesture.

"Say," said Willie, "cut that out." The old gent's head twitched backward.

"How?" he said.

"Mister," said Willie gently, yet in the masterful way of a man who knows the world, "don't make me show you how, because I can show you, antique as you are. I may have hopped here in a hurry, but I'm just as good as you are, I'll tell the world."

The old gent gave a cough as though he had a fishbone in his throat. Then he took a round piece of glass from his vest pocket and put it over his right eye and squinted at Willie through it.

"Of all the confounded impudence!" he said. "You are as good as I am, did you say?"

It was enough to make anyone sore, the way that old gent spoke. For a moment Willie forgot the haste of his departure and forgot his bone-rimmed glasses. He raised his hand and tapped his chest in a modest manly way.

"Listen, mister," he said. "Back home where I come from, I'm as good as you are, and better, see? Quicker, classier and snappier! Why, mister, back home where I come from, if the boys was to see you they'd just die of laughing."

"My stars!" said the old gent. "Upon my word, now, this is extraordinary!"

"It may be extraordinary to you, you old whiskerino," said Willie, "but it's everyday to me."

"I beg your pardon," said the old gent, giving his glass a twitch.

"I'll say it's time you did," said Willie.

"I beg your pardon," said the old gent, "but are you by any chance an American? You resemble their pictures in the paper. Please don't be offended! I ask because I've hardly ever seen one."

"Hey!" said Willie. "Not never seen one? Where do you come from, mister?"

You might have thought the old gent was doing a crossword puzzle from the way he looked.

"I suppose I am a trifle out of touch with things," said the old gent. "I endeavor to keep out of touch, if you'll excuse my saying so. In fact, I'm one of a dying generation. I'm one of the Tories—the last of the real Tories."

Of course Willie knew what was the matter then. It didn't take long for a boy like Willie to see things, and he felt sorry, for he had a soft and sentimental heart. The old gent was nutty, that was all—just soft in the bean, the way old folks got sometimes. Willie rubbed his finger nails upon his sleeve, even blew upon them softly.

(Continued on Page 118)

"He's a Thief, I Tell You—Just a Crook!"

CORAL

By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

She Wasn't Specially Engaged by the Spectacle

SIMPLY no one at Palm Beach, Coral Mery realized, bathed publicly in front of the Casino. Anyone who actually was anyone sat on a private beach reaching from his house to the ocean. Yet every morning she saw practically all the people she knew at the Casino. Every morning she was a part of the crowd there on the boardwalk and on the sand. The crowd was made up principally of excursions and persons from West Palm Beach; a small, staring mob; the most impossible people fell over you in the ocean; and yet she continually returned to that bright, concentrated scene. She spoke of this to Effingwell Bradley. They were sitting just beyond the reach of the water, Effingwell was blacker than brown from the tropical sun, and she was wrapped in a black glazed cloak. "You have a beach and umbrellas and chairs, and even a path down over the sand," she proceeded; "it is absolutely private; you think the people here are poisonous; and yet here you are. Here we are."

Effingwell didn't trouble to answer her. He was like that. He didn't, Coral knew, believe in going into things. He thought such investigations were a mistake. They upset life. They were, in other and more severe words, radical. Coral regarded him—and in him their world—impatiently. She had a sudden clear vision of how resolutely blank that world was. How profoundly contented in its superior ignorance. Nothing could be done about it. What really surprised her was its lack of freedom—of any amusing freedom that counted. It was all exactly like Effingwell Bradley.

Coral didn't, it happened, enjoy being radical. Until three months before she, too, had seen no good in upsetting things. The truth was she had brought a lot of trouble on herself. It couldn't, though, be helped. She had grown tired of having a rotten time, of looking forward to nothing but a rotten time. She went on:

"It's the same, if you don't mind the difference, about the Everglades Club—we think it's private, just for us, but really it is only another Casino." Bradley said lazily, "If you see anyone there you don't like, tell me, and they won't get back." She explained, "It isn't one person and it isn't two. It's a—a condition. Palm Beach. I suspect it's America. All these people here, the ones who know each other, are supposed to be alike. They are supposed to like the same things. But that's only on the surface; inside they are all as different as possible. They come from every kind of place you could imagine. The only thing is that most of them have money."

"What of it?" Effingwell demanded. "What are you in a rage about? You seem to like Palm Beach. You've been coming here for years. And not very cursed retiring either. I don't see why you are harassing me. I really don't." Coral fell silent. It was no use. Evelyn Bent sat beside them. She was Zinc Bent's sister and engaged to a secretary of the English Embassy in Washington—a very advantageous secretary. "Thank God you're here," Bradley told her. "Coral has got to be a socialist or something, and I can't bear it." Evelyn said it was a scream. "It's a scream. It really is. I don't know anything more entirely screaming. And Coral of all people! Effingwell, you know it is a scream." It was, Bradley admitted, and a little too shrill for him. Coral told him not to be an idiot. "My memory is as good as yours. Better. You would marry me tomorrow if I'd hear of it."

He sat up with a trace of animation. "Now there," he protested seriously, "you are wrong. Last winter, yes; but now, no. You've gone and rooked yourself. You're a mess. Carter James was talking about you last night at the Ashleys'. Everybody is talking about you. If you're not careful you'll get to be a nuisance." The black glazed cape slid from Coral's shoulders. Her bathing suit was pink. It had flowers, a few flowers, on it. Scallops bound in green. "You make me faintly ill," she said to Effingwell Bradley. "Not very ill; just a little. Carter James makes me faintly ill. In reality I was thinking of him just now. When you remember what he is. I don't mind his having grocery stores; as a matter of fact I'd like to have them myself, naturally; but Carter in Palm Beach, in the kind of Palm Beach you seem to think exists, is what Evelyn would call a scream. If it wasn't for Vogue and Town and Country, I don't know where he'd be. I really don't. Unless it was St. Petersburg."

Evelyn Bent said, "Coral, you are a scream."

Coral went on: "The trouble with you is different. You are just dumb. Everyone knows you're dumb, but you look all right. You're all right on the surface and you have enough money. Then, you are not married. It's frightfully useful, of course, not to have you married. What you do, if you have a passion to learn, is keep a convenient sort of hotel. A hotel without any bill to pay. Don't think I mind. I simply get tired of hearing you be something else."

He sat sharply up. "That's pretty nasty," he asserted.

"It is," Coral agreed; "what are you going to do about it? I don't, after all, care what you think or what you say. It doesn't matter what Carter thinks. If you could call it thinking. I wouldn't get excited either. You had a chance to fight ten years ago." Bradley rose and half bowed. He moved away. "You told him about it," Evelyn commented. "Why will you be such a crab? I had a letter from Zinc and he said he'd be here late in February. I was hoping we'd all go to Havana in Effingwell's boat, but you spoiled that. You really were rather sobbing." Coral Mery said there were lots of boats. It would be rather a relief, she said, to go to Havana on a train and by steamer. It wouldn't be so wearing. A pleasant-appearing young man with a determined address and an informal motion-picture camera stopped before her.

"Miss Mery," he said, "I wonder if you would tell me what you have been doing or what you are going to do? I hope you don't mind. You must remember people are very much interested in you. You are getting to be the best news there is." She gazed up at him calmly. "All the dull things the dullest people alive can think of." He laughed. "I can't say that, can I? Not in my column. As a matter of fact, it sounds like the front page. I need just a few names." She was thoughtful. "I am going to Edgar Paris' dinner for the Countess Monteluca," she admitted. "That is, there will be a dinner if her mother doesn't reach Palm Beach first. Her mother is Mrs. Emma McCann, I think, from Iowa. Then there is a party for Oscar Bright, after his lecture at White Hall." He had seen Mr. Bright. "I have just been talking to him. He was very interesting. He told me his lecture was to be about some social conceptions of the present dinner dress."

Coral didn't in the least care what Oscar Bright intended to lecture about. Her interest in him had gone no further than the outsides of his latest novels. She was deeply discouraged. She had been sobbing with Effingwell Bradley. Alone in the ocean, she slipped through a slow brilliant blue wave. The water was warm. Beyond, where the Gulf Stream began, it was purple and there was a trail of minute round white clouds on the blue sky. Her annoyance largely left her. Zinc Bent would be in Palm Beach late in February. She found, to her surprise, that she'd be glad to see him. His comments and attitudes were always relievingly outrageous. On the hot sand old Mr. Sampson kept her hand. "There isn't another girl in the world like you," he assured her. "Not one, Coral." She answered him in a hard clear voice. "Yet you will seem to think I'm a sewing-machine girl whose name was Bertha." He dropped her hand. "What a girl you turned out to be!" he exclaimed. He moved away pink and resentful, at once old, bowed and spry.

"I think you make a mistake," Oscar Bright told Coral; "I really do." They were seated, after dinner, more or less isolated in the patio of Alva Parsons' house on the County Road. Coral was staying with Alva. The patio had high rose-stained walls, gravel walks, frightful iron benches; and a confusion, a battle really, of tropical plants. There were violent scarlet flowers, flowers in colors no flower had a right to be, bristling Spanish bayonet, vicious-looking spotted leaves, all in a silent twisting and heaving tumult. Bright had coffee and Cointreau and Coral had nothing but her cigarette. "Yes," he repeated, "you are wrong. I mean, about American society. It isn't worse, it isn't

different, from the society in other countries and other ages. I don't mean the aristocracy; I am talking about society; they are quite different. You couldn't get a more picturesque place than Palm Beach. More surprising people. Besides that, they are significant. I am planning to develop that."

"What do you mean, significant?" Coral demanded. She didn't actually care what he meant, but at the same time her voice was sharp and engaged. She had a necessity to argue with him. "They are the painted straws on the surface of the present," he explained. "I'm speaking of the women. They are important now. Women are building up the element lost in American life. The life they need. They do it badly, perhaps, but the effort is admirable. They come every year to a tropical climate and live in Spanish houses. That is to say, romantic houses. They are sick of concrete and steel cities. They are sick of steel and concrete ideas. Think how perfectly women fit into Palm Beach and how absurd the men look. What nonsense it is, for example, to play golf under palms. The women who play golf here, and anywhere else, have no imagination. Sweaters and thick shoes." Oscar Bright's expression showed what he thought of that. Coral answered lazily:

"Of course, I think you're just absurd. I play golf a lot and I don't care if there are palm trees or maples. I never notice, really, and sweaters can be divine. You are supposed to know a lot about women's clothes, but you don't. You are simply feeble about them. What you don't realize is that short skirts have changed everything. It isn't dinner dresses—all you see of them at dinner is always the same—but skirts. You can't have short hair in long skirts, and long hair is sobbing with short. As a matter of fact, golf is splendid for women. It gives them something to do with men, among other things." He smiled patiently. "I was talking about women," Bright pointed out; "there are variations with every age, but women remain the same. I mean, certainly, attractive women. The others don't count. They have never counted. They never will" What, Coral demanded, did he mean by attractive women? She was increasingly disagreeable.

"An attractive woman," Oscar Bright said promptly, "is a woman with charm ——" She interrupted him. "I knew it. Charm!" This didn't disconcert Bright. "If you like, I'll stop long enough to explain what that is. It isn't so very mysterious. Charm is heat. Whether you like it or not, that's what it is. Well—a charming woman in appropriate surroundings and becoming dress. All three. A woman isn't an isolated fact, but a product, very much a product, of civilization. The civilization of Hammurabi, the Old Kingdom in Egypt, Phœnicia and Persia, the Shang dynasty of China, the Greeks at Athens and Thebes, the Paris of Gavarni. You only get a charming woman, a woman of moment, when an epoch is at its end. You need emeralds and delicate powders and rare perfume. More than that, you must have leisure. A really notable woman does nothing." He made her sick, Coral said.

"You are a thousand years behind everything. Like most men, only you are worse. You are worse because you know so many words and you talk so fast. You think you understand women and write about them, but they hang it all over you. Like a tent. They just let you rave, because it's easier than not. You think life is a sort of harem. You think women all sit around on couches in tulle roses waiting for you. Slaves. If it wasn't pathetic it would be funny. In the first place, men aren't really frightfully important any more. It's sad, but they're not. You see, it's plainly your idea women exist just for you to have a marvelous time. They may have been like that once, I don't know, I wasn't there; but no more. Not now. You'll be amazed, but they want to have some kind of a time themselves. They like to hit a golf ball and swim and drink and tell the truth. They found they could tell the truth and the sky didn't fall on them. I don't suppose men wanted to hear it, but they've had to. They couldn't stop it. Well, the truth is women don't live for men. Not entirely. Not so you could notice it. Any woman can have a lot of children and still be herself."

"Unfortunately you are right," Bright calmly agreed with her. "That's why there are practically no charming women now. None that is important. In the way Madame de Staël was important. Napoleon had to send her out of France. She all but ruined his government. Can you imagine any woman with so much power now? You can't. Democracy has spoiled them. When they didn't like things they could vote. That disposed of them as women, as individuals. Take yourself, you are painted and powdered and scented; you have on a dress that isn't exactly, not precisely, a Chinese screen; and why?" Coral said. "Did you think I was trying to overcome you?" Oscar Bright nodded. "Certainly," he replied. "Me or some other problematic man. I don't say you do it objectively; no, it's instinctive. Do you happen to know why flowers are bright and scented?"

Coral didn't, she asserted, want to know. Oscar Bright approved of that. "It isn't necessary for women to understand a great deal. It damages them. It's enough if they are women."

"Your books must be dreadful," Coral observed. "I can't imagine why so many people read them. Most don't, of course; they simply talk as though they had." At last, she could see, he was annoyed. That was splendid. "My books are not for everyone," Bright told her stiffly. "They have some very distinguished friends and they make it possible for me to live with relative decency. I've noticed one very interesting thing about the women who do like them—they are always attractive women. Usually they are successful and happy women." Coral's eyes were narrowed. "If you mean I'm not successful you are right. That is, if you mean men are success. Practically everyone I've known is a mess." She rose. "Anyhow, I'm tired of talking about them." He stood beside her.

"I have had a splendid time," Bright declared. "I don't know when I've enjoyed myself more. You may not happen to realize it, but you are absolutely charming." Coral had an impulse to put out her tongue at him. "You have

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"You Make Me Faint'y Ill," She Said to Effingwell Bradley. "Not Very Ill; Just a Little"

THE PRICE OF INCOMPETENCE

By Albert W. Atwood

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

IT IMPLIES no disregard for the achievements of ancient and medieval peoples to state that we as a nation are just entering upon an era of public and semipublic improvements without parallel in history.

Even as these words are written, with the Seventieth Congress only recently convened, it is already a common saying that this will have to be an engineering Congress, so far-reaching are the projects for flood control and river harnessing. While the Mississippi is most pressing, our other great rivers—the St. Lawrence, the Columbia and the Colorado—have problems of their own sure to engross the genius of the technicians and the resources of the richest of nations.

But even more far-reaching is the importunate, the necessary reconstruction of both city and country to accommodate some twenty million individually driven gas engines. The tramp of Roman legions was as nothing beside the motor car, forcing, as it does, an urgent rebuilding and expansion of the whole scheme of streets, roads, highways, sidewalks, bridges, grade crossings, parks and playgrounds.

The truth is that, the country over, the entire physical paraphernalia of life, the complete plant, private as well as semipublic and public, cries for enlargement, betterment and reconstitution. We must have new water and sewerage systems, new schoolhouses, new office buildings, new homes, new county and state institutions, more and more and more, all at greater and greater cost, with no end in sight.

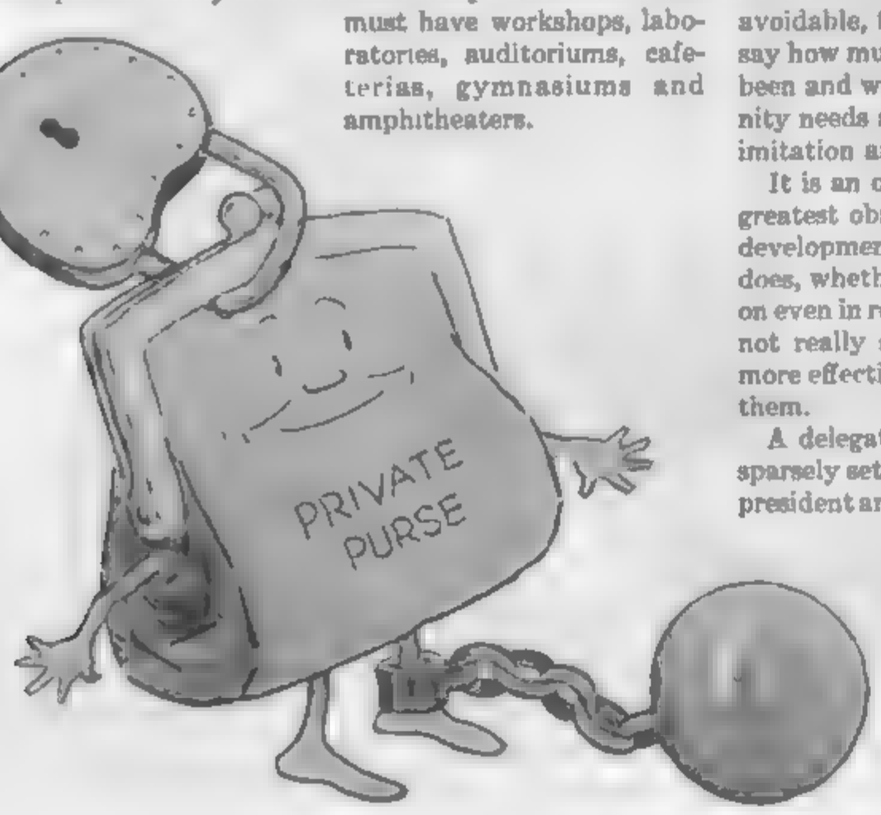
Frankly, very much of our equipment is shabby, dirty and ugly, as well as unsuitable, outworn and antiquated. This applies not only to uncounted thousands of such buildings as have already been mentioned but to other thousands of churches, city halls, courthouses, prisons, post offices, Federal buildings, hospitals and railroad stations.

An architect and city planner—Charles H. Cheney—recently rated Washington as only 25 per cent of a city, Philadelphia 15 per cent, New York and Los Angeles 12 per cent, San Francisco 11 per cent and Chicago 8 per cent. One may utterly disagree with these ratios, but not with the architect's statement when he says that in fifty years more than half of the buildings in most of our cities will be torn down, "not because they are unsafe in framing, but because their exterior appearance ruins the value of the street." Certainly very few of our buildings are worthy of permanent life.

Keeping Up With the Neighbors

BUT improvement and rebuilding seem to have no stopping point. Once our streets were lighted with oil lamps, which gave way to arc lights, then to one-lamp electric globes, then to branching electroliers, and now no town is content without a white way. Everything else is in like proportion.

The little red schoolhouse, heated by a wood stove, taught by a schoolma'am who boarded around, and attended by barefoot children, is being replaced by great elaborate units and systems of kindergarten, elementary school, junior high school, senior high school, junior college, municipal university and state university. Modern schools must have workshops, laboratories, auditoriums, cafeterias, gymnasiums and amphitheaters.



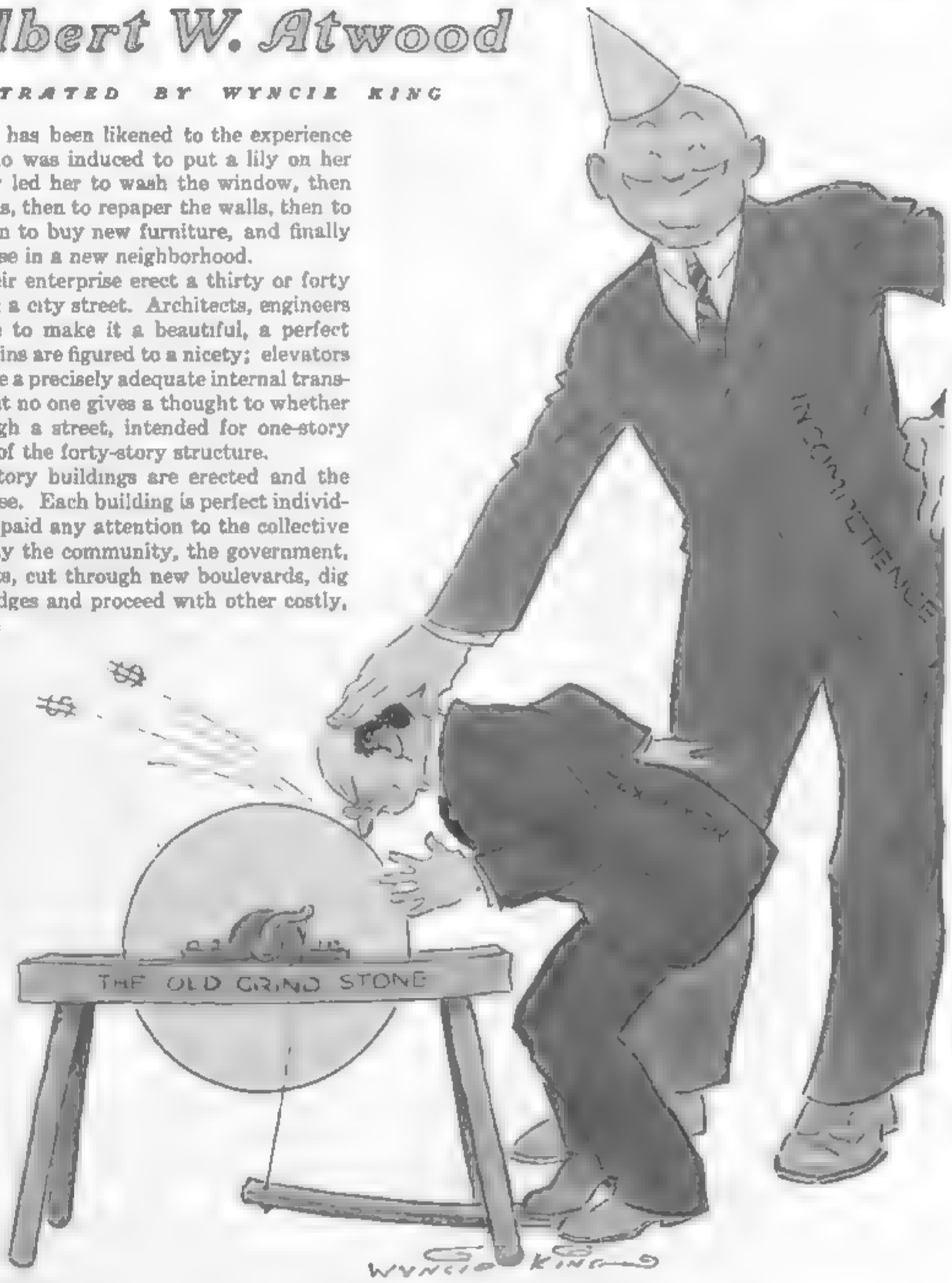
The whole process has been likened to the experience of the charwoman who was induced to put a lily on her window sill. The lily led her to wash the window, then to put up lace curtains, then to repaper the walls, then to lay a new carpet, then to buy new furniture, and finally to move to a new house in a new neighborhood.

Men known for their enterprise erect a thirty or forty story skyscraper upon a city street. Architects, engineers and builders combine to make it a beautiful, a perfect thing. Stress and strains are figured to a nicety; elevators are arranged to provide a precisely adequate internal transportation system. But no one gives a thought to whether people can get through a street, intended for one-story buildings, in and out of the forty-story structure.

Then other forty-story buildings are erected and the situation becomes worse. Each building is perfect individually, but no one has paid any attention to the collective necessity. Then finally the community, the government, must widen the streets, cut through new boulevards, dig tunnels, construct bridges and proceed with other costly, colossal and collective works.

In response to the rapid increase in population and city concentration, and with the coming of universal velocity in transportation, there is a sheer, remorseless compulsion to plan and rebuild whole cities and regions. Even the most extreme individualist must admit that if this work is to be done at all, much of it will have to be a collective enterprise, which means government and taxes.

Yet we enter upon this era of Augustan expansiveness of public works still hardly more than struggling to learn how to govern ourselves. Determined to have a gloriously rebuilt and remodeled country, we are willing to give to the task of government a full measure of indifference, ignorance, stupidity, preoccupation, incompetence and selfishness. The price will be taxes and yet more taxes.



The Taxpayer is Going to Pay Through the Nose

Also, as might be expected, government expenditures are so like human beings—that is, obstinately irrational—that no one can sort out the avoidable outlays from the unavoidable, the desirable from the undesirable. We cannot say how much of the expansion of government activity has been and will be due to a careful reasoning out of community needs and resources, and how much to pride, rivalry, imitation and the mere aping of other communities.

It is an old saying among city planners that one of the greatest obstacles in drawing up sound programs of civic development is that most cities try to do what New York does, whether it is suitable or not. The aping process goes on even in respect to traffic signals. New types are adopted, not really so much because they will prevent accidents more effectively, but after a larger city has decided to try them.

A delegation of editors in one of our poorest and most sparsely settled states once called upon the state university president and suggested that he start a school of journalism. Being quick at figures, he promptly showed them that the state could save a lot of money by sending every student who wanted to study journalism to one of the established schools several thousand miles away, even if all traveling and tuition expenses were paid. But this statement hurt the editors' feelings.

I know of two small cities only three or four miles apart which might have combined on a new, modern high school, but such action would have hurt the pride of the smaller of the two places, even though the state controller assured the citizens that it would save $40,000 a year.

"Nor can it be held that heavy incurrence of debt is inseparable from a genuine effort to give the children of the community a worthy high-school education," remarks Prof. Henry C. Morrison in a detailed study of the Financing of Public Schools in Illinois. "Competent teaching is the first and important element in education. A decent, sanitary schoolhouse is also important, but an adequate building is not necessarily an expensive building. It frequently happens that the building is far more a monument to the false pride of a small town than to its actual enthusiasm in the cause of education.

"What has frequently happened is that the high-school building has been attached to a gymnasium, or rather to an amphitheater for public entertainment."

The Lure of a Smart Uniform

MORALISTS are always lecturing young men and women, and older ones too, on the evils of personal extravagance, thriftlessness, ostentation and vulgar display. But necessarily a great deal of ostentatious consumption must, as Harold W. Guest points out in his book on Public Expenditure, take a vicarious form. Smart uniforms and impressive-looking officials are enjoyed by the rank and file. The soldiers are their soldiers: the officials are their officials.

"There is a large-scale egotism in the case of crowd behavior which results in irrational and uneconomic public expenditure. People who are frugal and careful in their

personal spending will vote without hesitation for large governmental expenditures in order that Georgetown may have a better city hall than does Johnstown or Charlestown. What the people cannot enjoy as individuals consuming their own possessions they enjoy collectively and often in a vicarious sense."

Reformers often remark impatiently that most of the functions of municipal government are exactly like those of a large business organization, and that it should be run in the same way. But this statement overlooks the fact that city government is subject at all times to public opinion, which often seems to express a headstrong preference for extravagance and unbusinesslike methods. Public expenditures reflect all the small and petty as well as the noble traits of the people at large.

Then, too, the very means and methods by which government can be compelled to spend well and wisely have no emotional appeal for the average citizen. Municipal research and surveys, budgets, improved accounting, and centralized purchasing simply bore the voter, whose chief interests, aside from his business or her family, are in the sport page, the fashion sheet, the radio, the beauty shop and the progress of aviation.

Budgets, bond issues and orderly ten-year programs for successive expenditure excite them about as much as terrestrial magnetism. Without the development of units or standards for measuring government functions, such as patient day costs for hospitals, we can never hope for competence in spending tax money. But the average citizen gets more kick out of the nebular hypothesis.

Recently the New York State constitution was amended by popular vote to increase the New York City debt limit by $800,000,000. Dr. W. H. Allen, long active in municipal research, remarked that the people would have favored the change if it had been "three hundred trillions instead of millions." Such a matter touches only the barest margin of the voter's attention. He is far more interested in whether his radio set is working well tonight.

Both Politician and Taxpayer

THE New York City budget, calling for the expenditure this year of between five and six hundred millions, was up for discussion at several public hearings a couple of months ago. As far as I could discover, only two or three organizations, representing not more than a very few thousand out of about 6,000,000 people, sent representatives to protest any items in the budget. Most of the newspapers published one or two sarcastic editorials on the size of the budget, but persistent, militant attack, except from the two or three organizations, was lacking. The head of one of these associations told me that he had tried to interest the editor of an evening newspaper in a persistent campaign, but the editor said: "I'm positively afraid of anything with figures in it."

In the period of unavoidable and massive public works that lies ahead, the taxpayer is going to pay through the nose, not only because of public apathy and stupidity but likewise on account of a dishonesty toward government that infects taxpayers as well as politicians. In an earlier article I spoke of the inconsistency of the average citizen, of whom I am one, in protesting against high taxes and yet enjoying the improvements created by those taxes—that is, he complains at the size of his income tax and yet insists upon his congressman securing a new post office.

There are the distinguished citizens—well-meaning, churchgoing, silk-stocking gentlemen—who serve on hospital boards, on planning commissions and park boards, but who dare not peep when there is a big public-building graft, for fear that their private, denominational hospitals will not get the usual annual city subvention, or that the appropriation for the new playground or parkway will not be made.

But I am talking now of a more sinister thing. No one is so innocent as to suppose, when cities pay more for building sites than a private party would pay for the same land, that the sole cause is dishonesty or lack of ability on the part of officials. Wash sales and fictitious prices from which private owners profit have something to do with it.

It is a significant, a tragic fact that too often the business man looks upon government as a party to whom he can sell goods at a higher price than he would to a private buyer. It is just possible that in some localities there are newspapers who do not do their full duty in criticizing public officials for fear of losing public advertising.

It is possible that some bankers are not loud in their protests against extravagant officials because they might lose deposits of public money, and the lower the rate of interest paid the more profit for the bank. It is possible that building interests are sometimes quiet, even in face of graft, for fear the city administration might enforce the letter of every building law, foolish as well as wise. There are two sides to this detestable situation. Often the politician or city official is in a position to ruin even the honest business man if the latter protests over much. On the other hand, the business man too often is trying to buy something from the government for less than it is worth or selling for more than it is worth. An experienced city manager, in addressing a meeting of the New England Council, referred to the remarks of a previous speaker who had advocated central purchasing, and added:

"I am not any too certain as to how many business men really want the scientific purchase of supplies. If you want economy in government you can get it, but remember that economy is no fun. I remember one of my first experiences as a city manager. I asked for bids on a quantity of brass cocks, and a local foundry bid. Its owner was a large taxpayer in town, but its bid was just about twice as high as that of a manufacturer whose bid was accepted.

"The local man demanded to know, as a taxpayer, why his bid was not accepted. My only answer to him was that I saw no reason why the other taxpayers should pay his taxes for him—and that is what it would have amounted to."

Then, too, the best citizens seem to have no hesitancy in recommending inferior persons for jobs in government offices. It is not unknown for the heads of large enterprises—men with some political influence—to try to get rid of their own inefficient employes by obtaining jobs for them in city, county and state offices. I am not talking about political bosses or professional politicians, but of business men.

Gaylord C. Cummin, a civic consultant, tells of being called in by an irate committee of citizens whose taxes had been boosted without reason—so they thought. They complained that public officials were hiring incompetent assistants. But at the first meeting of the committee, Mr. Cummin read a letter from the chairman of the committee itself to a public official recommending one of these incompetents.

Everyone recognizes that in the public service—in high elective and appointive office as well as in the permanent civil service—there are found frequent instances of commendable loyalty, unselfishness and competence. Yet over large areas of such work there is a heavy, frozen, inelastic quality that bodes ill for anything but extravagance in the expansion of collective functions that lies ahead of us. There is so much red tape and difficulty in getting a dub off the public as compared with the private pay roll, and practically none of the rigid discipline of make good or beat it, without which private enterprise would perish.

The Product of Public Education

CONSIDER the school-teacher, whom many people think the most devoted and effective public servant. The country over, teachers are demanding larger salaries, getting increases in many places, and no doubt deserving them in numerous instances. Yet even the Citizens' Committee on Teachers' Salaries in New York City, whose report is considered the most scientific yet issued, throws up its hands in complete despair when it seeks to base salaries on actual teaching efficiency. It says that this attribute of the teacher cannot be measured, because "we do not yet agree as to just what the product of public education is or ought to be, in any objective sense."

So the committee recommends an enormous aggregate increase in salaries based chiefly on the number of years of service, the amount of college or other professional training which the teacher has had, and examinations passed by him or her. It refuses to consider as a measure of actual efficiency any opinion which superior officers might entertain of the teacher's ability, for fear the teachers given a low grade would charge personal bias. Such

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The Price Will be Taxes and Yet More Taxes

GAS!

By THOMAS McMORROW

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

I LOOKED out the doorway of the old French barracks wherein my outfit was billeted, and I saw four Frenchmen down on the wood road. They were no common people, no returning refugees, shabby and faintly hostile; no French soldiers come to sell Iron Crosses for five francs each. They were afoot, but were togged out in high hats, black beards, black frock coats and gray trousers. The raw smell of the woods was good after the barracks reek of drying clothes and frying herrings, and burning candles and tobacco and wood. I stepped out for a lungful of air and to investigate these men so strangely attired. Civilians were quaint and curious to us at that time—early December of 1918.

Off in the direction in which they were strolling I heard the engine of a car roaring and subsiding, making a noise like a great bird caught in a trap. I slipped and stumbled down the rainsoaked path that led to the road.

Each Frenchman had a book and a long pencil. They walked along looking very carefully into the forest on either hand—this place was in the Argonne—craning their necks to see, saying, when they saw, "*Là.*" And then again, "*Là.*" And when they saw something exceptionally good they said "*Voilà!*"

With every *là*, and emphatically with every *voilà*, they wrote in their books. It wasn't just a game, like the English game of Beaver; it only looked that way. These Frenchmen were marking down every tree and bush that was cut down, maimed or even indisposed in what they could see of the extensive *Forêt d'Argonne*. They had evidently taken a big contract, but they were going to it like little men—you know what a hash is made of a woods by shellfire, or even by machine guns. To be quite fair, however, I must admit that the immediate vicinity of our billets had not been knocked around with any violence; it had suffered more through our bad manners. You can't expect much in the way of consideration for civilian rights or private property from men fresh from the field of war; they are apt to care no more what they destroy than do some professional firemen. Watching these industrious Frenchmen, I remembered that we had been recently told to be gentle with our environment, to cut no live wood while dead wood was so much more combustible. I remembered, but I did not associate that strange order with these visitors in black; after a year of army life my mind worked only by the numbers.

Around a turn in the wood road was the car that I had heard; it was a five-ton truck. There it was, rocking to and fro while the engine roared, settling deeper in the mudhole with every effort to get out. It was loaded with shells—big brass capsules three feet high. "The fellow's a fool to ride such a cargo onto a soft road," I thought, looking at him. He was an American—there were two of them on the high seat. It was an army truck.

Then I recognized the driver. I knew those pale-blue shifty eyes in a leathery face. I knew the man who sat beside him—fleshy, phlegmatic, comfortable—looking off into the distance with an air of gentle melancholy while his comrade coaxed the truck. I had encountered that pair up near St. Juvin while we were moving back, and they had been in the hard clutches of an M. P. then. The driver looked at his abstracted helper and drove an elbow viciously into his mid-section.

"Peter," said the stout helper, coming to.

"Have you got a nail caught in your pants, George?" said the driver. "Then get down off of that seat and cut some brush or we will have to walk home."

He turned over the seat and produced a long and heavy knife, a sort of machete, or bolo, used by first-aid men to cut splints. George took the dangerous-looking utensil, clambered heavily down, and waded into a copse of young trees, slashing to right and left and dropping a sapling at every blow. Those things, cleverly swung, cut like a billhook. Peter jumped to the ground.

"Hello," I said. "Where did you ditch the M. P.?"

"Hello, soldier," he said. "What are you doing here in the deep tangled wildwood -copping a mope?"

"My outfit is back in here." I saw that he was feeling for a cigarette, and handed him my pack.

He took out a half dozen, saying, "You don't mind, do you?" and put the spares into his breast pocket.

"Salvaging?" I said.

"It's salvage," he said, striking a match on the nose of a shell. "That's right, we were carrying an M. P. that day, weren't we? We got shoved in a replacement camp—just got under the wire—another day or two and we'd have been booked for a labor battalion. So George and I are now in the transport."

"He's Not Dead," Said George, Diagnosing Instantly With His Usual Cleverness—George Would Make a Detective

Many of the shells on the truck were painted. The decoration of a shell—color and design—indicated its contents, I knew.

"They are German shells, aren't they?"

"Yeah, they're Jerry pills," said Peter, laying his hand on a shell that had a blue body, a yellow head and a blue cross on the head. "Here is Dose Number One that they give you, and after you swallow it, mixed up with a little H. E. to make it go down easy, you cough and you sneeze and you give up your lunch. While you are so employed, and not fit to wear a gas mask, they send you over that gray one with the green cross on the base. Well, if you have not got your gas mask on, you take one good sniff and pass out. Oh, but there's the one gets you anyhow—less'n you're greased with sag paste—mustard! Hot stuff. I met a party of gasmen up in the lines one night and they gave me a great talk on all these shells. Good scouts they were, excepting for what they done on me."

"Hey, Peter," bawled George, "these here Frogs are picking on me! What do they want?"

The Frenchmen, with pencils poised over books, were waiting on George. "They say cutting trees is *défendu*, and they want the name of your outfit," I told him.

"*Défendu*," growled Peter. "That's the new word they made up since the Armistice. Go back in there and find a dead tree, and we'll let the engine cool. Oh, George, what do they call those gasmen?"

"Comical Warfare," said George, going into the forest.

"Chemical Warfare," said Peter, returning to his truck and stretching out on its seat to smoke my cigarettes in comfort. "Good skates; they certainly gave me a great talk that night. Told us all about this new Double Cross."

"Double Cross?" I looked over his exhibit. "You mean those?"

"No, those are just Lorraine Cross. I'm talking about our shells, soldier. I mean Edison gas."

I laughed at that. We had heard of Edison gas.

"You don't believe in Edison gas?" said Peter aggressively. "Supposing I was to tell you it was Edison gas give us the verdict in one of the roughest mix-ups of the whole war—what then? Right up there on the old Cremo Stella."

"The Kriemhilde Stellung," I said—we had been through it.

"Gas," said Peter, with a large and proprietary gesture. "Give me gas—and smoke—and you can have your Minenwerfers and your 75's and your rifles, and even your machine guns, though they're bad medicine. As for bayonets, do me a favor and take them. More men were killed in this war from bolting doughnuts than was ever killed with bayonets. But gas—oh, boy. Say, if they didn't call this war off, it would have been nothing but gas—and smoke—by next Fourth of July. So you don't think much of Edison gas, hey? Listen to me and I'll tell you what it done." He went on:

You remember when we met you up there by Marcq and St. Juvin, soldier? I asked you if you seen our outfit. Well, what I want to tell you happens when we are with this same outfit—the 287th Pioneers—and it was then parked at a place called Very, which is just up the road from Chippie.

In fact, George and I were down in Chippie with a working party, planting dead ones. The sergeant in charge of the detail says we got to plant twelve men, or three horses or mules, before we can go back and eat, so we are working lively. The ground all through that section is nothing but cracked-up stone, and we would break our backs swinging those picks if it wasn't for the shell holes. Even so, one of the Jerry 77's—which is what they used most of—knocks a hole only about two feet deep and four feet across, and it got to be made longer. A bad feature about working in Chippie just then was that the Jerries were shelling the deuce out of it every little while, and we had to drop all and run for the bombproofs, but the first shell would always catch you standing up and then you just had to outluck it. Which reminds me, soldier, isn't there a regulation against shelling prisoners? Well, the Jerries were cheating, because there was a party of Jerry prisoners working right there in Chippie pulling horses out of a stable with a rope. When I first seen those Jerries I thought we would have a quiet morning, but it wasn't.

Well, we are getting very hungry with the outdoor exercise, and to hurry our chow I look around for a small horse and a big shell hole. I find a very good horse; he is not only little but he is thinner than this army soup they make of desecrated vegetables. I am gloating over him, when the shelling begins again and I got to lam for the bombproof. To be perfectly frank, soldier, I am feeling for that bombproof with my hind foot all the time we are in Chippie, and I got both ears cocked for that old whistle-bang. However, here was one of those cases where the Jerries made a fatal error, for when we came out of the bombproof they had knocked two shell holes together, and I saw where we ate toot sweet.

When They Saw Something Exceptionally Good They Said "Voilà!"

I said—the sergeant had moped away to look after another party—"Put the rope on him, men." When what does this little plug do but lift up his head.

"He's not dead," said George, diagnosing instantly with his usual cleverness—George would make a detective.

So the six of us sat down around this little plug and lit up straw hats and waited for him to die.

Chippie is on the main stem going up through there, and there was very heavy traffic. The M. P. that was on traffic duty at the crossroads couldn't handle the situation, and the traffic would jam every little while. So, sitting around on the ground waiting for this little nag to kick off, I got to studying out the way this war thing was being done, and I saw that just as soon as the traffic would jam and back up, almost right away would come down the shells. How did the Jerries know the traffic was stalled? They were being tipped off by an aeroplane over our heads. Well, there was a Jerry plane flying over us every little while, but they were going about their own business; this baby was picking on us.

He wasn't just out for the ride, like most of the planes that buzzed around. He would come and go. He would sail around up there looking us over, and as soon as the traffic was blocked he would turn for home. And then would come those whistling coons. He had us all fidgety. We were all looking up in the air. I could see guys putting their heads out of cars on the road and twisting their necks, and the guys that were carrying dead ones out of the first-aid station were tipping the stretchers to have a look. The guys with the big P G painted on their backs, an infantry outfit that was in a field, the heavy-artillery outfit that was just setting up—everybody was sore on this guy up there, and pulling for the anti-aircraft. The anti-aircraft were doing their darnedest, but they weren't bothering him. I don't know what they were throwing at him, and I suppose it wasn't bouquets. I bet they had fifty machine guns and dozens of cannons firing at that guy. Over him, under him, behind him, in front, you'd see the puff, puff, puff; now white, now black, shrapnel, high explosive, and the machine guns going like the hammers of hell.

Then he turns around to go home, and we all were sick and disgusted. Say, I bet we had spent fifty thousand dollars to get that guy—maybe more—what we threw at him would kill the whole Jerry army. And for all we done, we could crawl into a dugout now and pull it in after us. Yes, sir, that poor Jerry certainly had the worst wishes of a couple of thousand guys looking up at him from Chippie. When what do we see but a little red light in the back of his machine—small as the glowing head of a match that's blown out.

We looked. We grabbed guys by the arms. The light got bigger, and yellow, soldier. Then he slipped in the air. Went away down sideways, and caught himself, and then sagged again. But he was cooked. You ought to heard the yell. "They got him!" He came down like a stick, rugs of flame tailing behind him. It was a great sight.

But why I mention about the matter is in connection with this horse. While we are all gaping in the air like Hans Guckindieluft, what does this little goat do but seize the opportunity to lam off. I guess we made him nervous. Anyways, he is gone when we turn with merry hearts to plant him. Isn't that just like war? Seesaw, dingdong, you take one and they take one; while we're getting their aviator our horse runs away.

"He went over yonder," said one of my five hearties, mumbling the snuff under his front lip.

So we held a council of war whether to follow this horse in hopes he would drop dead, or tell the sergeant we had planted him. And if you think we were just dodging light and pleasant employment you never tried to sink a pick in that stoneyard. So, after consulting, the ayes had it, and when the sergeant came back and missed the horse he had seen there, we let him use his own judgment, and fell in to go back to Very.

Well, we get into Very and go for the kitchen, and at once I see something terrible has happened. The topper and the skipper are in the kitchen, and they are talking in low tones of voice and have long faces. Even the mess sergeant looks like he lost money, and a mess sergeant generally got a jolly smile for your troubles, and looks like "To blazes with you, Jack; I'm all right." So I had noticed some new shell holes around the kitchen, and I knew then that there'd been casualties, and I thought over some good guys, and said, "Who'd they get, and how bad?"

"Killed him as dead as a doornail," said the mess sergeant. "The kitchen mule. And we're expecting orders to move."

Well, here was bad news. Without the mule the kitchen wouldn't move, but we would move just the same. We'd been all through that. We'd be up there carrying stretchers and jackassing ammunition and planting dead ones, breathing gas and jumping over bullets, and what would we eat? We would eat the monkey meat and hard bread out of the dead ones' packs, and we could drink out of their canteens. Well, that is food, too, and the men who had been given it before they jumped off on the last morning of their life would maybe have had to eat it; but only in desperation, if their slum was hung up, and not as a steady diet. You think we could hit those advanced kitchens up there? Singly, yes, or two men by themselves, we could eat anywhere, and welcome as news from home, but don't try to ring in a company or a platoon. Those mess sergeants would turn you down with hearts of stone. In this war it is everybody for himself. But then I remembered about the little horse that had moped on us, and I piped up gayly and said:

"Topper, you couldn't use a horse in this war, could you?"

"You got one?" said the topper, ceasing to worry his bald head. Our topper isn't any older than you or me, but he's all bald; he used to be a locomotive fireman, and he says it wears the hair off.

"I know where there's one," I said. "I and Private McMonigle"—meaning George.

"What is this, Rook?" said the skipper, coming out of a sad reverie. "An excuse for you and McMonigle to take a mope?"

But they let us go when I brought up the snuff eater to bear witness there was a horse, only asking him not to mention that we would have to carry this horse in a van—we had no van. But still and all, if that horse was well fed and had loving care he might make a success in the Army yet.

And the Next Thing is They Land on the Road Right Behind the Cart, and I See the Whole Thing Go Sailing

We went away with a rope and a headstall to capture this horse. You know how that country lays up in there, soldier. It is all valleys and plateaus, and there are patches of woods every here and there, so we stood a corking fine chance of not finding that horse. However, we weren't worrying hard about that horse. If we found him it would be so much velvet. We would have a nice time, anyway, being that all this is in the battle area, between the front line and the long sixes, where everybody is pleasant and wants to see you treated right, if only you don't interfere with his work.

George and I started across lots, figuring to nab this plug on his way out of Chippie. We were wrong to leave the road, because George and I were brought up on asphalt and all the world looks alike to us when we don't see signs on lamp-posts. The result being that I said to George, after we had traveled a kilometer or two and found ourselves nowhere, "George, if Chippie was this way, we must have stepped over it."

He had stopped to take a *Gott Mit Uns* off a dead Jerry, and he come up and said, "I am positive this is the way, Peter."

We were standing up to our knees in yellow grass. A road that looked like a Pioneer job was about a hundred yards away from us. We argued where that road went and which way was the Front; we had got turned around. If a soldier does not know which way are the Jerries, he is in a bad state, because he will not know where to run. So we decided first of all where was the Front, and when we had that settled the Jerries confused us by throwing a shell on us from the other way. Whistle-bang! We fell down and waited that spasm out.

There was right near us one of those deep and narrow pits that the boys learned to build at Soissons. George and I moped into it like a couple of snakes. It was one of the latest style, so narrow that you couldn't turn sideways, and only six feet long and

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MONEY FOR SOOTH

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

THE lean, lanky, angular figure of Jasper De Void swayed with ecstatic uncertainty. Mr. De Void stood upon the threshold of occult experimentation and was somewhat reluctant to take the next step.

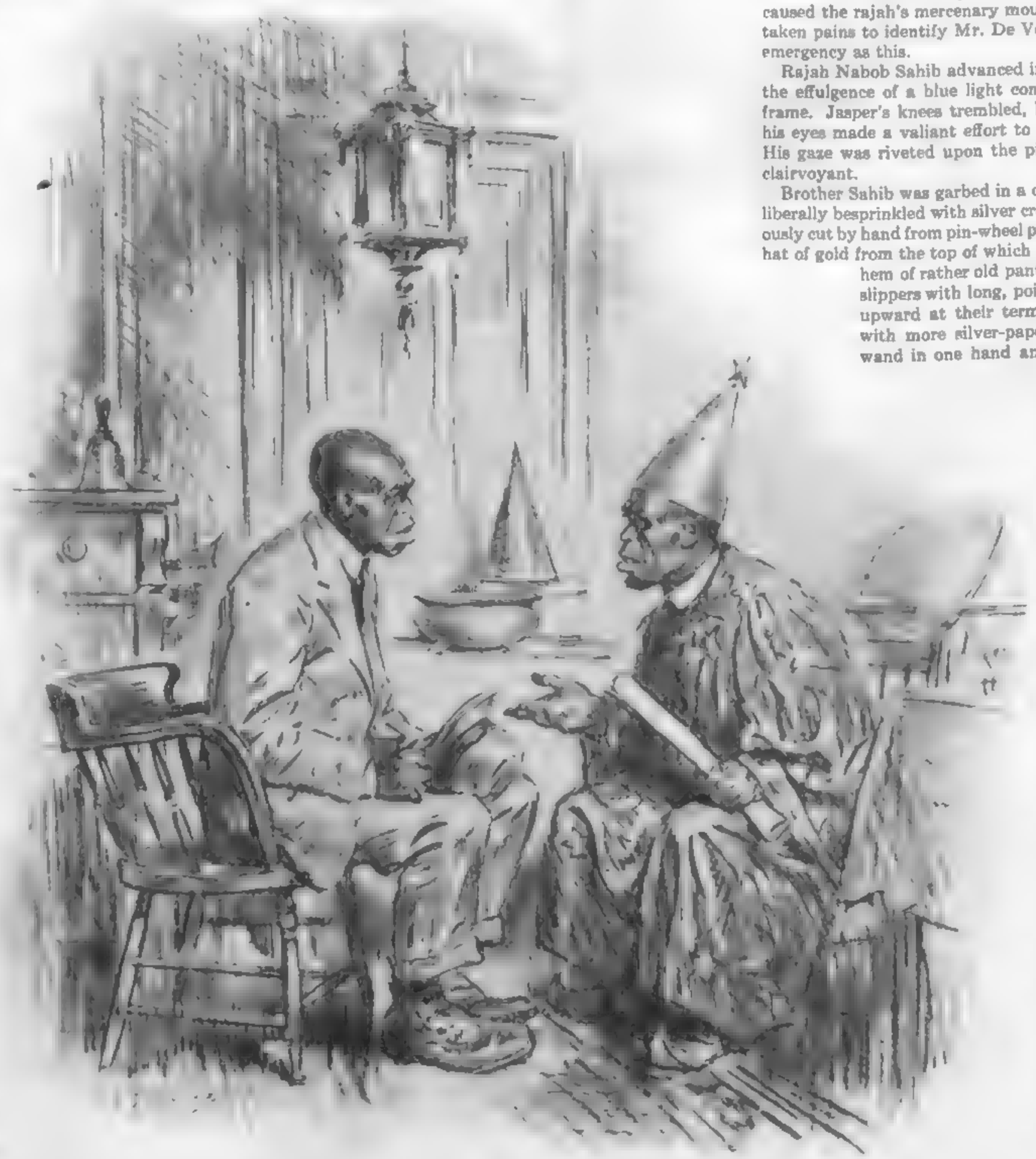
He stared at a sign which flapped grotesquely from the veranda of a decidedly modest and aggressively unpainted shack. From an artistic standpoint, the sign was nothing much—hand printing on pasteboard—but its proclamation filled Mr. De Void with enormous hope.

Mr. De Void read printing exceedingly well. In fact, that was one of his specialties, since his proudest possession was an ancient and rickety typewriter which stood proudly on a table in the dusty room he called an office, and on which he laboriously pecked out communications to his lifelong friends in the city of Dothan, Alabama. The typewriter was a touch of metropolitan swank which filled Jasper's heart with profound pride and seemed to establish him—psychologically at least—as a proper citizen of Birmingham.

Once again the lean negro spelled out the flagrant words of the sign. Its announcement was comprehensive:

RAJAH
NABOB SAHIB
OCULTIST-
SOOTHSAYER
and
CLAREVOYANT
Fortunes Told
Past, Present & Futur
RAJAH NABOB
SAHIB
Educated in leading universities, also graduate of India Ocult School, can find lost articles, advise you proper about investments, cure all ills of body, bring physical and spiritial comfort, also make your loved one love you. Is specially good at arranging love affairs. If she (he) is cold and distant RAJAH NABOB SAHIB will guarantie matrimonal results in three seeances. Champeen colored ocultist of the world. Knows all spirits intimate. Results guarantied.

BRING YOUR TROUBLES TO
RAJAH NABOB SAHIB



"The Mind of Man is Divided Into Two States—the Subconscious an' the Unconscious. When You is Awake You is Subconscious an' When You Sleeps You is Unconscious"

The rajah had descended upon Birmingham a month since. He rented the house before which his sign now flapped in the breeze and he had done exceedingly well thus far, although his occult mind was commencing to suspect that this particular field had been rather well harvested.

Unfortunately, the rajah's powers were not so great that he could stay overlong in one city. Certain lamentable failures invariably made it desirable for him to move on. Bluntly, the occulting business was rotten. The rajah was inclined to be disgusted. And then, just when he had determined that Birmingham held forth very little additional promise, Mr. Jasper De Void staggered uncertainly across his veranda, rapped on the door and was admitted to the reception room.

Rajah Nabob Sahib, né Wash Rikkins, was nothing if not a showman. Operating certain strings and wires, he petrified his latest cash customer by causing doors to open and close, windows to rattle and a small firecracker to explode—this last stunt being performed simply by putting the business end of a match very close against the fuse of the firecracker, then tossing the gentle explosive from the next room to the vicinity of Jasper's chair.

Immediately, as the detonation occurred, Mr. De Void reached a unanimous decision that this was no place for a lone and unprotected colored man. He rose with unmitigated abruptness and started for the door. But just when he would have emerged into the unspooky street, a solemncholy voice spoke from behind him. "Jasper De Void," rumbled this voice, "I craves to speak with you!"

Jasper stood motionless, conscious only of a desire to be somewhere else.

"Something brings you here, Jasper De Void; something brings you here."

The staggering truth of that statement rendered Mr. De Void utterly limp. And how did whoever it was know his name? He hadn't said nothin'. . . . He did not know that the eager soothsayer, surveying the city for further victims, had long since marked out the rural Jasper as rich red meat. Tales of Jasper's financial accumulation had caused the rajah's mercenary mouth to water and he had taken pains to identify Mr. De Void against just such an emergency as this.

Rajah Nabob Sahib advanced into the room, bathed in the effulgence of a blue light concealed behind the door frame. Jasper's knees trembled, his teeth chattered and his eyes made a valiant effort to pop from their sockets. His gaze was riveted upon the picturesque figure of the clairvoyant.

Brother Sahib was garbed in a domino of crimson stuff, liberally besprinkled with silver crescents and stars laboriously cut by hand from pin-wheel paper. He wore a peaked hat of gold from the top of which a star arose. Below the hem of rather old pants was a pair of amazing slippers with long, pointed toes which turned upward at their terminals and were jeweled with more silver-paper stars. He carried a wand in one hand and a scroll in the other.

"Be seated, Jasper De Void," he intoned, "an' give Rajah Nabob Sahib a chance to straighten out yo' troubles."

Jasper accepted the first part of the invitation. The act of sitting down occurred in the nick of time, for Mr. De Void was doubtful if his knees would have continued to support him.

The rajah now became oblivious of Jasper's presence. He moved over to a brass bowl and into its innards he dropped a match. Immediately a smoke arose and the room became filled with a violent odor of Orientalism.

The seer then seated himself behind a table and boomed a command: "Adwance, Brother De Void—adwance hereunto an' state the worries which has brung you hither."

Jasper staggered to his feet and lurched forward. He sank into the chair opposite the rajah and tried to reestablish the speech function. It was a difficult but eventually successful battle:

"G-g-g-g-gosh, Mistuh Sahib, ain't you somethin'?"

"I is mo' than that. I fixes up troubles an' makes millyums fo' my clients. Helpin' fellers like you, Brother De Void, is the fondest thing I is of."

"H-h-h-how did you know my name?"

"Sperrits! Great, gray, ghostly sperrits which flutters aroun' this house all the time an' speaks to me in their own language. Sperrits. . . . What's the matter?"

"I—I reckon I better be goin', Mistuh Sahib. Me an' ghos's never did git along so good together."

"Shuh! No sperrits ain't gwine bother you while you is with me. But if you tried to run away, they'd mos' likely git sore an' chase you up the street."

"Oh, golla!" Mr. De Void was reduced to a state of the most supremely innocuous desuetude. "I—I never seen nothin' like this."

Observing that his client had been reduced to a state of quivering abjectness, the rajah came down to business. He spoke in a less funereal tone in an attempt to soothe Jasper's jangling nerves: "Sposin' you state the nature of yo' errand, Brother De Void."

Jasper hesitated. It seemed downright sacrilegious to intrude mundane matters upon such a gentleman. "'T-t-t-t-tain't hahdly nothin' much, Mistuh Sahib."

"Ev'ything is somethin'. Shoot!"

"We-e-ell"—the easy friendliness of the potentate was quieting Jasper—"I been readin' yo' adwertisements, Brother Sahib, an' I seen where you can fix up all sorts of love troubles."

The rajah's eyes glittered. "Tha's one of the most things I is successful at."

Jasper's eyes wavered. "Can you reverse?"

"Says which?"

"Can you reverse? Can you make a lady which loves a feller git so she don't want to have nothin' to do with him?"

Mr. De Void's Heart Beat High With Hope. "Now Listen at Me, Magnesia ——"

The rajah blinked. This was, indeed, a new call upon his powers. But the job did not stagger him. No task involving payment of money ever did. "Jasper," he declared, leaning forward earnestly, "you has happened to ask me 'bout the one thing in the world which I is mos' goodest at."

"Hot dam!" observed the lean man with entire enthusiasm. "Says you that?"

"I does. Now lemme see. . . . You is in love ——"

"Was!"

"—— with a young lady. Her name"—Rajah Nabob Sahib went into a temporary trance as he racked his memory for the name of the girl he had heard was engaged to Jasper—"her name is something like Magnolius Jones."

"Magnesia," corrected the impressed Mr. De Void.

"An' you-all two is engaged to commit the act of matrimony."

"Gosh knows us is!"

"You craves to separate them bonds, pummanent an' fo' always."

"Tha's the one thing I don't want to do nothin' else but."

The rajah stared long into a crystal ball which sat upon the table. "Consider it done," he announced to Jasper. "The fee will be one hund'ed dollars."

Mr. De Void gasped. "Now listen, rajah, I cain't pay no hund'ed dollars fo' ——"

"Git this, Brother De Void: I aims to colleck on'y when I projuces results. You pays me twenty-five dollars cash right now. An' seein' as you are an hones' man an' I can trus' you, I lets you give me the other seventy-five as soon as Miss Jones has broke off her engagement with you."

"Done!" Jasper's hand stretched out across the table and was grasped in the fingers of the occultist. Under suggestion from the rajah, Mr. De Void then unfolded a tale of infatuation and awakening. He told of his first twenty-four years of life on a tiny farm near Dothan, of the sale of that farm and his migration to Birmingham. He mentioned that the city had been hospitable and that it had attempted to take him in - with results somewhat disastrous to the city.

In the course of his acclimatization he had met Magnesia Jones, a personable young woman who played minor rôles with the eminently successful Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., producers of two-reel comedies of and by colored people, and for first-class houses all over the world. Jasper was dazzled by the luxurious urbanity of Miss Jones and had succumbed to her charms, with the result that he found himself engaged to her.

But, he explained, the intimacies of engagement had taught him many things about Miss Jones not theretofore apparent. He learned that she possessed a tongue of vitriol, a venomous temper and certain ideas about the negative status of a husband which did not at all accord with his own views of marriage.

"Come me to marry that gal, rajah, Ise ruint fo' life, or even longer. An' if she can do me thisaway now when us is on'y engaged, there ain't no tellin' what kind of confoundment I gits up against after I has gave her a weddin' ring."

"Right, Mistuh De Void. Ma'iage ain't fo' such as you, an' wimmin should be as dust upon yo' tongue. You don't know how lucky you is that you come to me, 'cause I is the on'iest man in the world which can git you offen this woman. Has you got twenty-five with you?"

Jasper paid the money—doubtfully, hopefully. "Is you posolute?"

"Mo' than that, brother," answered the soothsayer, immodestly lifting his starred robe and placing the currency in his pants pocket. "Jus' consider yo'se'f free."

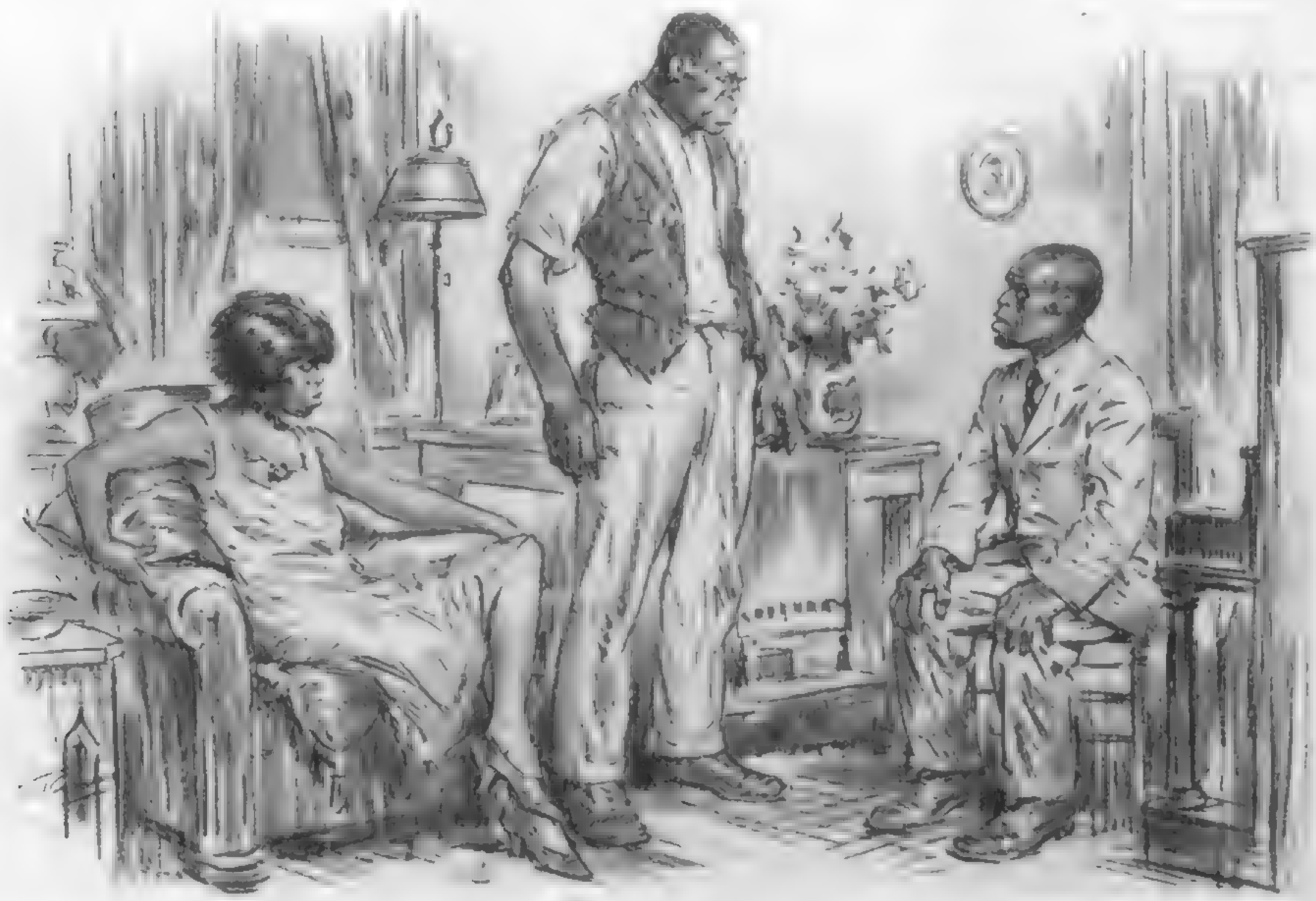
They chatted for several minutes more and Jasper took his departure. Rajah Nabob Sahib moved to the front window, where he could watch the long, gangling figure sidling up the street.

There was a keen, speculative light in the eyes of the seer. He slipped a hand into his pocket and fingered the new bills recently donated by Jasper. "Sucker!" he soliloquized. "Well, anyway, I has got that twenty-five."

But a mere twenty-five dollars was not the goal of the rajah. His mouth watered for the additional seventy-five which had been promised on the occasion of his success. He retired for a session of solitary thought.

As a clairvoyant the Rajah Nabob Sahib admitted to himself that he was a dud, a bust, a bush leaguer, and even a downright fake. His correspondence course in the India Occult School had equipped him with a knowledge of effective costume and lighting and a patter which rarely failed to impress those gullible members of his race who sought relief from real or fancied troubles.

(Continued on Page 50



Alton's Voice Rumbled as He Towered Over His Visitor. "You Know Where Jasper De Void Is At?"

THE STARS AND STRIPES

The Story of the A. E. F. Newspaper—By Alexander Woollcott

IN THE first weeks of my assignment to the Stars and Stripes I did little else besides twiddle my fingers and send out code calls for help in my craven efforts to get a transfer to some other part of the service. There seemed to be nothing for me to do, and I argued eloquently that as long as I sat cooped up at a fifth-floor desk in Paris my copy might just as well be written in a Chicago office, and would be about as convincing as the typical drawings of life at the Front which used to be conceived in Chicago studios.

"Sergeant," said my commanding officer, "did you ever try your hand at fiction?"

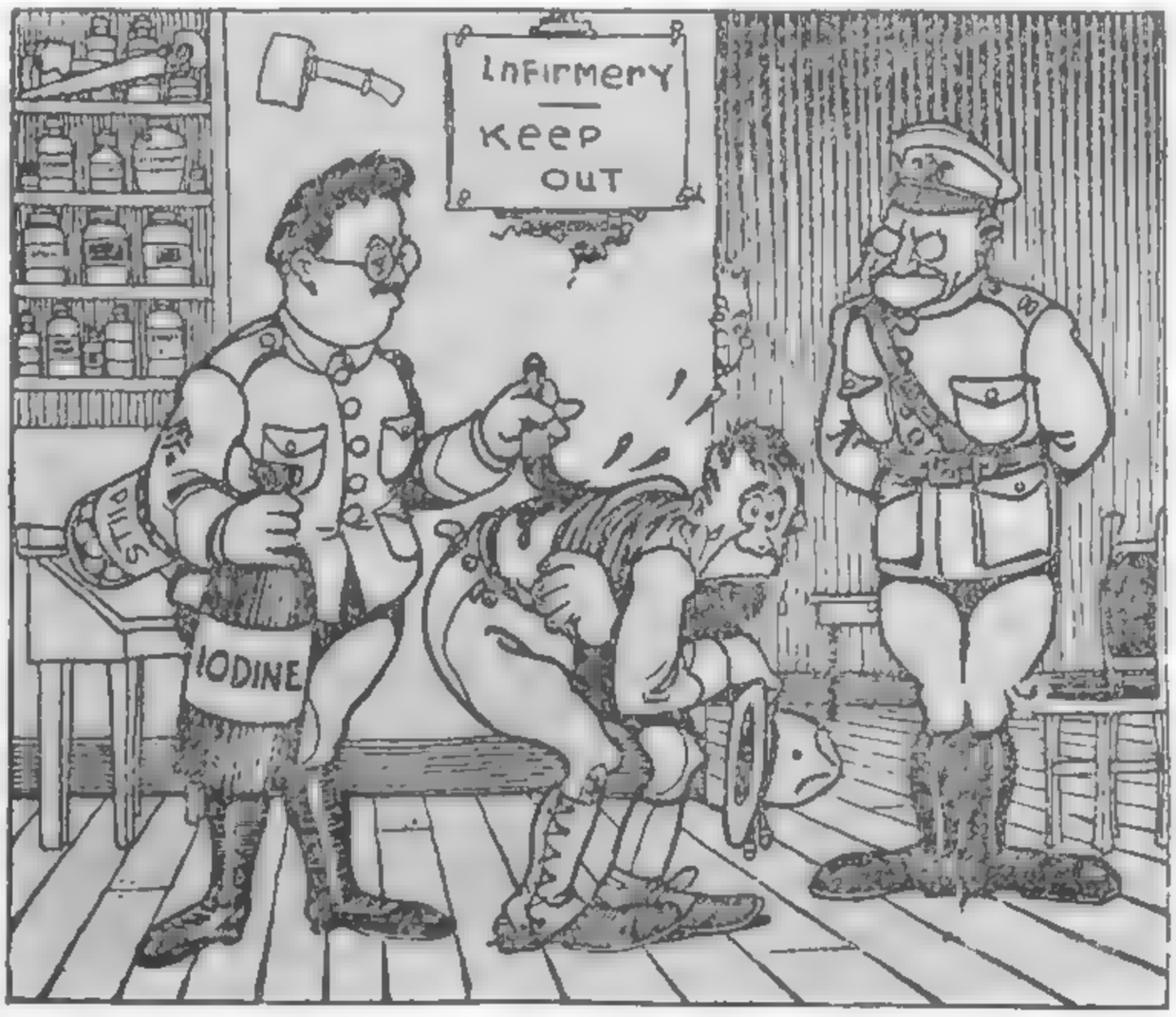
"No," I said; and added under my breath: "Nor did I ever knit a sock for a soldier."

Somewhere over in America, Irving Berlin—in his camp song of the K. P.'s— was singing:

"Against my wishes
I wash the dishes
To make this wide world
Safe for democracy."

And here was I, stuffed full of typhoid and paratyphoid germs and shipped through the submarine zone in a transport, only to hear that I was to serve the flag by telling bedtime stories to the troops.

What I did not foresee was the effect on our project of the war itself, that the Americans going into action would draw us out of Paris by a kind of suction, that the events which lay just a few weeks ahead in the calendar would not only pick us all up by the scruff of the neck and fling us into the ditches and haystacks, the trenches and shell holes, but impart to the soldiers' own weekly—which up to then had had something of the timeliness and vigor of the reading matter of a theater program—the quickened beat of a living newspaper and the actual smell and color and idiom of the A. E. F.



"And He Asked to be Treated for Sore Feet!" A Cartoon Reference to Mr. Woollcott's Connection With the Medical Corps—From the March 29, 1918, Issue

I did not have imagination enough to foresee that the Stars and Stripes would be, or, in the nature of things, ever could be anything but a house organ, since it was obviously to be written by and for underlings, and would presumably be received with the jeering distrust which the American mind instinctively accords all utterances handed down from on high.

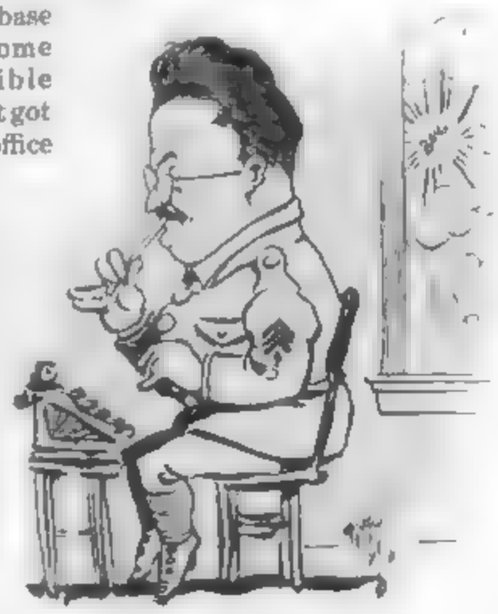
The Way to Publish General Orders

BACK home I had been amused by the plight of the scribe whose unenviable job it was to review plays for a newspaper owned and published by a firm primarily engaged in the producing of plays. You can imagine what fun it was for him to review the bosses' productions, how forceful and valuable his criticisms were and how much weight they carried with those who accidentally read them. Well, I thought, this thing of being a war correspondent, or even an editorial writer, on a paper published—in the last analysis—by the commander in chief would be as desirable an occupation. What I was to learn from the Stars and Stripes was that a newspaper can, by the devotion and professional integrity of its staff and by a kind of stubborn unruliness in its own character, beget an independence—an independence of all outsiders who want to use it for their own purposes, an independence of its very publisher who, for long stretches of time, may be said to control it only in the sense that a man controls the snorting mustang he has casually mounted or the temperamental lion he has been so reckless as to catch by the tail.

In the course of time the Stars and Stripes became the chief medium of communication between headquarters and that sprawling community known as the A. E. F. It became, for instance, the swiftest and readiest means whereby General Pershing could transmit a desire or a state of mind to his troops. From experience the scattered outfits came to learn that the general orders printed in the weekly issue were official and would be verified whenever, and if ever, the next mail caught up with them. It got so that those orders were most immediately and generally obeyed which, instead of being merely droned out at reveille in the literally unspeakable lingo of military communication, had been translated into the vernacular of the troops themselves, and, because the editors thought them important, displayed on the front page of the Stars and Stripes.

Consider, as an illustration, how this worked out in those trying weeks which followed immediately on the relaxing jubilation of the Armistice, when, of course, the really hard work of the Stars and Stripes began. Nothing ever passed the censor about the thousands upon thousands of Americans who immediately signed their own declarations of independence by getting up and walking away. From outfits parked in the dreary wastes of camps like St.-Aignan and from regiments merely left where they were in the muck of what had been the Front, some of the bolder spirits quietly took leave. The very qualities which had made some of the men such terrors in the fighting not only made them hopeless misfits in a division all dressed up and nowhere to go but also made them peculiarly undesirable representatives of this country to have on the loose in a nervous, distracted France. The preoccupied French authorities could not tell a truant from a soldier proceeding on his legitimate business.

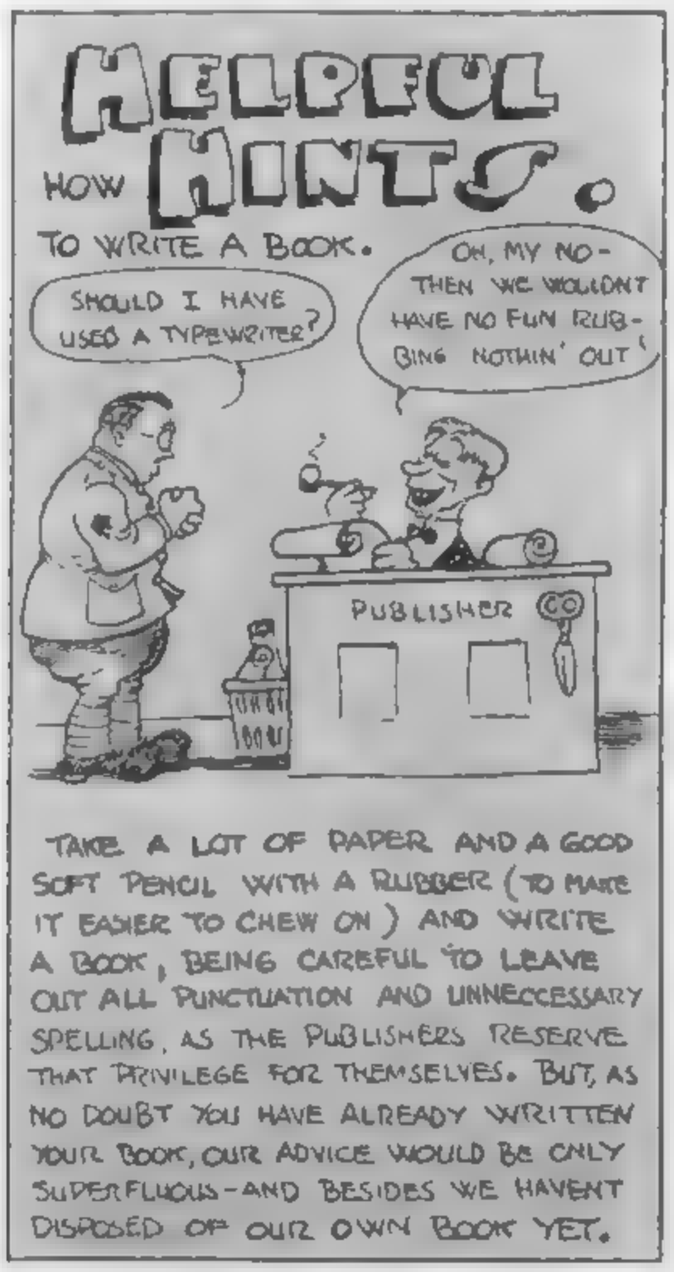
Some of the wanderers merely bummed their way across country, but others turned bandits. Then, of course, there were the prewar swindlers and yeggmen whose enterprises ranged all the way from dope peddling and passport forging to highway robbery. They would fraternize with the like-minded runaways from the British forces and, with their combined resources, in a few moments could turn a suspect private into an imposing officer, with all the necessary identification papers if, for instance, a colonel was needed that evening to sell twenty-four of our motor cars, or even one of our base hospitals, to some incredibly gullible French civilian. It got so that if a post office was robbed or a Frenchman was found behind a hedge unconscious, the shoulders of France rose in a kind of national shrug, and the ejaculation, "Those Americans!" sounded like a monsoon of disapproval.



"Dramatic" Sergeant Woollcott, by A. A. Walgren

As a first step toward regaining control of the Great Caravan, it was absolutely necessary somehow to separate the really tough customers from the merely larky stragglers who meant no harm and were, as a matter of fact, doing none.

To get out of this predicament, an underground suggestion from the Stars and Stripes office went up to G. H. Q. which resulted in a general order. This general order announced—with as convincing ferocity as possible—that all A. W. O. L.'s were to be rounded up by motorcycle squads, and instead of being amiably returned to their outfits for punishment, would be herded instead into a new division, which division—and this was where a guileful knowledge of the A. E. F. was useful—would be given the infuriating task of repairing the French roads and would therefore be the last division to sail for home. This dread decree was couched in the usual starchy vocabulary of G. H. Q., but it was immediately rewritten into Yank talk


HELPFUL HINTS.
HOW TO WRITE A BOOK.
SHOULD I HAVE USED A TYPEWRITER?
OH, MY NO- THEN WE WOULDN'T HAVE NO FUN RUBBING NOTHIN' OUT
PUBLISHER
TAKE A LOT OF PAPER AND A GOOD SOFT PENCIL WITH A RUBBER (TO MAKE IT EASIER TO CHEW ON) AND WRITE A BOOK, BEING CAREFUL TO LEAVE OUT ALL PUNCTUATION AND UNNECCESSARY SPELLING, AS THE PUBLISHERS RESERVE THAT PRIVILEGE FOR THEMSELVES. BUT, AS NO DOUBT YOU HAVE ALREADY WRITTEN YOUR BOOK, OUR ADVICE WOULD BE ONLY SUPERFLUOUS-AND BESIDES WE HAVENT DISPOSED OF OUR OWN BOOK YET.

Sergeant Woollcott and Private Ross as Models for a Walgren Sketch

for the Stars and Stripes and slapped onto the front page under the heading:

SKIDS GREASED
FOR A. W. O. L.'s

I remember the very words because they so puzzled a visiting English captain.

"What are 'skids'?" he asked plaintively. "And what are 'aywulls'?"

The meaning was clear enough to the floating population, however, and within five days of publication 80 per cent of the dare-devil absentees had tiptoed across France and contritely reported back to their outfits.

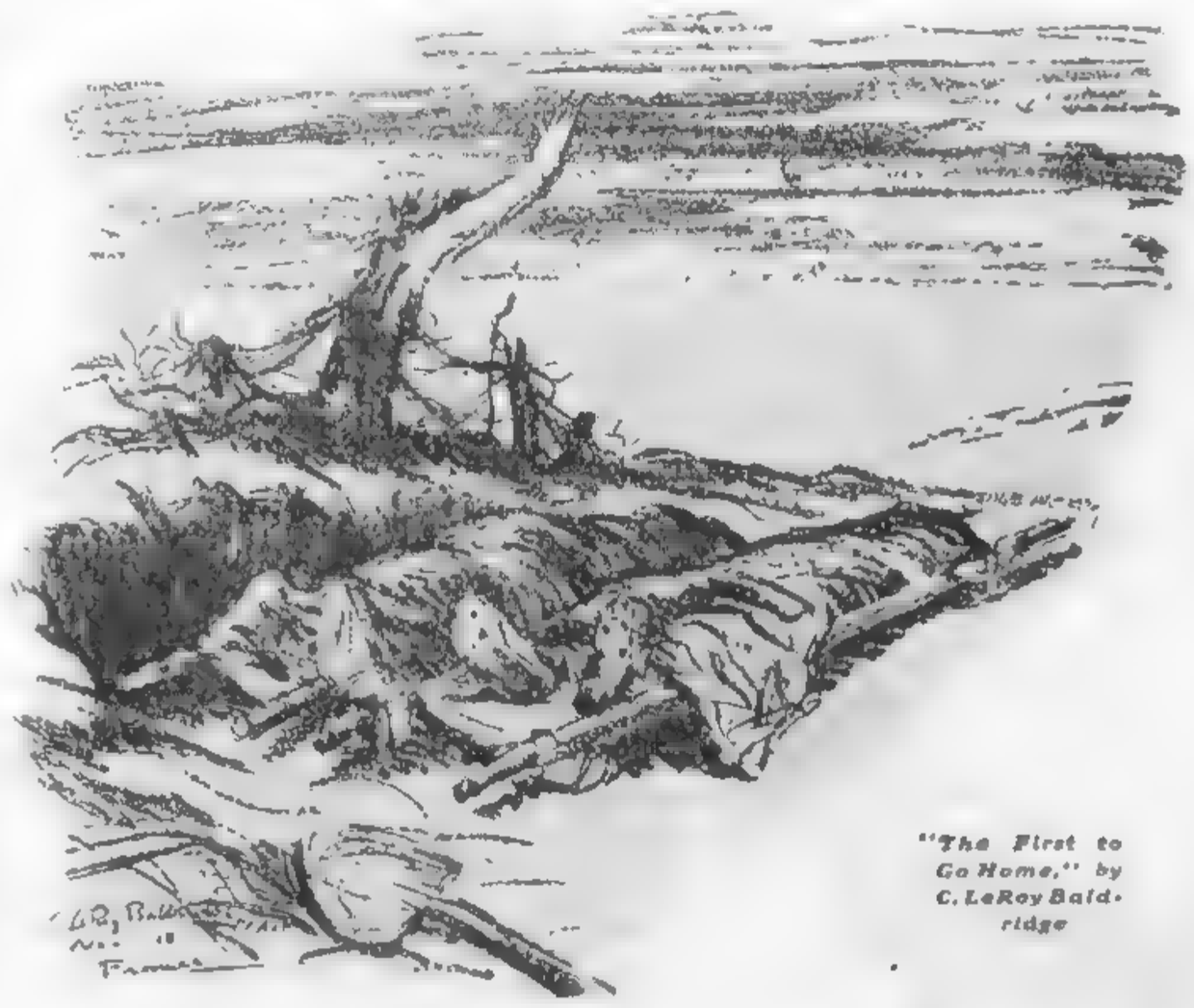
During those difficult and perilous post-Armistice months, when the A. E. F. was in danger of itself instead of merely Germans, there were countless other uses for a soap-box voice that could make itself heard across the milling multitude of discontent. The whole expeditionary force from Bordeaux to Coblenz fairly ached with home-sickness. The moment the sound of the guns had died down at that memorable striking of eleven o'clock, the men—who for months on end had been afraid to look anywhere but straight ahead of them—stopped abruptly in their tracks, wheeled around and gazed across the Atlantic with eyes that saw geraniums in New York window boxes, white picket fences guarding the front yards in small midland cities, and smoking chimneys of low farmhouses in the Far West.

The Schedule for Home

EACH division wanted to sail home at once—by preference, not later than noon of November twelfth. The very *esprit de corps* which had carried them along through gas attacks and cooties and the little tyrannies of second lieutenants persuaded each division that only a singular treachery at G. H. Q. would send any other home first. No prima donna at the Metropolitan was ever more deeply convinced of her own indisputable priority. Beginning shortly after the first wave of Marines went into Belleau Wood, for instance, the men of the Second Division were never hauled out of line for food and repairs without assuming, of course, that they were about to be shipped to America as a token of Washington's tardy appreciation. On that very night in July, 1918, when Foch was hurling them like a javelin through the rain-drenched silences of Villers-Cotterêts, they thought they were hurrying toward Paris to parade along the Champs-Élysées.

It was not difficult to ask divisions of such temper to charge the next hill and kill everyone in sight. It was exceedingly difficult to ask them to sit down on the edge of the Rhine and wait while a mere parvenu outfit—so recently arrived that it had never yet heard a gun fired in anger—was shuffling cheerfully up the gangplanks in St.-Nazaire or Brest. It was even more difficult to ask them to pitch camp in some bleak unlovely part of France and drill pointlessly, merely for the sake of keeping out of mischief.

In such soil the wildest rumors multiplied. It was the tentative scheme of the Stars and Stripes at least to strike out the element of uncertainty. G. H. Q. had so long been habituated to the sheer swank of inscrutability that it was no easy task to persuade the powers that the troops were entitled to frankness, and that the time was come to announce the approximate date when each outfit might count on boarding a transport. Then we committed the high command to this schedule by publishing it in a table of sailings which was examined with more eagerness than any marine intelligence since the dove returned to the ark.



"The First to Go Home," by C. LeRoy Baldridge

And you could almost measure the sudden subsidence of grumbling which took place the next week when Private LeRoy Baldridge added the still small voice of his cartoon. It was simply a chill corner of a battlefield, bare as the face of the moon. The drawing showed two stretchers placed side by side on the edge of a road, as if just toted there from the tent of some near-by dressing station, each stretcher covered with a muddy blanket. It was a sight too many of us had seen not to know from the very contour and folds of those blankets that there were dead men underneath—dead men waiting for the burial squad to saunter past and stick them somewhere underground. But it was the title of his cartoon that transformed it into as telling a tale as ever I saw—effective in its little moment of time as sometimes a hand may be when it is lifted to still a tumult. The drawing was called The First to Go Home.

That such a hand could be seen in an hour of need was due, of course, to the fact that each issue of the Stars and Stripes was taken up by its audience as parched earth takes the rain. And that, more than most newspapers—more certainly than any newspaper I ever knew—it was believed. In schools of journalism since that time, young aspirants—at work, I suppose, on their graduation theses—have severely asked me why, in a generation of skeptics brought up on George Ade's fable about the man who had been kicked in the head by a mule when young and believed everything he read in the papers, the Stars and Stripes was nevertheless believed. I have had to answer that I thought it was because it was honestly written. For it is my notion that the sincerity with which any article is written or any tale told imparts to it an accent which cannot be mistaken and which cannot be counterfeited, just as the sincerity with which a man speaks imparts to his very voice a color of truth that no perjurer can feign.

The Force of Truth

OUR whole jury system is based on that idea. And I never saw its force more clearly demonstrated than on that breathless day in court when, during the proceedings brought by the people of the state of New York against Police Lieutenant Becker and the four gunmen for the killing of a gambler named Herman Rosenthal, Jack Rose took the stand and told his fantastic story. To the world outside that court room it seemed incredible that the jury could send five men to the electric chair on such a flimsy story as his. But the twelve men who listened to Jack Rose, as the story fell from his lips, had an advantage over the outside world. They could hear his voice. And by a sixth sense—that is at least as trustworthy as the five others—they felt that he was telling the truth.

Well, I think that day after day and week after week a newspaper can establish a similar credence—and by the same process. I think that the Stars and Stripes was believed because never once did the men who got it out write for it or publish in it a single word that they themselves did not think was true. I cannot stop to argue with any jesting Pilate who might be disposed to ask me what truth is. Nor do I pretend that our account of the Battle of the Argonne, for instance, could possibly have satisfied those who would rather have seen it begin in this wise:

On last Friday morning at dawn, after an extravagant and largely useless artillery fire which will mean heavy taxes for later

(Continued on Page 157)

"To the Committee on Uniforms." One of Wallgren's Drawings That Made an Army Laugh

SAM KNOWED AN ARTIST

By Chester T. Crowell

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

SAM HARDY stood on the expansive front porch of his Southwest Texas ranch house surveying the sun-drenched acres of pasture with satisfaction. Twice he bent as far back as he could without losing his balance, then he rose on tiptoes and extended his long arms high above his head; in fact, he put so much effort into this purposeless reaching that a mighty grunt, almost a bellow, resulted. Sam was doing his daily dozen and this was the concluding number. The preceding ones may be described even more briefly, for they were all exactly alike. He had just caught eleven pancakes as they swam in a lake of molasses in his plate on the breakfast table and eaten them. Now he was ready for the day's business, which at that season was killing time.

"It's a purty day," he remarked.

"Colonel," I said, addressing him by the honorary title his years had earned, "it's more than a pretty day; it's a gorgeous day. Look at that bunch of cattle over there on the hillside. They must be half a mile away, and yet I can see every mark on them, every shading of color. I'd like to have a good painting of this scene. Too bad we can't hold it just as it is this minute until we could summon an artist."

"I'm Miss Butler," She Says, Blushing

"That there scene wouldn't do no artist no good," Sam objected.

"Why not?" I demanded.

"It's done been taken."

"Well, well!"

"Yep, an artist that come out here now would dern near starve to death on this place looking for scenery. It's all been hunted down."

"You don't mean to say, do you, colonel, that there has been an art colony out this way?"

"Sure has. I don't know as you'd call it a colony, but now that you mention the word I reckon that's just what it was. That feller was at least a colony and mebbe a whole migration. I knowed that artist right well."

"You didn't like him—eh, colonel?"

"Sure I liked him. Everybody that knew him liked him. That's why I didn't throw my hat in the air nor do no yelling when you talked about bringing out another one. I knowed that artist, and one will do me for a lifetime. Somebody ought to write a piece about him. You fellers are always a-writing fool things that don't amount to nothing, when here's a real one that'd curl your hair. Sit down."

I did so. The colonel selected a rawhide chair in which he could recline, then he clasped his hands behind his head and we were off.

II

THIS feller's last name was King, and he had been over to France so long that he come back with a French front name which was Reen, only he called it Renny and spelled it R-e-n-e, but most of us around here called him Reen, like it looked when we first seen it in print. He come original from some place around Philadelphia and he hadn't hardly outgrowed his diapers, he said, till he had made up his mind he was a-going to paint pictures.

Well, all little boys does that; but his pa and ma never taken him in hand, so he just went right on a-painting clear into long pants, an' finally they had to send him to Paris. His folks was well off, but they wasn't rich, and I reckon they had sized him up purty straight, because his pa fixed up a will that give him about one hundred dollars a month for life but barred him out from the principal. That was tied up for a million years.

Well, his ma and pa finally died and he was still over to Paris. If he had of come back in time things might of been different, but after they was both dead, he wasn't getting enough from home to buy a ticket. Anyway, he said, he could live on the hundred dollars in Paris without working, which he couldn't of done in Philadelphia. Reen never bothered to tell no fancy lies about himself; he was agin work and didn't care who knowed it. A handsome cuss too; if it hadn't been for his hands being kind of big and a heap of fire in his eyes, he'd been just as good-lookin' in girl's clothes as he was in his own. His eyes and his hands was the only things would of give him away. I never seen purtier feet on a human than hisn. That there cuss looked good even in his paintin' apron, which if I'd of put it on the boys would of rode me out of the county on a rail.

Well, he plugged away over in Paris till finally it come examination time to see was he a painter or not. It seems like they got some kind of a system over there that you can take your lessons for seven or eight or ten years, whatever it is, and then you got to hang out all your pictures and let the professors and the other scholars and all the graduates that happens to be hanging around come and look at them. When the call goes out they take a shot or two of absinth and come a-romping in for the big round-up.

If they like the candidate, they write pieces for the papers pleading with all good citizens to give him their support; and if they don't like him, they write pieces saying his pictures is rotten. An' then others that don't know him just looks at the pictures and gives opinions. That's the examination, and when it's over he's mebbe an artist and mebbe he ain't.

With Reen, though, there wasn't never any question about how the election, or whatever they call it, would come out. Everybody liked him, so he got his diploma. That entitled him to open up a store and sell these here pictures. But derned if he could. People wouldn't even come and look at 'em, much less fork out their cash. An all this time the papers went right on a-telling that he was head of his class; they printed photographs of his pictures, and even county fairs sent for some to put in the art exhibits; but nobody didn't buy none, so he was still scratching along on his hundred dollars a month. If it had of been me, I'd been madder than a bull that's just been dipped, but he didn't seem to mind much. He figured if folks didn't want them pictures it was their loss an' they had his permission to go take a long running jump.

Well, after a while these here art papers begin to come in to Effie Butler. You remember her. She's old Gus Butler's girl. Gus owns the Dry Creek place up where the county line runs through. Effie, she thought she was a-going to paint pictures, too, when she was a kid, so she begged and yowled around till her ma and pa sent her off to painting school somewhere up North. I don't remember where it was, but anyway she had seen this here Reen just once and she remembered him. They hadn't never met, but she wrote him a letter, telling him that she had seen the photographs of his pictures and read all the pieces that was wrote about them.

Effie hadn't never got a diploma herself, on account of having to come home and look after her ma when her rheumatism got so bad; but she knowed a heap about painting, and she up and told this here Reen that if he wasn't the heavyweight champion of the world, then she was cockeyed, and did he remember her? Well, he didn't, but he was a-mind to correct that little error at once.

"You come on over here," he wrote her, "and marry me. I'd go over there, but I ain't got enough money and it don't look like I ever will have."

What do you think of that for popping the question? Not much of a recommendation, I'd say; and mind, he hadn't seen her neither.

But Effie sure wrote a purty hand—always did; could spell good too; so I reckon he figured she was a lady. Well, if he did, he wasn't making no mistake. They wrote back and forth five or six times, an' then this here Reen sends her a telegram.

"Come at once," he says, "and let's get married."

Old Gus, he thought the feller must be crazy. I remember he told his wife, Martha, he says:

"Martha, don't let that fool girl write no more of them crazy letters. We got trouble enough with the mortgages without taking on no son-in-law. If she's got to have a husband, sick her onto the foreman an' mebbe we can cut expenses for a season or two till we clear off some debts."

But Martha was in bed most of the time, so Effie went on a-writing.

Next thing we knowed here come a young feller wearing the dernedest green suit I ever set eyes on, an' a hat that he must of borrowed from Barnum & Bailey. An' travelin' bags! I don't see how he ever got across the country with 'em. He wouldn't neither if I'd still been deputy sheriff. I never would of figured that no honest man in his right mind was a-carrying extra socks and collars in them things. But, anyway, he got here and stepped off the train as cheerful an' smiling as if it was Old Home Week. Funny thing, though, folks kind of liked him right then, even while they was still a-laughing. Effie was down to the train in a new print dress, all starchy an' pretty, an' wearing one of them Mexican lace shawls over her head.

"I'm Miss Butler," she says, blushing.

"I knowed it," Reen tells her. "Picked you out of the crowd before the train stopped." An' derned if he didn't kiss her right there in front of everybody.

"Will you come out to our house?" Effie asks him.

"I sure will," he says. "I've got to. I'm broke till the first of the month. Spent my last sou getting here." Sou is what they call money in French.

"How did you manage it?" Effie asks him.

Well, by that time, of course, everybody was a-crowding around to get a better look, so what he told her ain't no secret. He had a painter friend over in France that had some folks that owned a steamboat they used for heavy hauling. It wasn't no passenger boat an' passengers wasn't allowed, but they give him papers that made him a member of the crew an' that way he come over for nothing. Then when he got to New York he took his papers down to the rescue home for starving sailors an' they let him in. That way he got a chance to spend ten days in New York an' see the sights. By this time the crowd was a mind to think Reen was a dern crook, but hanged if you could do it with him laughing like a kid an' tellin' on himself. He'd got to New York with his last hundred-dollar check an' that just barely lasted him through the train trip.

"It's a great little old world, ain't it, Effie?" he says, finishing up his story. "Let's get married and go home." An' derned if that ain't just what they done.

Old Gus, he put on a whole rodeo when them two come in; he was the bulldogger an' the bucking bronco an' the wild steer all by himself. But Martha, she just peeped out of her pillow at him an' grinned. You know, it's kind of queer about a thing like that; a feller can monkey along for twenty years raising a girl, an' then some day if she picks out something in a grass-green suit an' clown hat for a husband an' he gets sore, the joke's on him.

But them remarks, as the lawyers say, is neither here nor there. Effie was married an' her husband could either sleep at home or out in the pasture an' that's all they was to it, so he slept at home.

"Anyway," Martha told Gus, "what are you kicking about? All you had to show off when you come a-buzzing around me was a Mexican horsehair lariat and a six-shooter. If she likes this funny-looking thing, what the hell business is it of ourn? They're church married, ain't they? An' that's more'n some of your pals was."

But Old Gus, he was good an' sore. "They get off the place tomorrow," he says. "I don't want to see hair nor hide of 'em again."

Reen, he took the whole thing as a joke. "Got any friends in the neighborhood, Effie?" he asks; so Effie come over the next day to see me and Mary.

"I got a house up near the spring," I told her. "You can live in that. Nobody won't need it till next spring when we go out to look at the calf crop. Go ahead and move in. Everything you'll need is there except some grub, an' I'll stake you to a wagonload. It ain't too late to put in some beans and corn around the spring, if you'd like. What's this here husband of yourn a-going to do for a livin'?"

"Why, there ain't no finer scenery nowheres than you got right here on this ranch," Effie says. "He's a-going to paint."

"How about models?" I asked her. "If them dern fool cow hands of mine hears of naked ladies a-standing around on one toe over to the spring, my cattle ain't a-going to get much attention this season."

"Don't worry about that," Effie says. "He may paint the cows, but it won't take no weight off 'em. He uses mostly trees for models."

"Well, then," I says, "everything's all right. Go ahead."

And Effie kissed Mary and went on home. She's all right, that Effie. We like her a heap.

They moved in next day, and then Reen cut loose with them paintbrushes of hisn while Effie made a garden. Old Gus, he come over and looked at her kind of sourlike and says:

"Done right well by yourself, ain't you? If you're a-going to be a squaw, looks to me like you're at least entitled to a red blanket." But Effie, she just laughed.

Everything was fine with her and Reen till the baby come. Mary seen old Doc Spears a-going down the road, so she ordered the bay mare hitched to the buggy and followed him. When Reen come in from the hill where he'd been a-painting that day, he had a new daughter all polished up with soap an' water an' blinkin' out of a little blue blanket with white rabbits printed on it.

"Now ain't you the proud man?" Mary asks him.

"I should say not," Reen says. "I don't know what Effie could of been thinking about to go an' do anything like this. We're ruined. This here doctor wants twenty-five dollars an' that's one-quarter of the monthly income. The whole outfit of us is a-going to starve to death, that's how proud I am."

"Shucks," Effie says, "they ain't nothing like that a-going to happen. Cheer up."

"Why ain't it a-going to happen?" Reen asks her. "What's to prevent it?"

"I will, for one," Mary says. "Me and Sam Hardy has got the honor of this here ranch to consider, ain't we? Nobody ain't never starved to death here yet, an' most likely nobody never will. What did you think you was a-getting married for if you didn't want no babies? Didn't you expect none?"

"I certainly didn't," Reen says.

"Hadn't you never heard that babies is likely after two people gets married?" Mary asks him.

"No," Reen says.

"Well, where you been a-keeping your ears?" Mary says.

"In my studio," Reen tells her. "I'm a painter, not a ancestor."

"Well, did you think you had to put in a special order for babies?" Mary says.

"Yes," Reen tells her. "That's exactly what I thought. That's what I'm sore about. Effie hadn't ought to gone an' done it without asking nobody. We got to sell some pictures before we can pay for babies."

"I give up," Mary says, and she had to laugh.

Effie had to laugh too. He was just that kind of a dern fool. Had the courage of his convictions an' ready to give both of them women blazes. Honest—understand? You can't get very sore at a feller like that, no matter what he does.

Mary went over to see Gus an' Martha an' she told 'em, "You two have got to give that girl an allowance," she says. "She's got a good husband and she's a happy girl

(Continued on Page 42)

"Give Me a Little Lighthouse in That," He Said—"Just This Much Lighthouse"

She'd Even Got a Tarpaulin of Her Own an' Put in Her Spare Time Daubing at It

SECOND CHOICE

By Elizabeth Alexander

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"At Least, Let Me Send You Home in My Car. Anywhere You'd Like to Go?" She Said a Strange Thing Then, But Very Calmly: "I Haven't Anywhere to Go"

XII

OWEN MALLORY'S people, or rather his mother's people, were well known in Midland. There was not an old established citizen of the town who had not known—or at least known all about—Owen's grandfather, John Clive. It was he who had built and practically owned the neighboring town of Clivedale. John Clive's paper mills were situated there, and he had built the town around them, as a model village for his employes, in a day when any form of profit sharing was almost unknown. His contemporaries and equals regarded John Clive as a sort of fool socialist. And the fact that he preferred to live in semisolitude on his large farm near Clivedale, rather than enjoy the society of his peers in Midland, was another damning proof against him.

But his daughter Cynthia was much too charming to suffer for her father's virtues. She was sought by the most elegant beaus of the day, and quite as much for her own beauty and wit as for the fortune which she, as an only child, would inherit. When she threw herself away on an outsider from the Far West, a certain Kingsland Mallory, of whom no one had ever heard, Cynthia was not blamed so much as her father. It was all the fault of her unfortunate upbringing, they said, her very curious education—if you could call it an education.

Cynthia had been taught, like the ancient Persians, to ride, to shoot, and to speak the truth—this last an especially unnecessary accomplishment for a woman; disastrous even, it might be, to social and matrimonial success! And Greek—Greek, of all silly things for a girl! She didn't know a single embroidery stitch. And instead of playing the piano like a lady, she was sent to Germany—Germany, of all inelegant places—to learn to play it like a man.

When she came home she actually talked of going on the concert stage—until she met Kingsland Mallory. And then, head over heels in love, if you please—poor Cynthia could never do anything in a ladylike manner—head over heels in love with a young man no one had ever heard of! An adventurer, most likely. It was said that he had lost his fortune in a silver mine in Mexico—bandits and that sort of romantic tale. But who could prove he had ever had a fortune? Just who, after all, was his grandfather?

Research was instituted. Kingsland Mallory's grandfather, it appeared, having lost his mortgaged farm in Maine, had traveled westward, to his later financial reward, in a covered wagon. Anyway, Cynthia married this grandson, who had once more misplaced the family fortunes. And they, too, traveled westward, but not in a covered wagon—though Cynthia would have adored that. They went, more prosaically, by train, but just as romantic of purpose, to Colorado, to California, to Mexico again—wherever there was promise of silver or gold or copper or oil—any of the will-o'-the-wisps of fortune.

Though it wasn't money that either Cynthia or Kingsland cared about, primarily. The smooth, monotonous ease of great wealth would have bored them equally with the cautious humdrum of respectable poverty. Drama, change, adventure, crisis—that was what both wanted. First high, then low, sixteen servants or none, buy emeralds, sell pearls, pawn your rings and off to the Andes. Oh, what a gay, fascinating life—more exciting than a plunging horse beneath one's body, more thrilling than the power to make music, almost as wildly joyous as love.

They would go to Africa to shoot big game—this, of course, after they'd been in luck and made a temporary small fortune. Or they would dash away to Greece as suddenly as if in panic, because—in the middle of the night—they'd remembered how blue is the Ægean. Cynthia neglected her music; half the time she hadn't a piano. Once she wrote to her father: "Oh, what a heavenly country! What a blue sky! But, oh, how I should love to possess a dishpan!"

This from a peasant's hut in Dalmatia.

Kingsland, the first son, was born, and they carted him about with them. Cynthia was a perfect wife and a rotten mother. But how can you expect one woman to be the two things properly?

"Every man really ought to have a harem," said Cynthia Clive Mallory. She was a perfect wife, though, a good sport always, a witty companion—but not too witty, since humor may become the most fatiguing of all traveling companions.

Kingsland, the son—Cynthia would no more have called him Junior than she would have worn a nose ring—King was adored, because he looked exactly like his father, and was almost as willful and naughty. But good little blue-eyed Owen was rather a nuisance. In the first place, he was inconsiderate enough to be born in Abyssinia. And in the second place, he really ought not to have been born at all, for the gypsy life is at least six times more complicated by two babies than by one. They caught diseases from each other and fought and yelled like puppies. And how could Cynthia stay with Owen through whooping cough and let her husband go off to Tierra del Fuego alone? Cynthia had never believed that absence makes the heart grow fonder. Besides, she was wild to be with Kingsland.

But she was a good sport, even about the babies she hadn't wanted; so she stuck it out for a number of years, until circumstances made it quite impossible to go on leading this semiwidowed life any longer. The chief circumstance, of course, being a woman in whom she thought Kingsland was becoming interested. Then Owen was sent to his grandfather's farm. And because he pined and fretted and grew quite pale and thin for the elder brother he adored, King, of full traveling age now, had to be sent too. He realized of what he was being cheated—Java and pounded his little brother to make up for it. But Owen's adoration continued, though, naturally, he returned the blows to the best of his ability. His patient worship would have won a harder heart than King's. King hadn't a hard heart, though, really—a tender, a brave heart—only a naughty hard mind that defied his

grandfather's. But both boys were inexorably taught to ride, to shoot, and to speak the truth. Greek, by this time, had gone out of fashion. There was no longer any such thing as a gentleman's education. Besides, their grandfather was an old man now; too tired, perhaps, perhaps too wise, to think of immortal beauty. Homer, now, would be forgotten for a field of waving light-green rye, the circling fall of swallows and a sky that deepens into night.

King was in all sorts of scrapes continually. He was expelled from the local high school, from a preparatory school, from a military academy; tutors resigned or simply fled, colleges declined the honor of continuing on their student lists the name of Mr. Kingsland Mallory. Storm King he was nicknamed, after a famous mountain. And stormy were the scenes at Clivedale.

Then, of course, the troubles with women began. He was constantly imagining that some dark-eyed girl was exactly as brave, as proud, as fine and as fiery as his mother. Then when he found that flashing brown eyes are not necessarily the sign of a courageous heart or a witty poetic mind, King would become savagely bored, and often the girl would come weeping to his grandfather.

His marriage developed into the most tragic scrape of all. After it was over it became quite impossible for King to remain in the torturingly familiar setting. John Clive, weary of storms, offered to establish him elsewhere. And out of all the confused, adventurous memories of his childhood, King settled upon Mexico as the country of his choice. There a large estate was bought for him—a hacienda of many hundreds of acres—while Owen, still in college at the time, was destined for Clivedale and the management of the mills. John Clive would divide his fortune equally between Cynthia's sons. Their parents were dead, ending life, as they had lived it, together—carried off within two days of each other by a fever contracted in their African hunting camp.

But before entering on his apprenticeship at Clivedale, Owen was permitted to go out to his brother's ranch for a holiday. Fascinated by the life there and by the strange exotic charm of Mexico, held as strongly as ever by his old love for King, Owen made excuse after excuse for lingering. He was still in Mexico in April, 1917, when the United States entered the World War. Then both Owen and King came back to Clivedale to see their grandfather before they enlisted. The brothers entered the same training camp, and it was while he was in training that Owen met Beth Randall.

There is nothing to equal the fatal force, the blinding, destroying power, of a passion that is fed on glimpses, on half moments.

To this was added, in Owen's case, the force of his own impetuous, uncalculating temperament and the disturbing element of Beth's peculiar personality, which, at the time, Owen completely failed to understand. Fatally, too, Beth suited that almost morbid predilection of Owen's for a certain physical type of beauty. Where King had invariably chosen dark, flashing, high-spirited girls who resembled his mother, Owen sought the exact opposite. With him extreme fairness was very nearly an obsession. He demanded, also, in the object of his choice, a personality that was the antithesis of his mother's. Beth Randall, in every respect, fulfilled his ideal. Palely golden, delicately fair and small, tender and wistful as a little virgin in a Fra Angelico fresco, she seemed the very embodiment of gentleness, sweetness, softness. Poor Owen! He had yet to learn that an iron hand in a velvet glove applies to women too.

Beth Randall's social career was a perfect illustration of her character. At a very early age she had realized that any worldly success she might attain must come entirely through her own efforts. Her father was a respectable semifailure; neither of her parents had the slightest claim to social recognition, even in so small a city as Midland. Beth made a few friends at school and determined to use them.

It is not true, of course, that a beautiful girl is invariably unpopular with other members of her own sex. Beth had the particularly pure kind of beauty that awakens a sort of worship in young hearts. And with unerring social instinct she chose those plain fat girls of excellent family who are to be found in every school. The brilliant, popular, pretty girls run from them; they are left to the stodgy and boring, though excellently well-bred, companionship of other girls just like themselves. But Beth charmed them patiently and was invited to their homes as her reward.

There she would be so sweet, gentle and ladylike, so ready to admire her hostesses' new clothes and to accept their old ones, that the anxious mothers, reluctant at first to take up a stranger, would soon be equally charmed. A sort of Beth Randall cult grew up, a little clique of the most conservative matrons—with the plainest daughters. They really thought it a shame that such a nice girl hadn't a chance; they really wished they could do something for her. They did do a great deal. They constantly included Beth in the little all-feminine treats arranged for their own daughters—matinée and luncheon parties, short educational journeys; Beth was their guest at girls' summer camps and the family cottage at the lake or seashore. Gradually everyone became accustomed to seeing Beth about, and she was accepted or, at any rate, partly accepted—as one of a certain sub-debutante set. And before the time of her friends' debuts, which might have been a critical time for Beth—since even her patronesses were rather doubtful just how far they intended to go in their campaign for Beth's benefit—the war came with its, at least temporary, leveling of social barriers.

The war was the luckiest thing in all Beth Randall's life—the turning point of her career. In the almost joyous preparations, she proved her worth. She was exceptionally clever at making bandages with those sterilized-appearing white fingers; she looked a perfect antiseptic angel, in a blue veil, handing out sandwiches at a railway station; and above all, she was invaluable as a beggar.

If there had been any doubt before as to whether Beth Randall would be considered a member, in good standing, of Midland society, or merely a little hanger-on who would be tactfully—and oh, so kindly—dropped when the other girls of her age began to have their real parties, the war settled that. Even if the feminine members had still held out against Beth, their brothers and masculine cousins would have found a way to make up to her for it. Nothing succeeds—with other women—like success—with men. Girls who had snubbed Beth rather severely now rallied round her standard, the pretty ones to prove they weren't jealous, the plain ones because they had always admired her; and all of them, of course, though perhaps unconsciously, seeking crumbs from the rich woman's table.

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"Please Stand Aside, Alma, and Let Me Go Upstairs. Don't Block the Door Like That. Don't be Silly, My Dear. You Can't Stop Me by Force, You Know"

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Tinkering With the Tariff

TO REBUILD a machine is a different thing from tinkering with one. In the same sense, to revise the tariff is a different thing from tinkering with it. A revision of the tariff means alteration in accordance with specific policy. The high protectionist might desire one kind of revision; another kind would appeal to the advocate of moderate protection; still another would satisfy supporters of tariff for revenue only; and one can even imagine revision of the present tariff from the standpoint of free trade. Whether based on political considerations or guided by experts, a revision of the tariff that embodies the meaning of that word for the public must be based upon classification of articles and schedules of duties.

Evident in the Congress just now is a tendency to tinker with the tariff. The tariff resolution of the Senate was a gesture—with the right hand to the farming states and with the left hand to the manufacturing states—because the Senate cannot originate tariff legislation. A bill has been introduced into the House of Representatives that would practically double existing duties on farm products and levy new ones where none now exist.

From the standpoint of protection, probably a good case could be made out in favor of such higher duties. The country is gradually passing from the export basis to the domestic basis of agricultural products. Under these circumstances, if the farmer is to have the home market with foreign products excluded higher tariff duties will need to be set. The time may not be ripe for consideration of such legislation; nevertheless, it is a policy in line with the viewpoint of the protective régime. An outstanding piece of tariff tinkering, however, is embodied in the so-called Export Debenture Plan.

The Export Debenture Plan is a proposal for farm relief sponsored by the National Grange, but opposed by the Farm Bureau Federation. According to this plan, the Government would give to exporters of specified farm products a so-called debenture—a scrip that would be accepted by the Government in payment of import duties. For illustration, if the export debenture on lard were set at five cents a pound, then scrip would be issued to exporters of lard on that basis, available for payment of import duties. The supporters of this plan believe that the domestic price of an agricultural product would rise by the amount of the export debenture—which might be true. Also, the gross value of imported goods would be lowered to the extent of the debentures issued.

The foreign exporters would not benefit from the debentures; the foreign prices of goods shipped to the United States would not be changed. But the domestic prices of some imported goods would be lowered, other things being equal, since part of the tariff duty that otherwise would be included in the price would be paid by the Government.

The Government would lose revenue to the extent of the debentures issued. How much, no one knows. That would depend upon the scope of the legislation enacted. We now take in about six hundred million dollars annually in customs revenue. If the plan were put into effect in an ambitious manner, it is not difficult to imagine that half of this sum might be lost in export debentures, instead of being used to cover governmental expenditures.

The net effects to be expected would be three: The prices of certain agricultural products would be advanced; the domestic prices of certain imported goods would be lowered; and the revenue of the Government would be reduced. Two secondary effects would evolve: The prices of domestic goods competitive with the cheapened imported goods would be lowered; and the Government would need to raise new revenue, curtail expenditures, or cut down payment of the public debt.

To what classes of imported goods would these debentures be applied? Presumably, to all classes. The scrip would be sold by exporters to bankers and importers, supposedly at a slight discount. It would thereafter simply be joined with the currency otherwise used in the payment of import duties. It would not necessarily make cheaper the goods which farmers use and believe are now priced too high. On the other hand, it might facilitate import of agricultural products into the United States. But of course no one could tell exactly how such an experiment would work out.

The obvious defect of the proposition is lack of direction; it is headed for nowhere. It would not be a revision of the tariff; it would be merely subtraction of tariff revenue. Whatever the necessity may be for raising the prices of farm products, there is no reason for tying this up with back-door reduction of the tariff and side-door reduction of national revenue. From the standpoint of tariff history and practice in the United States, the Export Debenture Plan would be tinkering, pure and simple.

A Bird in the Hand

THE Agent General for Reparations Payments has recently made the official suggestion that in the near future a decision ought to be reached as to the maximum sum to be paid by Germany. It would follow, then, that the attempt should be made to convert her obligations under the Dawes Plan into a capital sum of present value, to be transferred to the creditor countries. Presumably these values would then be taken out of the hands of the governments and transferred to nationals, with appropriate adjustments on both sides, so that the resulting net international obligations would rest between citizens of the debtor and creditor countries and not between the governments.

The proposition of course is not new and there is nothing inherently inequitable in it. As in the case of so many propositions, the bare proposal means little or nothing; it is the conditions and relations to which the real importance is attached. It all depends upon whether the proposal involves the maintenance of agreed international obligations under a changed form, without reduction, or whether it represents a changed form, with reduction.

It is entirely practicable, in theoretical terms of international finance, to picture the conversion of the German annuities due to the creditor countries into a capital sum of the present value of the program of annuities. Each country could decide whether it preferred the capital sum of present value or the program of annuities. It may be inferred that if such a choice were available the capital sum of present value would be preferred.

The question would then revolve about the technical feasibility of the proposition. What forms of payment of the capital sum would the debtor countries offer? Would it be feasible for industries in the debtor countries to bind themselves to the extent required, have the debtor governments transfer these values to the creditor governments, and have the creditor governments dispose of them to their nationals, with corresponding cancellation of governmental indebtedness?

These would be very large transactions, they would be very difficult, they might entail unforeseen burdens on production costs, they might introduce unforeseen changes in commerce, they might endanger stabilities of currencies But all in all, such a proposition would represent merely a technical problem, though one of large magnitude and intricate difficulty. Certainly, it would clarify expectations and commitments all around.

We do not believe this is the sense in which the proposition will be viewed in the debtor countries, nor do we believe it would be approached in this spirit. The attempt would probably be made to have the capital sum represent not the present value of the annuities but something less—we believe, very much less. In advocacy of a partial cancellation would be urged the old axiom of the bird in the hand being worth two in the bush. It will be urged that such a plan would eliminate the international menace of controversy over priority of reparation payments and private payments. Arguments of political expediency would be applied in the same direction. It would be urged as worth a great deal to creditor countries to take a smaller sum and have over with all the bother, the political friction, the antagonism of countries, the dangers of war.

Give the Specialist a Chance

EVERY physician finds among his friends, who may or may not be his patients, conditions which could easily be remedied if promptly taken in hand. Lawyers see their neighbors drawing amateur wills and contracts which are not worth the paper they are written on. Bankers see fortunes dissipated by foolish investments. Architects and engineers witness the erection of ugly dwellings and badly planned factories, put up by self-sufficient owners who do not consider professional advice worth paying for. None of these experts may open his mouth. Should the doctor, unasked, suggest an operation, all but his closest friends would accuse him of trying to drum up trade and would think as meanly of his professional abilities as of his taste. Lawyer, banker, architect or engineer who would venture to point out the need of expert services would bring down upon himself similar censure.

Nothing more surely sets on edge the nerves of the highly trained expert than to see those about him blundering along unfamiliar paths which lead to broken health, shattered fortunes or lesser financial mishaps. It is not thought of the loss of a prospective patient or client which ruffles him but the spectacle of things being done the wrong way when they might so easily be done the right way. This trait is found not only in doctors, lawyers, bankers and engineers but in every sort of specialist who takes his calling seriously. Often, when they dare, they would rather serve their acquaintances without charge than see them court disappointment or loss. Dollars and cents are not involved in the feeling, except in so far as the professional man must exercise the greatest care not to give ground for belief that there are sordid motives for his suggestions.

We live in an age of experts. In some fields the system has been carried so far that it has ceased to be an unmixed blessing. The layman may smile, and sometimes with justice, at the high pitch to which specialism has been carried. The correctness of the basic principle cannot, however, be denied, even though it is occasionally pressed into the realms of the absurd. Most specialists offer services of real value; but they have increased in variety more rapidly than the public has been educated to depend upon their assistance anywhere except in the large centers of population. Time and the inevitable elimination of the useless and unneeded will be likely to keep the variety of specialties within reasonable bounds. Those which survive will deserve well of the public. In many if not in most cases it will be cheaper to pay the specialists for their services than to get along without them.

MUSSOLINI NOW

By Richard Washburn Child

ONE of the commonest errors of our thinking is to measure greatness by our personal approval or admiration of a man. Quite common is the idea that Lenin was not a great man, because those who think lightly give higher value to their idea that Lenin was an evil influence than to the effect, good or bad, that he had on mankind. The admiration and approval of the majority may play a part in measuring a man, but the real dimensions of greatness are made up of different stuff.

How profound and lasting has been the effect of a man upon the largest number of human beings—their hearts, their thoughts, their material welfare and their relation to the universe?

Measured in this manner the war produced no man of outstanding greatness, save one. He was Wilson. One who had a contempt for Wilson's doctrine of rights sprayed over the world at the expense of older and sounder doctrines of obligations, and anyone who doubted an idealism which made men lean too much on words and parchment documents and not enough on deeds and realities, is naturally reluctant to admit Wilson's greatness. But it is quite impossible to deny that he was great. Even had he been the essence of villainy or ignorance, his effect upon the multitudes and upon their hearts and minds was of an amazing proportion. It established his own proportions on the screen of history.

For anyone who sees in the leadership of Lenin a more virulent destroyer of happiness than grew out of the greatness of Napoleon or hung on the figure of the Kaiser, it may be difficult to admit Lenin's greatness. But it is necessary to do so. He, more deeply and more permanently than Wilson, in terms of numbers of lives affected and in terms of actual change and far-reaching movements, squeezed the clay of the universe.

In our time, however, it may be shrewdly forecast that no man will exhibit dimensions of permanent greatness equal to those of Mussolini.

Admire him or not, approve his philosophies or not, concede the permanence of his success or not, consider him superman or not, as you may, he has put to a working test on great and growing numbers of mankind programs, unknown before, in applied spirituality, in applied plans, in applied leadership, in applied doctrines, in the applied slogan that the contents are more important than the labels on the bottles. He has not only been able to secure and hold an almost universal following; he has built a new state upon a new concept of a state.

He has not only been able to change the lives of human beings but he has changed their minds, their hearts, their spirits. He has not merely ruled a house; he has built a new house. He not only has built a house but also has almost deified it.

He has not merely put it on paper or into orations; he has laid the bricks.

It is one thing to administer a state. The one who does this well is called statesman. It is quite another thing to make a state. Mussolini has made a state. That is superstatesmanship.

It so happens that I know Mussolini and that I knew him before the world at large, outside of Italy, had ever heard of him; that I knew him before and after the moment he leaped into the saddle and in the days when he, almost single-handed, was clearing away chaos' own junk pile from Italy. I have seen him now again several times in formality, and with informality, too. There appears no reason why most of my present impressions may not be set forth.

It is quite possible to say that no man knows Mussolini. They tell a story of an Italian newspaper which offered a

(Continued on Page 133)

"YOU MAKE ME SICK"

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Billboard Magnate: "Some People Have No Consideration for Others! That Fellow Who Bought the Old Farm in Front of Us is Putting Up a Garage Right Where it Shuts Off Our View of the Lake!"

The Family Man Who Captured a Stork

Period Nursery Rimes

ROBIN and Richard were two pretty men;
They held up a bank when the clock struck ten;
With a carload of loot then went speeding away —
Let's hope for a bigger police force some day.

Oh, hush thee, my babe, grandma works for the screen;
Dad flies to the border, to hunt the long green;
Dear mother's a swim star, far off in the blue,
And nobody's giving a darn about you.

Plot a curve, plot a curve, teacher man;
Make us a graph as fast as you can.
Mark it, and check it, and then let us see
What baby's efficiency quotient will be.

Little Polly Flinders sat among the cinders,
A cigarette depending from her mug;
Her mother came and caught her, and objurgated daughter
For spilling ashes on the Persian rug.

Little Jack Horner stood on his corner,
Policing the circus-day jam;
He put in his stick, and pulled out a hick,
And said, "What a good Scout I am."

C. R. S.

The Love Letter He Wrote Behind Locked Doors

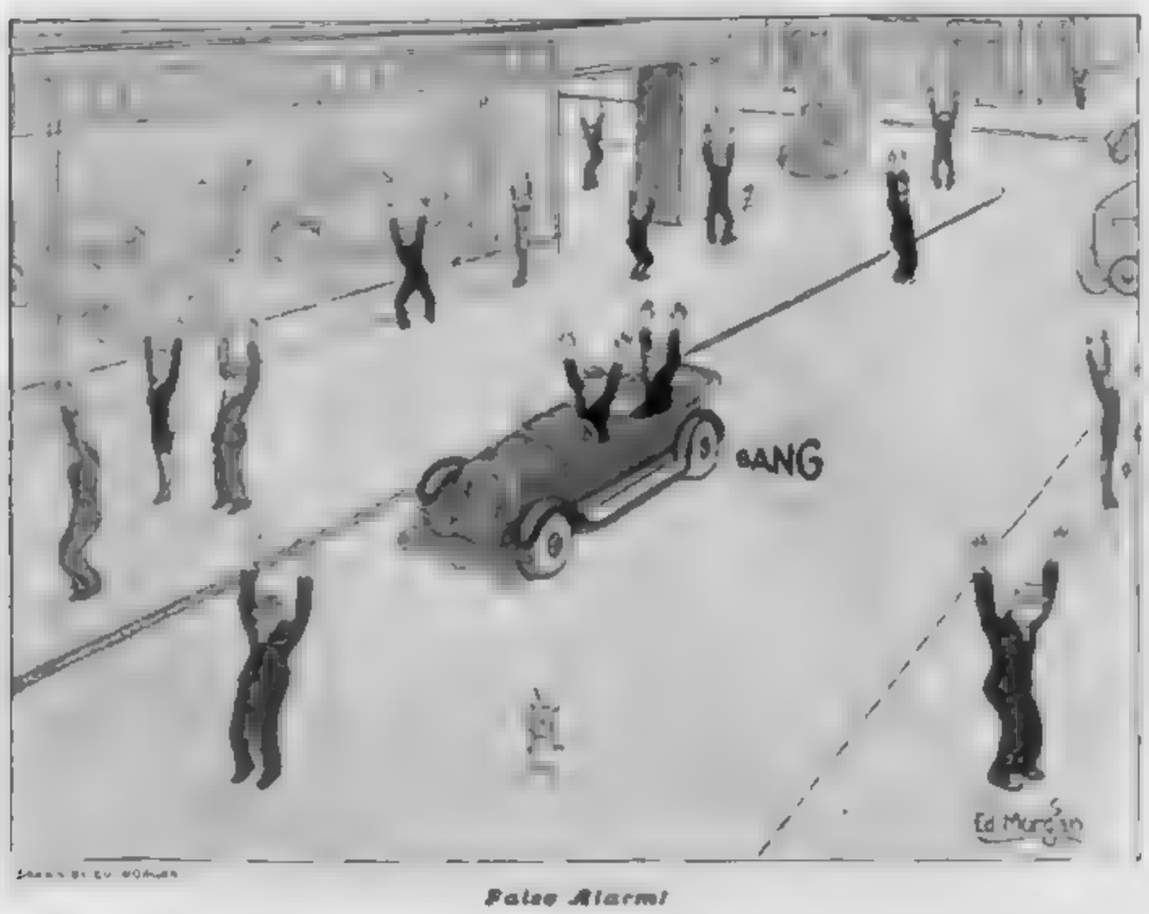
I Confess —

YOU will no doubt remember the ghoulish and dastardly murder known as the Winckelmann Case—U. S. vs. Niagara Falls, 1918, N. Y. 7777. You recall that after a meeting of the United States Lipstick Corporation the twelve directors were found to have been murdered and their places taken by ventriloquist's dummies. The mystery of the thing held the country spellbound for months.

I confessed that I was the author of the crime. I was taken, handcuffed, to the scene of the crime; I had my letter reproduced in full in the newspapers, and was commonly called the Hound of Doom until it was proved that I was in my boarding house at the time of the murder. Attention then centered on the confession of Lucretius Peacock; he had his picture in the paper, but on Page seven. He was, however, discharged and termed a crank.

The next major murder was that of the Michigan farmer whose three successive

(Continued on Page 128)



False Alarm!

Weary Saleslrl (to Three-Hour Customer): "Sure, it's a Heavenly Hat—But You'd Look Rotten in Anything!"

Pea Soup .....

A great Lenten favorite

Rich in wholesome vegetable food

Delicious pea soup! What a treat to the appetite! How tempting and appealing to the taste! The charm and flavor for which peas are so famous captured for your enjoyment in refreshing, invigorating, nourishing soup. And it's real food. In Europe it is a regular family "stand-by"—such a staple article of diet that some families seem almost to live on it.

In America, too, pea soup is winning greater and greater popularity. Women are realizing what an attractive and delightful soup it is, both for the family table and when they entertain. They appreciate also that pea soup is rich in the kind of food their families—and especially their children—should eat.

For this is the day of vegetable foods. The science of dietetics has spread the knowledge that the proper diet includes plenty of vegetables—more than were formerly eaten. So in turning away from less healthful and less invigorating foods and adopting those recommended by authorities, housewives are seeing to it that good pea soup appears frequently on their tables.

In Campbell's Pea Soup, dainty little peas are blended with golden butter fresh from the country, in a rich, smooth purée. Campbell's famous French chefs season it "just so".

And it's ready for your table almost in no time. You simply add an equal quantity of water, a little at a time, stirring constantly (using a spoon or Dover egg beater) to keep soup smooth. Then boil three minutes and serve. For an extra-nourishing and delightful Cream of Pea Soup, you use milk, cream or evaporated milk instead of water.

There are twenty-one different Campbell's Soups—all listed on the label. Your grocer has, or will get for you, any soups you select. 12 cents a can.

A New Treat—Purée Mongole

One of the most tempting soups—a favorite in fashionable hotels and restaurants. You can enjoy it anytime in your own home. Combine Campbell's Pea Soup and Campbell's Tomato Soup just as they come from the cans. Add half as much milk as soup. Stir thoroughly. Heat to the boiling point, but do not boil. Serve immediately.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

THE WHEELBARROW

XX

By Henry C. Rowland

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

AMORY received this amazing declaration a good deal as a man might react to the muzzle of a pistol shoved unexpectedly against his ribs. He froze in the position that it found him. The tonic contraction of his jaw muscles relaxed a little, and that was about all.

The tone in which Paul had spoken was the best evidence of his own sincerity. No actor, however accomplished, could have shifted the onus of culpability from himself to another with such perfect aplomb. Paul's face also showed his complete innocence of any conscious effort at more than Amory's reassurance, first, that there could be no *corpus delicti;* second, that if there was, then the finding of it could not in any way be associated with Amory himself.

For some curious reason the reflex action to shocked astonishment is often laughter, even where the nature of the surprise contains almost anything but humor. Sometimes this mirth is perverse, provoked by an awareness that an expression of grief is in order. Strong antitheses excite risibles; often cruel or silly ones, as the spectacle of a dignified gentleman sitting on the sidewalk on a slippery day, though the contact threatens his life and takes it a little later.

But Amory's mind was too alert to grab at the next consecutive idea to waste time on laughter, absurd as might be this situation in which both he and Paul were each convinced that the other had killed Sol Whittemore. Amory paused on this fact only long enough to see why Paul had given him back the pistol and shaken his hand on his saying that it had slipped overboard. That clasp had not been gratitude, but a silent pledge of understanding and support. Paul's belief that Amory had killed Sol in defense of Sabine and himself also explained all the rest that had puzzled Amory. So the puzzle was still: Who killed Sol Whittemore?

Amory did not ask it. He wanted to think a little. He did this with such speed and clearness of mental vision that Paul, who, after speaking, had not watched his face but glanced ahead and turned the wheel to avoid a lobster-pot buoy, had scarcely passed this danger of possible shaft entanglement when Amory gave him in turn a surprise.

"Paul, you've got me all wrong. I didn't kill Sol Whittemore."

"The deuce you didn't!" Paul turned to look at him with mild inquiry, directed, Amory thought, more in question of his reason for this denial than toward its truth. "Then who did?"

"I don't know. But did you haul Sol's body out of the flume and set it adrift?"

"Of course not," Paul said. "But I took it for granted that you did. That was why I suggested that we reconnoiter the premises—to give you a chance. What other sense was there in our ramming round in the pitch dark?"

"But you went toward the landing," Amory objected, "and sent me upstream."

"Well, I gave you credit for having sense enough to do precisely what you did," Paul said evenly—"shove down the lever at the mouth of the flume and let the little head of water we keep in the pond at low tide go through—lift the bottom slide, you know. And that's precisely what happened. I heard the gush go through while I was on the jetty. It was too dark to see anything."

"Paul"—Amory leaned toward him—"I didn't do that. I didn't know anything about it. I've believed all along that Sol Whittemore tried to get you in the house through the trapdoor, and that you beat him to it. I took it for granted that you had slid his body out of the flume and overboard. I thought you took it for granted that I suspected all that."

It was Paul's turn to get the jar. He took it lightly however. "Well, since you didn't kill him yourself, that was the natural way for you to take it. However, it was wrong"

Then a Man With Silvery Hair and Benignant Features Stepped in Front of Them. He Had a Book in His Hand

"Then who killed Sol Whittemore?" Amory demanded. "And who raised the slide and let the water go through?"

"I don't know. This case is going wild. Somebody else has been mixed up in the blindman's buff—somebody we don't know anything about, but who knows a lot about Tide Mill House."

"Yes, that's right. It would have to be somebody who knew about the trapdoor and how to lift the slide and let the water through. Would a foot of water be enough to wash out so heavy a body?"

"A plenty, I should say. There's a lot of force to it, and the flume pitches down a little. Almost anybody would think of that as a way to flush the flume. We always keep a few feet of water in the mill pond to cover the bottom."

"You grew up in a tide mill and take its workings for granted," Amory said, "but lots of people wouldn't know what made it go. Besides, the lever couldn't be seen in the dark. Does it work easily?"

"Yes," Paul answered; "it used to be a wheel. One of our popular sports as kids was to sit in a washtub and let somebody lift the slide a few inches and shoot the chute. Then Sabine nearly got drowned one day. There was a fair head of water and my brother opened it full bore and she couldn't get clear of the eddy at the spillway."

"Sabine," Amory said thoughtfully.

There was no time further to discuss this reopening of the mystery. Paul now slowed the motor, then stopped it and let the launch drift up to the landing of the lobster pound.

They got out and started to walk up to the house—an old but well-proportioned and solidly constructed building that nestled pleasingly under a group of big white oaks that sheltered it picturesquely while permitting an extended view of the bay. There were some outbuildings and an old-fashioned garden, at the end of which the woods began—a fringe of slender silver birches giving a charming lace border to the mixed second growth beyond.

Amory and Paul were halfway between the landing and the house when Jenifer came out and walked down to meet them. As she drew close, Amory was impressed by certain details of her beauty that had escaped his notice the day before, masked by the crumbling demeanor she had then presented in her Niobe guise. Now, instead of the lump of maple sugar dissolving in warm water which Jenny had suggested aboard his yacht, there was to this lovely girl a tragic and heroic dignity—a Boadicea going with firm step to endure the lictors' rods. Her face was pale but entirely composed, and like most women whose tears are wont to gush with the gentle and spontaneous flow of an intermittent spring that must siphon its basin before arresting, the traces of such easy welling were as easily effaced.

Jenny wore a simple white dress that had nevertheless cost some designer considerable artistic effort, and which, though in its ample drapings it appeared to plead modesty in a period of scanty costume styles, yet masked her splendid proportions as effectually as might a silk nightgown in a strong wind. There was no wind, but the revealing pattern and material arrested and boasted of the contours it made pretense to conceal. The honesty of such a costume was on a par with that of a chic mourning one, and promised equal success in its bid for masculine consolation.

"It's good of you to come, Mr. Payne," Jenny said. "You were so kind yesterday I felt instinctively that you wanted to be my friend."

"That was my intention, Miss Gale," Amory answered, and tried not to remember that she must have felt this friendly intention rather more than by mere instinct.

"I want to talk to you a little," Jenny said. "It's been more than twenty-four hours now that Captain Whittemore has been missing, and even Paul believes he must have met with foul play. No matter what might happen to upset him, my stepfather was always as regular as a ship's clock in his habits."

"It does look serious," Amory said briefly. It seemed to him that Jenny and her mother ought really to know the truth. But he could sympathize with Paul's reluctance to have it known that the corpse of Sol Whittemore had been found in the flume of his family summer home. There seemed really no help for this suspense, and after all, it might be easier for them to let Sol's disappearance remain a mystery. It was not as though his widow and stepdaughter were bound by any profound affection for the missing man.

"You're a lawyer, aren't you, Mr. Payne?" Jenny asked.

"I studied law and was admitted to the bar," Amory said, "but aside from a year in the district attorney's office, my legal work has been confined entirely to the management of my own estate."

"Well, anyhow, you can help me a lot, if you are willing that I should confide in you, Mr. Payne. Of course"—she looked at him intently—"it would have to be in strictest confidence."

"That's always understood," Amory answered, "but I don't suppose you mind having Paul hear what you may have to say. There is nobody who has your interest more at heart, as you must know yourself."

Jenny looked doubtfully at Paul. "Oh, dear, but you see Paul's gone and got himself sworn into the Coast Guard service and that makes him a sort of policeman. He might feel it his duty to report anything he learns from me."

"I've told you a dozen times," Paul said impatiently, "that this is a purely personal affair. I was duly sworn in as a Coast Guard officer and took the oath to uphold the Constitution of the United States and all its amendments, past, present and future, to say nothing of the laws of Mrs. Wilmerding and the state of Maine, as they say over in the Chimney Corner. But there's nothing in this that threatens the coast."

(Continued on Page 34)

Lighten Housecleaning *with* Sunbrite

A WEEK for spring housecleaning—that's the average allowance. Six days, eight hours a day, 48 exhausting hours—*the old way*.

Sunbrite, the "double action" cleanser, will cut much of this work in two. It removes stains and dirt quickly, saving precious hours in housecleaning. In addition, it contains an element which purifies as it cleans, destroying odors and insuring *thorough spotlessness*.

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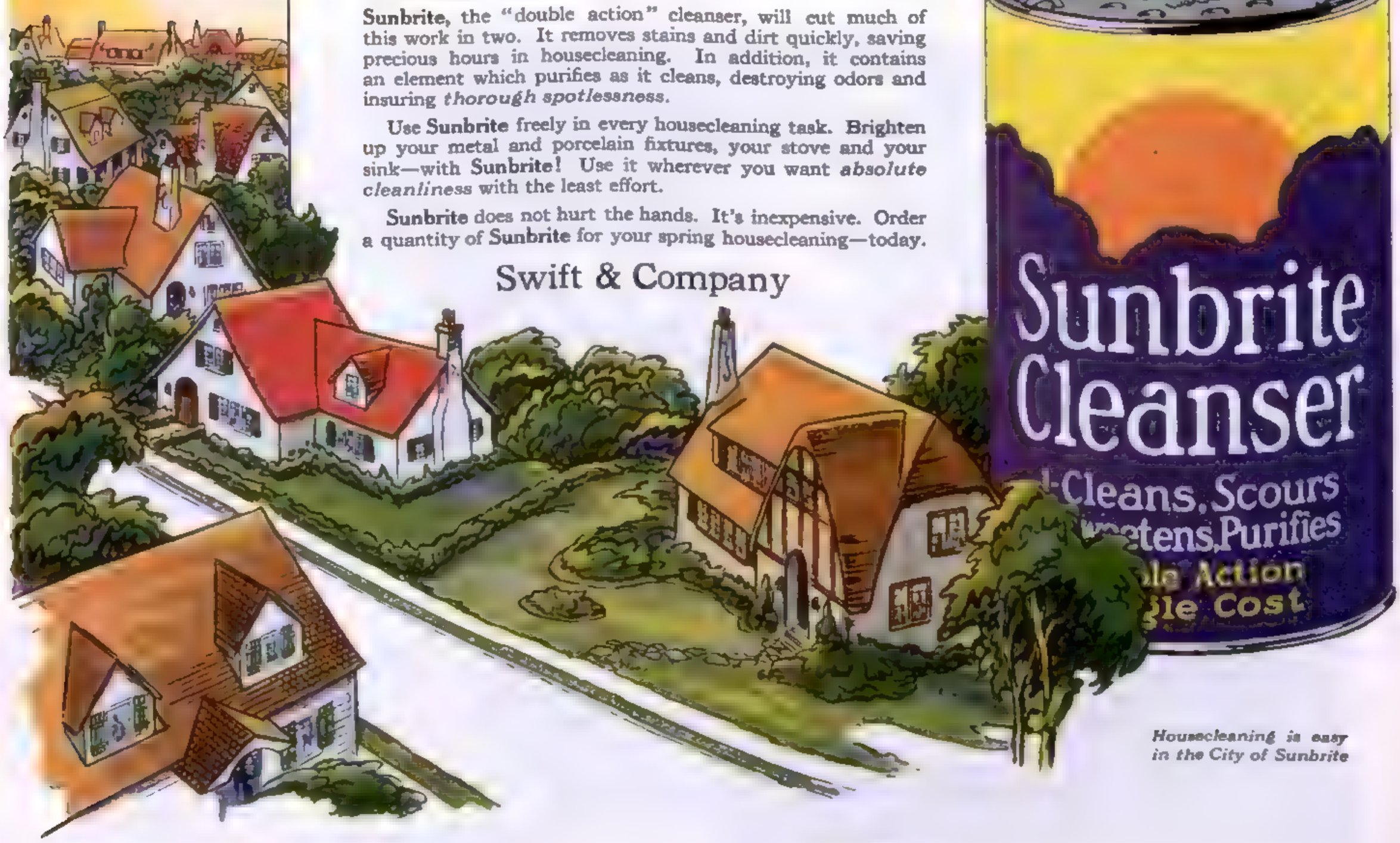

Housecleaning is easy in the City of Sunbrite

(Continued from Page 32)

Jenny seemed reassured by this outburst. She said quietly: "Well, then, let's go down there to the boathouse where there's no danger of being interrupted. Mother's lying down in a darkened room, but she's not apt to stay there long if she hears our voices."

She led the way to the little building close by. It proved to be less boathouse than a sort of den for the privacy of the misguided man who had been Capt. Sol Whittemore. This retreat was furnished partly as workshop, partly as office and haven of repose for what must have been his scant moments of leisure, for he had been an active man. There were desk and chair, bench, stove and, on one side, a ship's bunk that was neatly spread with a gray Army blanket.

Jenny seated herself wearily in the big desk chair. Paul sat on the edge of the bunk, and Amory half stood against the corner of the workbench. Jenny looked at him steadily and said, in a tone that was entirely firm, and with a sort of dignity:

"First of all, and in order that there may not be another mistake about my conduct and condition, I had better tell you that Howard Phelps and I were married secretly last October."

Amory was not much surprised at this announcement, but he was distinctly pleased and relieved to hear it. Also he perceived instantly that this part of Jenny's confessional was directed rather to Paul than to himself. Her soft gray eyes were fastened on Paul's face with a look of appeal, as if she feared shock and resentment on his part.

Paul, however, showed nothing of the sort. He also looked relieved, though somewhat startled.

He asked abruptly, "Why secretly?"

"That was Howard's wish," Jenny said. "I hadn't intended to marry him at all until he stopped drinking. Then one day while I was visiting a classmate in Framingham, he drove out and took me for a ride and—well, we came back married. Howard wanted it kept secret."

"Why?" Amory asked. "Money?" She nodded.

"Have you met since?" Amory asked.

"Yes. But not since he came up here. I hated those clandestine meetings. Howard began to drink again. But it was too late." Jenny looked steadily at Amory, who nodded. "I could get a divorce, though, couldn't I?"

"Of course. Then you no longer love him?"

A delicate color crept up over her face—the first that, up to this moment, she had shown. "I love him more than ever, and now I'm sorry for him and want to help him."

"He needs it," Amory said shortly. "And unless I'm much mistaken, it might not be so hard. He's plastic not entirely grown up."

"That's just it," Jenifer said. The tears brimmed into her eyes. "But now, after what's happened, he may not want me any more."

"After what's happened?" Paul snapped.

Jenny winked away her tears. She gave Paul a level look and said slowly, in a voice that was strangely even and hard, "Last night I shot and killed a man."

XXI

THIS time there was no lack of shock to Jenny's listeners. In the brief silence that followed her statement, Amory's first thought was that he had been entirely wrong about this lovely girl. Even more than to learn of her act, it shocked him that she could be so callous as to bring them here to Sol Whittemore's intimate retreat, charged with his personality, his very presence, to tell them that she had killed the stepfather who, until the day before, had shown her nothing but kind indulgence.

Paul felt this even more, perhaps. He sprang up with a look of horror on his face such as the sight of Sol's body in the flume had not been able to produce.

"Jenny, is this what you've brought us here to confess?"

"Why not? You ought to be the very last to blame me, Paul. I did it partly for your sake. I knew that he meant to kill you, if he hadn't already done so. And I believed by that time that he must have killed Captain Sol."

"What?" Amory's exclamation was like the squawk of a startled heron.

Jenifer looked at him a little puzzled. "Capt. Sol Whittemore, my stepfather. It wasn't Captain Sol who tried to shoot you, Mr. Payne, as you told me aboard your yacht. It was a man named Jules Lenore whom my stepfather had got sent to prison. Oh, dear, of course you can't understand ——"

"Start in the beginning," Amory advised—"from the time Paul landed here at the lobster pound. This is no time to hold back any family misunderstandings."

"Yes, Jenny," Paul said, in Amory's support, "tell it all."

"Must I?" Jenny looked from one to the other and her eyes brimmed again. "I hate to go over that, now that I'm sure something terrible has happened Captain Sol. It's the first time he was ever harsh and unkind to me. I was too angry then to understand, or even to put him right. But when he began to rave and curse Paul for having disgraced me—don't you see? It was more of an insult to me, even, than to Paul." She began to sob.

"Steady, Jenny." Paul's face was crimson, but his voice and eyes were hard. "You needn't go over all that. . . . Need she, Payne?"

"No, that much clears it," Amory said. . . . "Your mother too?"

"Yes, for once they pulled together. Later, when Yonne was here, I was afraid mother would burst out with all their horrid suspicions, but fortunately Yonne had the sense to leave. You see, Mr. Payne, it wasn't entirely unnatural, when one stops to think. They hadn't seen me alone with Howard at all and hadn't the least idea of there being anything between us. But Paul and I have been good pals since we were little and ——"

"And I faded out mysteriously last spring," Paul said gloomily—"sank without a trace, so to speak. Then when I popped up suddenly yesterday morning, all in uniform, Jenny and I were naturally glad to see each other. Sol saw that meeting, worse luck. But of course I couldn't guess why he was so thick."

"He made a dreadful scene right here," Jenny said, fighting for self-control. "He got his revolver and said he was going to kill Paul on sight."

"To you?" Amory asked.

"No to mother. I'd run off into the woods. It was then that I caught sight of Jules Lenore. He was spying on the boathouse from behind a rock. He disappeared and I went back to warn Captain Sol. But he had gone by that time, and a little later I heard a shot."

"Where?" Amory asked.

"Over in the woods. All this was just after Sabine had come here and borrowed my camp clothes and canoe and gone away. I was nearly frantic, but there was nothing to do. Paul had gone aboard his boat and put out. He came back a little later, just ahead of the fog. Then Yonne came

(Continued on Page 37)

Amory Set Down the Barrow. Sabine Curled Into It—a Snug Fit. Amory Would Not Have Lightened His Load by an Ounce

Why *changed* motoring conditions demand a new margin of safety

No. 28

Hundreds of pounds lighter—but faster than ever

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The weight of the average automobile today is hundreds of pounds less than five years ago.

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Mobiloil went with Commander Byrd to the North Pole, with the U. S. Army Fliers around the world, and with the U. S. Army Fliers on the first successful flight to Hawaii.

On the motor highways today, three out of every four motorists who buy their oil by name ask for Mobiloil. And Mobiloil is by long odds the most popular oil among automotive engineers.

When you buy the correct grade of Mobiloil you will protect your engine with the greatest possible margin of safety that engineering experience can devise.

YOUR guide—If your car is not listed here, see the complete Mobiloil Chart at your dealer's, and remember that . . .

182 automobile and motor truck manufacturers approve it!

The correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below. Follow winter recommendations in temperatures from 32° F. (freezing) to 0 F. (zero). Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic except Ford cars Model T, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E")

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1927		1926		1925		1924	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Buick	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Cadillac	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chandler Sp. 6	A	A						
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chevrolet	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.	Arc	Arc	Arc.
Chrysler 60 "0. 80	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Dodge Bros. 4-cyl.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Ford	E	E	F	F	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hudson	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jewett			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Maxwell					A	Arc	A	Arc
Nash	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oldsmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Overland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Packard 6	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
" 8	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Paige	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc.	Arc	Arc	Arc
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Star	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Velie	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Willys-Knight 4			B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc
" 6	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		

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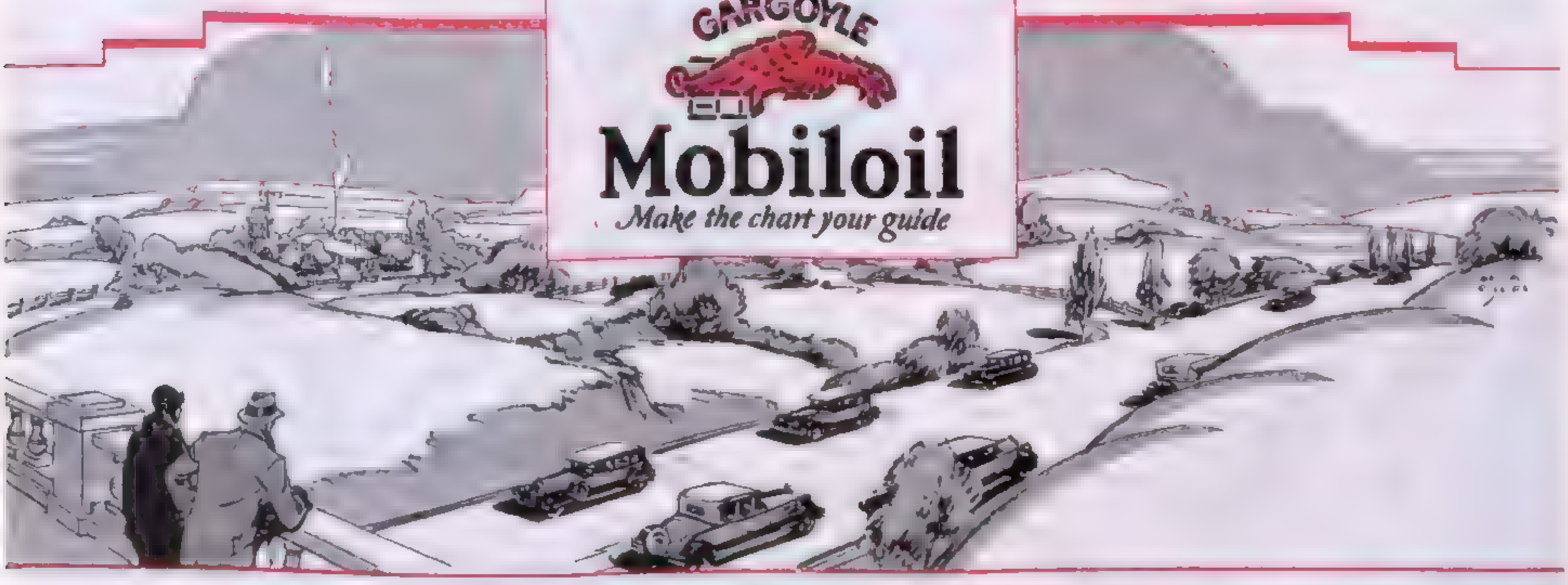

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Made by the makers of (A) *Armstrong's Linoleum*

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(Continued from Page 34)

for me in your dinghy. All that time I'd been wild with anxiety about Captain Sol. I'm sure he must have been killed." She began to cry in her silent and abandoned way.

Amory said gently: "Try to go on with your story, Jenny, from the time that we left you here just before dark."

Jenny checked her weeping. "About half an hour after that I heard an engine that might have been the outboard one of your dinghy, or the one on the Deforest rowboat. They're just the same. I reasoned that you would have headed back for the Chimney Corner straight across from Tide Mill Cove, and I knew that Paul had gone to the Mill to wait for Yonne. A moment later I heard Captain Sol's lobster boat. Somebody had taken it early in the morning, and I guessed that it was Jules."

Paul interrupted, "What had Captain Sol said about his boat's being missing?"

"Nothing much. When I asked him early that morning who had the boat, he put me off by saying that one of the men must have taken it to go across the bay and hadn't yet got back. But it seemed to me that he was worried. When I saw Jules later in the morning, I wondered if it mightn't have been he who took the boat. As I listened, there came what sounded like pistol shots, and the little engine stopped suddenly. It was plain enough that somebody in the lobster boat had fired at the person in the other one, who had stopped his motor so that it couldn't be followed in the fog. This made me sure that Jules must be out there in the lobster boat and trying to get Paul coming back in the Deforest rowboat, because they were old enemies and Paul had beaten him up."

"Why not Captain Sol, after his threat to kill Paul?"

"Because my stepfather had gone off in the woods, and besides, he wouldn't really have tried to kill Paul," Jenny said with conviction. "That was a threat made when he was in a rage. All the same I didn't want him and Paul to meet until I'd had a chance to tell Captain Sol the truth. But I knew that Jules was in with rum runners, and one of our men had reported seeing a suspicious-looking power schooner early that morning. It seemed to me that the best thing would be to go to Tide Mill Cove. I wanted to warn Paul and to tell him the truth about myself and Howard, so that if he and my stepfather were to meet, Paul could give him the right of it."

"How did you go?" Paul asked.

"Along the shore, then by the short cut through the woods. I took a torch, and would have taken a gun if there'd been any. But Captain Sol had his. I think the shot I heard that morning may have been fired by him, and at Jules, who was skulking in the woods."

"Go on with what you did, please," said Paul.

"I got to the mill and found it all dark and deserted. The door was unlocked, as usual, so I went in and listened. I thought Yonne might have gone to bed, though she'd have had to be pretty quick about it. I was just starting up the stairs to look into the studio when I heard a noise underneath in the flume. That scared me stiff, of course, but I had stopped right beside the gun case so I flashed my light on it and found a pistol—a revolver. It was loaded, and I know how to shoot. So I stepped back to the door of the dining room and waited."

She paused, as if for breath. Her face was white, but the lachrymose eyes were clear and hard, Amory observed. All the emotion Jenifer betrayed was in her deep breathing.

"I hadn't long to wait," she went on evenly if a little breathless. "The trap lifted. My light was off, but I heard the creak. I knew the minute I flashed the torch he would surely fire. I had my revolver pointed at the trapdoor as nearly as I could tell, but it seemed better to make sure. Jules Lenore wasn't the sort to balk at killing a girl if she got in his way. Then, before I could press the button, he flashed his torch and I fired a little to the right of it."

Jenny paused again for breath. Paul and Amory, white-faced, exchanged quick glances. Jenny went on:

"He fell down the ladder with a fearful crash and the trap went down with a slam. I waited for a moment, and then, as there was no sound but the water running through the way it always does, I pulled myself together and raised the trap from behind and peeped over the edge, turning down my light. He was lying there perfectly still. One arm was over his face, but I recognized the red-checked Mackinaw coat and his old hat, which had fallen off and was eddying in the water. It was plain that he was dead, and I can't say that I was sorry." Jenny looked steadily at Amory. "He'd have killed Paul and my stepfather both, if he could have managed it, Mr. Payne."

Amory said quietly, "Of course he would. You're a brave girl. What did you do then?"

"I went out and ran home as fast as I could the way I'd come."

"What about your revolver?"

"Oh, I put that back in the case. When I got home, Paul and Yonne were there. I told them I'd been down by the shore, listening for Sol's boat. Mother was having fits. I decided to keep my mouth shut for the moment. Then Paul went back to the mill. Yonne stayed for a while, but mother began to fuss with me about what she said was my cold-bloodedness about Sol. My nerves gave way a little and I said some pretty nasty things I didn't mean. I was still furious with Captain Sol for having believed me such a cheap sort, and I wasn't yet so sure about his having been killed. It seemed to me that it would take a lot more than Jules Lenore to get the best of him."

She Glanced It Through, Then Said, "Give Me a Match. The Less Known About All This, the Better for All Concerned"

"Why didn't you tell me all this, Jenny?" Paul asked.

"Oh, I know how you are, Paul Deforest"—Jenny gave a short hysterical laugh—"duty first and all that sort of thing. I thought you would feel bound to report it, and it seemed to me a lot better hushed up—for all our sakes. . . . Don't you think so, Mr. Payne?"

"I certainly do," Amory said fervently. "What price a dead Jules Lenore?"

"Something's got to be done about his body in the flume."

"That's been done, Jenny," Paul said. "I searched the flume for liquor early this morning and it was empty. Somebody had raised the slide and let the water through."

"Who could have done that?" Jenny asked.

"I don't know."

Jenny was silent for a moment. Then she said slowly: "Nobody would do it. It must be that he wasn't dead—shamming, perhaps, when I looked down. Then he crawled away. Well, I think I'd rather have killed him if he has made way with Captain Sol."

Paul glanced inquiringly at Amory, who said gently: "We're afraid that Captain Sol has taken the long trail, Jenny. This morning we traced a wheelbarrow loaded with something that was not liquor to the quicksand pond over in the woods. We think, too, that the less said and done about all this, the better. Wherever he may be, Sol knows the truth by now."

Jenny bowed her head. Paul stepped to her chair and leaned down to comfort her. Amory exchanged a look with him and went softly out. His mind was full of wonder and he had a different conception of this beautiful Niobe dissolving in tears. There passed through his brain the old seagoing refrain:

When the rain's before the wynd, then your topsail halyards mind;
When the wynd's before the rain, shake your topsails out again.

XXII

AMORY walked over to the pier and down to its end. Paul's C. G. boat was anchored off a few hundred yards, but there seemed no activity aboard her. It was noon and a midday hush pervaded the locality. Amory looked across the bay at his trim schooner glowing softly white in the mellow sunshine. The sight of her graceful hull and golden spars failed for once to stir the profundity of content with which she had up to this time inspired him.

He reflected that down below, presumably sleeping off the effects of bad liquor and worse behavior, was a worthless, pampered cub of a rich profligate whose place was at this moment where Paul was situated—beside the unhappy girl who had given of her best and up to this time received nearly the worst of Howard, getting not so much as public recognition of her position as Howard's wedded wife.

Something must be done about this immediately, Amory decided, and the sooner the better, and by himself. His pity for Jenny was nicely balanced by his contempt for Howard, the two qualities stirred up with a sort of cold disgust at what appeared to be the culmination of his romantic quest. Amory had half counted on bearing away a bride aboard his boat, and instead he was by way of being saddled with a drunkard

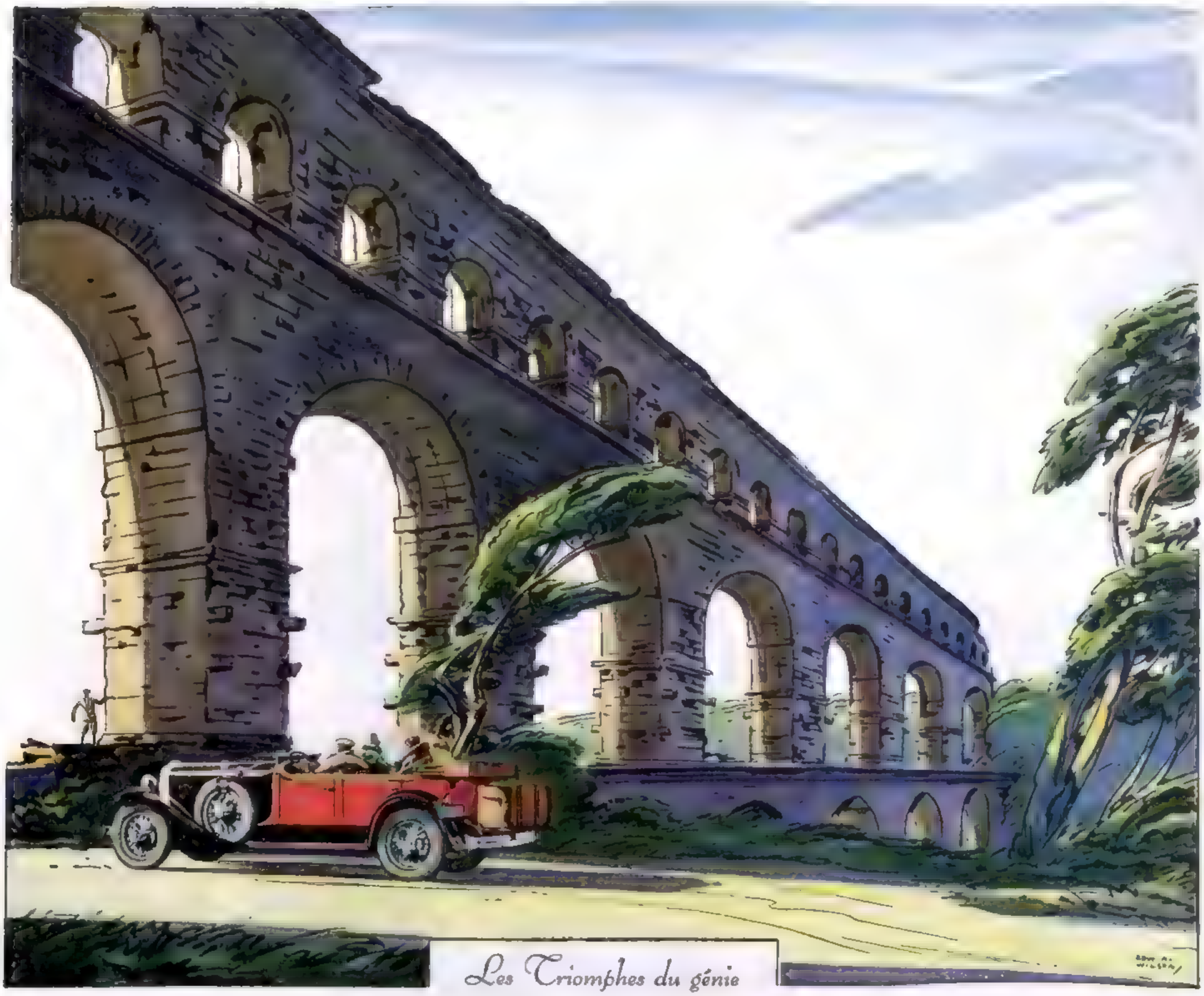
Acting on the impulse that had served him effectively if not always accurately in solving the problems presented by recent events, Amory went down the ladder to the staging where Paul had made fast the Deforest launch, got aboard her, started the engine and cast off, heading back across the bay to his yacht. Howard, he reflected, might or might not be in the best of shape for a heart-to-heart talk, but anyhow he was due to get it, and straight. Sick or well, guest or pest, this bad-acting profligate was going to hear something for his soul's good, with no reference to his state of nerves.

Then, as the husky old tub churned her way through the still blue water, Amory found his heart beginning to lift again. After all, he reflected, Howard did not count for such an awful lot and was most apt, in his repentant state, to prove docile and remorseful and do obediently as he was told—which meant to do the right thing. If so, he and Jenny might yet be very happy. Jenny's condition would bring out the man in Howard, if there was any such stuff in him, and Amory was inclined to believe there was and that Jenny had the force and wholesome sense to develop it.

Pursuing his reflections, Amory perceived that a romantic quest could scarcely be that thing if all worked out as per schedule, checking and tallying and striking a balance as previously estimated in a general way. In the nature of all romance there had to be the unexpected, the whimsey of Fate and development of some unanticipated issue.

This, he suddenly realized, was precisely what had happened in his own case. Having fixed on Yonne Deforest as the prime objective of his coming to this spot, he had made throughout a subconscious effort to keep this talented and

(Continued on Page 140)



Les Triomphes du génie

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CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY
DETROIT, MICHIGAN OSHAWA, CANADA

LA SALLE

THE BULL AND THE RING

By RICHMOND BARRETT

PHOTO BY WIDE WORLD, FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

The Gates Open and, to the Accompaniment of a Military Air Played by a Brass Band, the Gay Parade Swings Into the Arena. At Left—The Great Belmonte

EVERY tourist in Spain sees at least one bullfight, unless he happens to be a member of some group that is trying to do the whole peninsula between Monday and Saturday. If he remains in the country over the week-end, he is drawn to the *corrida* by some mysterious power, just as the traveling salesman in New York is swept into the Follies. The reason why he doesn't attend bullfights on week days is simple. In Spain the big show is staged only on a Sunday afternoon.

The Anglo-Saxon traveler, once he's recrossed the border into France, begins to feel a bit ashamed of his Spanish Sabbaths and defends himself in the following words:

"Yes, I did go to a bullfight—it's such a glorious spectacle, you know."

Well, many a tired business man goes to the Follies because the Urban backdrops are so artistic! There are many platitudes, many mildewed bromides, uttered about bullfights.

"It's the only place to study the Spaniards as a race"—that's one. "I wouldn't mind it so much if only the animals had a fighting chance"—that's another. Somebody always remarks, "How different from the English; the English are so sporting."

Did you know, by the way, that in England the fox and the deer love the hunting season—that they get just as much fun out of it as the human race does—that they actually look forward to it? So I've been told, at least.

Every discussion on bullfights ends with a chorus of pity: "And the horses, the poor blindfolded horses!"

"How long did you stay?" I often ask these noble souls.

"Oh, to the end," they usually confess. Whether they stick it out because they are frozen to their seats with horror or because they insist on getting their money's worth, I don't really know.

I stay to the end—horrible admission!—because I enjoy the show.

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Spanish Effects and Spanish Facts

AS FOR the time-worn legend that a bullfight is a brilliant pageant, I beg to differ. In the first place, the audience on those hard, hard seats under the withering southern sun can't be compared with the idealized pictures on the inside lids of cigar boxes that we Americans have pored over in our bloodthirsty youth. Gorgeous hot colors, barbaric shawls, beautiful women by the hundred, every one of them with a set of teeth more dazzling than Farrar's, and, of course, all of them chewing the stems of great full-blown roses! We have grown up with that dizzying mental image of a Spanish crowd. Carmen at the Metropolitan and in the movies has established the glamorous tradition.

As a matter of cold fact, a crowd at a bullfight bears a marked resemblance to a Saturday mob at an American ball park. Scores of grubby little boys look on gloatingly at the show; you see them all round you, reading yellow-covered bullfight magazines. To the small child of Andalusia, these sensational periodicals have the fascination that movie magazines exert over the Yankee gamin. The men—and nine-tenths of your Spanish fans are men—might be mechanics from Newark who have come over to see the Giants play the Red Sox.

And the women? There aren't many—just a scattering. I have never yet seen a beautiful señorita at a bullfight. When Nita Naldi was burning up the screen some years ago, I used to tell people that she'd never be noticed in Spain, where the women were all glorious and could ensnare men with one glance from their lustrous orbs—not mere eyes, you notice; orbs! Now that I've lived for some time in Spain, I believe that our long-lost Nita, if she ever saw fit to enter the arena at Seville or Barcelona, would stop the show instantly. The effect a Mary Garden would produce can't be described in bald prose. The fine ladies of Catalonia and Andalusia, judging from my very limited acquaintance, are often fat, with a lamentable tendency to waddle; and a number of the shawls that I saw draped over the edge of the boxes in the bull ring needed dry-cleaning.

If you're looking for a beautiful background with your sport, don't bother to come to Spain for it. Try the Newport Casino during tennis week or Saratoga in the racing season. Or take in one of our great prize fights. The Dempsey-Tunney battle in Chicago, for example, gave the spectator with an artist's eye one of the biggest thrills of his life. As a study in massed panoramic effects, in stunning contrasts of velvety blackness and scorching white light, that scene was simply breath-taking. George Bellows himself couldn't have done it justice.

To the smug believer in the unfailing gentleness and sweetness of the American soul, the attitude of such a crowd would be a revelation. When Jack's eyes began to bleed and his rough-hewed granite rock of a face to get lopsided and show punishment, the Tunney fans almost lifted the roof off the Chicago sky. I'm afraid some of those dainty ladies and those sleek men with pockets bulging with hundred-dollar bills had the love of slaughter in their hearts that night; but they were well within the law, could yell for the knock-out and still not lose their self-respect. For this, you see, was good clean sport—not stupid Spanish brutality. A very subtle distinction!

Let no one tell you that the popularity in Spain of the national sport is waning! By 5:30 on a Sunday, every seat in every *plaza de toros* is filled. The ring in Madrid seats 14,000, Seville will accommodate an equal number. Barcelona boasts two rings, with a combined capacity of 31,000. Even such small towns as Toledo and Burgos have their big amphitheaters. The season lasts from Easter to October; so, if you like statistics, just figure out for yourself the number of people who attend—or, if you prefer, the number of beasts killed each year. And the money that's squandered! I have paid as much as ten dollars to a speculator for a seat in the shade at a gala bullfight.

At 5:30 the trumpets snarl out their official warning that the butchery is about to begin. The gates open and, to the accompaniment of a military air played by a brass band, the gay parade swings into the arena. Somehow, in the heat and glare, the pageant never impresses me. The picadors, on their tottering half-dead nags, have, to be sure, the outlandish picturesqueness of studies in the grotesque; the picadors themselves look so complacent and settled and middle-aged, with their round faces and bursting paunches; their horses, of course, are mere lattices of bone covered by scarred hides. The mule team possesses a certain vivid spanking charm; the mules flaunt and toss their elaborate plumed headdresses like so many Gabys and shake their jingling bells like Santa's reindeer.

All Tricked Out for the Occasion

THE matadors—those creatures of romance and legend, heroes of novels by maiden ladies from New England—ah, yes, the matadors! I must admit that they make a gallant show in their traditional costumes—the three-cornered hats, the stiffly embroidered coats, the skin-tight breeches, the sheer pink silk stockings and the little mincing ballet slippers. No frocks from Paris are more delicate in color than some of the costumes worn by these pirouetting butchers—primrose, apple green, Nile green, salmon pink, apricot. All the most exquisite pastel shades are used, as well as the more violent scarlets and oranges. The matador is a dainty Dresden-china figure. His feet twinkle over blood-drenched sand, he stabs to death a bull; and yet you don't see a drop of blood on the pretty clothes of the young warrior; except once in a long long while, when a bull's horn manages to root its way through the ineffectual armor of silver lace and velvet and frothy cambric.

At Madrid last spring I watched the terrible encounter of the dashing Gitanillo with a bull both wicked and wily. The beast seemed to know all the graceful poses of the accomplished *torero*—the *pases naturales, de pecho, redondos*—seemed to wait for one slight faltering in the smooth technic. Gitanillo, on the tips of his toes, struck a stunning posture; his entire body bent back in a perfect arc like a

taut bow. He held the attitude a fraction of a second too long. The bull charged and suddenly it was all over. As I sat literally paralyzed in my front-row seat and felt ice water trickle, drop by freezing drop, down my spine, Gitanillo was being carried out. The triumphant dandy of two minutes ago was on his way to the little sanctuary that forms as essential a part of every *plaza de toros* as the bull pen itself—the chapel where a priest always waits to administer the last rites of the church. Poor Gitanillo had in all probability expected to present that particular bull's ears to some pretty woman; but fate had dealt with him in a mood of stern austerity, sending him out of the arena a dying man.

How fickle the dear public would have seemed to Gitanillo if his consciousness had flickered up into a last stubborn flare a few moments later and he had heard the trumpets braying out their summons for the next act in the show. For there was a next act on that sultry Sunday in late May; and the audience, to use the jargon of Broadway, was soon eating it up.

The death of a matador doesn't occur often. Sentimentalists are apt to sigh wistfully over these youths and to reflect on their inevitable carrying off in their glorious prime. That is nonsense; you never catch a Spaniard indulging in such rubbish. Most matadors go on fighting till they've passed their glorious prime, and retire at last into comfortable private life when the hisses and catcalls of the incorrigible mob prove a bit disconcerting even to the most hardened veteran.

As time goes on and his limbs lose something of their flexibility, the shrewd *torero* works himself by degrees out of the real danger zone in his duels with bulls. He modifies his technical feats and has recourse to all sorts of clever evasions. Choosing his bulls, he runs in small ones, young ones, tame ones. But he can't fool his public for long. They come down on him in no time. Last spring I saw one matador given the most tumultuous razzing that ever a mere mortal suffered.

A Real Bull for a Change

THE moment his first bull of the afternoon came into the arena, the excitement began. The beast was undersized and the crowd knew it instantly. The furious fans waved their handkerchiefs at the governor's box and the air was split with the shrill clamor of hundreds of police whistles. A bullfight enthusiast always takes his police whistle along, just as an American woman carries her opera glasses to the play. The matador accepted this in the manner of the villain in a melodrama; in other words, he sneered—oh, how he sneered! While his henchmen worried the bull and planted their darts in him, he sauntered insolently about the ring, called out a brusque order or two, and every so often turned to give the audience a glare of withering contempt.

At last the trumpets gave the signal for the *suerte de matar*—the killing of the bull. The *suerte de matar* is the *torero's* big scene in the little drama; he occupies the dead center of the stage and must dispatch his bellowing victim single-handed. The matador advanced to the middle of the arena with the assurance of a hero; draping his scarlet *muleta* around his sword, he struck a dramatic attitude.

Immediately the mob burst into a bloodcurdling shriek of execration—17,000 strong, they sprang to their feet. I alone remained seated, covering my shattered eardrums. Hundreds of stuffed leather cushions were shied into the ring; every hand in the place had become a doubled fist, shaken at the governor's box.

Meanwhile the matador went through his ballet dancer's paces, trying to get into the proper posture for the death blow and dodging missiles at the same time. I honestly believe that if the beleaguered governor hadn't surrendered at the crucial moment, that Sabbath gathering would have tumbled over the barrier in a mass and lynched the *torero*. The governor did surrender. At his order, two steers were whipped out into the ring from the pen; they trotted about flirtatiously, gave the bull several effeminate come-hither glances and at last coaxed him off the scene at their heels.

The next animal that dashed out of the pen, snorting and tossing his angry head, was a man-sized bull. The matador shrugged and swore a few Spanish oaths. This was assuredly not a beast of his picking, but he must needs go through with it. The crowd quieted down. During the *suerte de matar* they contented themselves with venomous hisses. The matador stabbed the poor brute several times before he got him down.

The bull, dragged out by the jingling mule team, got a tremendous hand. Thus the crowd showed in what quarter its sympathy and admiration lay.

If ever in the world you can find pure criticism—cold, razor keen, merciless—it's in Spain at a bullfight. That to me is the absorbing thing about the whole game. We Americans wallow in sentimentality about our heroes and heroines—except in moments of forgetfulness during a prize fight.

To your bullfight fans, no man is a hero; even the incredible Belmonte has to make his reputation all over again each time he tackles a bull. Every person in the gallery—whether man, woman or six-year-old child—knows the technic of the art right down to the ground. If a *torero* does a perfect thing, no matter how delicately, how almost imperceptibly, a savage war whoop of joy greets him; let him falter once in his dainty footwork and the police whistles shrill out their hysterical scorn.

The Brutal But Graceful Art

WE'RE apt to think that a Spaniard sits through a bullfight only to gorge his insatiate blood lust; I must say for him that he relishes even more than the killing the exquisite grace of the *torero's* cloak play. Of all the saucy and audacious tricks in the fighter's repertoire, my favorite is—well, to be quite honest, I've forgotten the name of it. This is the way it's done, anyhow: Having teased and then stupefied the sluggish brain of the bull by lightning-quick manipulations of his red cape, the *torero* all at once turns his back squarely on the beast, twirls the cape deftly over his arm, and, letting it fall in graceful folds, saunters away, hand on hip, as if he were out for a stroll on the boulevard. The whole action takes just a few seconds, and it's as astonishing technically as the famous leap Nijinsky used to make through the window in the Rose Lover.

Oh, I tell you, you can't make a painstaking study of bullfighting and still go on thinking that it's all mere blood and senseless brutality. The Spaniard has created a subtle fiendish art, an exquisite and romantic dance, in the midst of the shambles of the bull ring. Viewing it in that light, you can understand its hold on the race. They learn the science of it from their cradles, grow to love the fine points. Far from blunting the intelligence altogether, it positively helps sharpen their wits and make their vision keener.

The pernicious part of it will always be, however, that this fanciful complicated technic is grounded on that old, old blind impulse of blood lust. Those pretty ballet slippers caper about among carcasses too unpleasant to describe. The graceful dance is a dance of death; and the highest art of the *torero* is shown in the amazing fact that, as I've said before, he never seems to get his fancy-dress regalia or his pink silk stockings spattered with gore. Beauty based on butchery—that's as good a summing up as one can find for this gentle pastime.

And what about the private life of the toreador?

I can hear a woman reader grumble: "Surely this man, after trying to destroy my illusions about señoritas and making the ridiculous statement that a bullfight isn't the way it looks on my new fan—surely he won't have the impudence to say spiteful things about those brave heroes, the toreadors!"

A Capeador, in Seville, Guiding the Rushing Bull Past Him With His Red Cape

I'm sorry, madam, but you'll have to prepare for the worst. If you insist on keeping your illusions, stick to Valentino and Cortez on the screen. The toreador—or *espada* or matador or *torero*, whichever title may sound most romantic—doesn't live up to the popular yarns about him any more than a Ziegfeld show girl does. We all have a slight suspicion these days that there are Follies beauties who don't possess motors and millions in jewels. But we still -most of us, anyhow—look upon the bullfighter as a national idol. We picture his daily life as rather like this: His every appearance on the streets of Seville or Barcelona is greeted by deafening shouts from the populace; he lolls in his car all day long with his fighting togs on and drops golden coins to the beggars; he is always followed by a brass band playing the toreador song from Carmen; and of course he's thrillingly handsome. Candor compels me to the reluctant statement that that's just so much gilded, frosted bunk.

In real life the adored *espada* is not accepted in good society; his trains of awe-struck admirers consist for the most part of smelly ragamuffins. The inevitable trade-mark of his profession, the *coleta*, or short oily pigtail, in which he wears his hair, confers upon him no staggering dignity, but rather stamps him as a member of a clan that entertains one of a Sunday but doesn't exist for one on week days.

A Debut Every Sunday

AS FOR his looks—well, I will say for him that he possesses the neatest, leanest hips in the civilized world and that he has a very engaging, half-feminine way of resting his hands on them when he walks. He's a graceful swaggerer, but he's seldom handsome. Nine fighters out of ten come from Andalusia, where in their ragged boyhood they have worked on the great cattle-breeding farms; most of them have the tawny skin and dry cracked lips that come of a lifelong baking and burning by the fierce semitropical sun. There's Moorish blood in their veins too. They forge ahead in their profession not because they're handsome devils, but because they're clever devils.

The great Belmonte proves this in his own person. If good looks counted, Belmonte would never have been heard of.

After such a dreary catalogue of handicaps one has to admit that fame for the bullfighter results only from uncanny skill, diabolical dexterity, sheer perfection of technic. The press agent may help for a while when the toreador is on the decline, may bolster him up a very little bit; a name that has once resounded through the land awakes a slight echo, a reverberation, when it's written in tongues of flame across a great billboard.

"Next Sunday—Chicuelo!"

The ardent fans, reading that sign, remember some of Chicuelo's past triumphs and decide with a tolerant shrug that maybe he'll come back next Sunday; but once the clear-sighted mob sees him in action on that particular Sunday, they know in ten seconds that he's not coming back. Seeing a sadly settled Chicuelo in the flesh, they forget the glamorous past. They don't say, "Poor devil, he's not what he used to be. What a pity!" Oh, no! They rise in their wrath and they give him hell.

Belmonte has already retired once and returned triumphant—triumphant only because he could prove to a suspicious populace that he was still the greatest fighter of them all.

The decline and fall of a national hero is a miserably tragic event in polite countries. You'll find no such poignant state of affairs in Spain. The *torero* isn't a national hero. Every Sunday he makes his debut, as it were, before a cruelly exacting crowd. He never knows the heartbroken moment of disillusion that comes to an American athlete when he fears that the popular affection for him is beginning to cool. He is a hard-boiled specimen; he hasn't an ounce of respect for his equally hard-boiled public. So, when he's fought his last fight and tried his last brazen subterfuges on his two-hundredth bull amid jeers and boos, he swaggers into private life, hand on hip, jaunty, defiant. If he's been a superb fighter in his day he's a rich man. Belmonte, by the way, has millions, according to report. If that's an exaggeration—we are apt to pile up a big man's earnings into a preposterous heap—at least he's rich.

What becomes of the toreador after he's squeezed the last possible penny out of the gallant profession? Does he go in for politics or have a try at the Spanish equivalent of the Orpheum Circuit? The Spaniards themselves can't tell you the end of their famous toreadors for the simple reason that they forget in a week that they ever existed. To me, there's something rather admirable about this complete honesty, this unabashed hard-heartedness in everything connected

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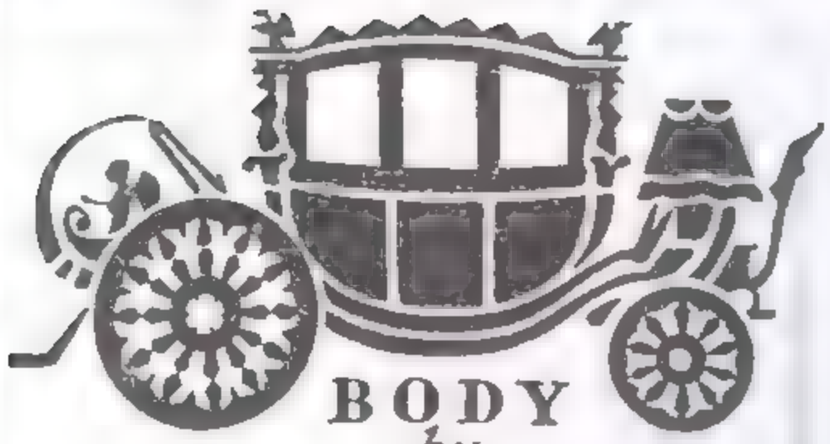

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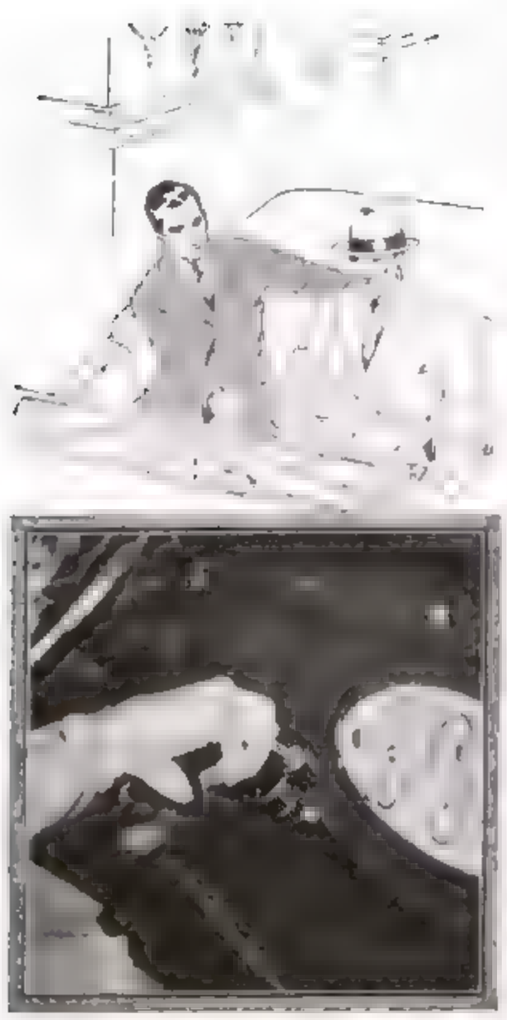

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(Continued from Page 40)

with so brutal a sport. One tiny taint of sentimentality would make the whole business unendurably shocking.

There's no need to discuss at any length the more horrible aspects of the bull ring. My principal endeavor in this article has been to substitute the unvarnished truth for the usual picturesque fictions. As to the bloodshed, we all know the details of that; but no matter how lurid, how riotous our imagination may be, the stark facts go it one better.

I remember vividly one little pinkish horse in Barcelona, not much bigger than a donkey, that was served up to four bulls, cruelly wounded by three of them and finally finished off by the fourth.

Of all the fights I've seen, that one in Barcelona last spring was the most frantically exciting. Somehow, you knew right away that the lid was off. Nothing can be more boring than a listless, apathetic bullfight; on the other hand, nothing can be more thrilling than a good one. This was a good one, and no mistake. Advertised as a gala eight-bull affair, it lived up to the preliminary touting. Of the four toreadors, Chicuelo and Gagancho got the wildest booing of their stormy careers; Rayita did pretty well—the hisses and bravos were about fifty-fifty. For Valencia II the day was a triumph. He killed each of his two bulls with one exquisitely neat stab, throwing his whole body into the thrust just the way Billy Johnston executes his famous forehand drive. Both times the gallery went mad. As Valencia sauntered around the arena and bowed to the applause, fans, scarfs, hundreds of hats, even wine skins came sailing at him. Gracefully he tossed each quaint tribute back to its rightful owner. The bull's ears were presented, with a gallant salute, to the girl who sat with his heavily incrusted silver and apple-green coat in her lap. She's Madame Valencia now

The bulls that day were an uncommonly ferocious band; but not content with mere innate ferocity, the *banderilleros* had their darts loaded with cannon crackers. "*De fuego*" is the phrase, and it sounds romantic. It irritates the bull to have darts imbedded in him even when they are innocent of gunpowder; but the loaded kind drives him instantly and utterly insane. The *banderillero*, dashing in between the horns, plants his pair of fantastically decorated darts in the animal's neck; then, if they are loaded, they explode with a series of deafening reports.

Bulls, even the fiercest, have a lumbering, clumsy, foolish manner; they lack a sense of humor. I somehow can't think of them, usually, as living organisms—rather as enormously heavy automatons. When the cannon crackers go off, however, they quicken to a thrilling vivacity, a mad agility. One great black hulk at Barcelona, in a cloud of sputtering sparks and bursting stars, leaped straight up in the air three or four times, came down again stiff-legged, then without warning cut into a gallop and cleared the five-foot barrier of the ring as neatly and lightly and buoyantly as if he'd been a lean young mare in a steeplechase.

The panic that ensued was the wildest I've ever witnessed. Around the entire circle of the narrow corridor the bull tore, still spouting hot geysers of sparks, still bellowing from the loud detonations of the exploding powder. The corridor was full of ring attendants and candy sellers and water venders and urchins. Naturally, their presence of mind deserted them for the moment. They all started on the dead run from that horrible apparition at their heels, like men racing along a railroad track in a tunnel, with the locomotive bearing down upon them.

One boy had been balancing a big tray of shellfish on his head; he screamed when the bull leaped the fence and was immediately off at a gallop, the tray still aloft, tipped at a crazy angle. The shellfish came down around him in showers; he paid no attention. At last the tray fell to the ground. The child shrank against the fence, contracting his little body to half its normal size; the bull lunged for the tray and sent it spinning into the air. The urchin was saved; probably he got a sound thrashing that night for having been so careless with his stock in trade.

The terrified little boy was soon left alone—and infinitely solitary he looked too—in the corridor. Everybody else had vaulted the barrier into the ring. The bull, going all at once half blind and groggy from fatigue and pain, slowed down to a laborious trot and finally came to a bewildered standstill. His heavy breathing had the sound of rough despairing sobs. The wrath had drained out of him; he was ready to continue with the show. While the excited crowd in the ring piled over the fence again into the corridor, a gate swung open and the bull jogged meekly back into the arena.

He and seven of his burly brethren went to their eternal reckoning that afternoon. It's strange—but in my native land I'm ludicrously chicken-hearted. If I chance upon a scrawny waif of a kitten that looks hungry, I forthwith adopt it. Once I saw a hen murder a duckling, stabbing it with her venomous beak, tossing it in the air and impaling it again, for all the world like a bull with a toreador. I was horrified and actually couldn't sleep that night. In Spain, after watching in a single afternoon the outrageous slaughter of eighteen horses and eight bulls, I slept until eight the next morning without dreaming. What the moral is I don't know; I leave it to the unprejudiced reader to find out for himself.

SAM KNOWED AN ARTIST

(Continued from Page 25)

except he don't understand not one dern thing about babies. Now you know Effie," she says; "Effie's a-going to have babies, so the rest of us has got to stand by. You give Effie fifty dollars a month an' me an' Sam will see to the groceries until this here storm blows over."

Well, Gus growled around a heap, but he come through with the fifty an' fixed up papers so's the girl would continue to get it after he died if the ranch was worth that much.

Couple days later I was a-walking right out front here, an' I seen Reen a-painting the hill over there, the one you was a-raving about, an' I says to him, "Reen," I says, "how's everything a-going?" I reckoned mebbe he'd want to say thank you or something an' this was a good time to get it over with without no womenfolks around.

He looked up from his painting an' says "Fair." But I could see he meant the painting.

"How's the wife?" I says.

"Sleepy all the time."

"And the daughter?"

"Cries a lot."

"Then everything is a-moving along all right?" I asked him.

"I reckon so," he says but still looking at the painting. "Say," he says, "you look like you got good eyes. Does this look to you like the color of them little flowers over there? I ain't never seen no flowers like them before." And he put down a daub so's I could look at it.

"Shucks," I says, "I can't tell from no daub like that. Put it in the picture an' I can tell."

"Then you ain't no good to me," he says, grinning. "What I want to know is, is it right before I put it in the picture." And he went on a-painting.

That was the way with Reen. He was that kind of a feller. It's a seven-day wonder we didn't skin him an' hang his hide on a fence, but nobody never did.

Well, time went prowling along like it will, an' me and the hands was busy an' Mary was busy, an' this here Reen was a-using up all the scenery on the place. First you'd find him on one hill an' then on another one—him an' his brushes an' a hunk of bread an' that there three-legged thing that holds up the pictures. One day I dern near run a herd of yearlings over him, not knowing where he'd be; so when the dust settled I says to him:

"Well, young feller, how's business? How much of this here ranch have you sold? Looks to me like you done lifted 'bout half of it."

"I ain't sold none," he says.

"Well, that's kind of natural," I told him, "the price of cattle being what it is. Mebbe you better go an' paint some oil wells. There's more money in 'em. . . . So business is rotten, eh?"

"I'm not in business," he says. "I ain't offering nothing for sale. I'm a painter, not a dealer."

They wasn't no use talking to him along that line. He just didn't understand. He still figured that folks had ought to come out an' buy them pictures if they didn't want to be miserable all their lives without 'em.

It was right short after this that I come home one night an' found Mary 'd just come in five minutes ahead of me, all plowed up in her mind about something.

"Sam," she says, "there's hell to pay over to the spring cottage this time sure enough. That there Effie has gone an' went an' had twins an' Reen is popping mad about it."

"Ain't that just terrible!" I says, sarcastic. I was a-getting purty tired of that young feller. "Is he a-going to prove that Effie forged his name when she sent off her order to the mail-order house? If he does, that makes it a fraud, an' mebbe his lawyer can force the company to take back the goods if they ain't damaged."

"Don't joke about it, Sam," Mary says, beginnin' to cry. "We got to do something for them young people. They're in trouble."

"Is he a-going to quit her?" I asked, kind of hopeful.

"Oh, I hope not," Mary says, "'cause poor Effie would die if he did. She's that kind. I'm broken-hearted about that poor girl."

"Well, what is he a-going to do?" I says to Mary.

"He swears he ain't a-going to paint no more," Mary told me, and I had to laugh at that.

"What difference would that make?" I asked her.

"It's terrible," she says, crying some more. "Poor Effie is so miserable. She says he's got to paint or he'll go crazy."

"He done that years ago," I told her. "I can prove it by that there green suit. He owes everybody in the county that he's come near enough to get at, an' they all know so dern well that he's crazy that they don't even pester him with bills. He owes for purty near all the groceries I didn't pay for, an' he owes the drug store, an' now I reckon he owes the doctor again. The only things he don't owe for is paint an' brushes an' them tarpaulins he puts the pictures on. They come C. O. D. an' he can't get 'em out of the post office without paying first. I don't see where him an' Effie is in any more trouble this week than they was last, so I wouldn't do no blubberin' about 'em."

"You got to go an' talk to him, Sam," she says.

(Continued on Page 44)

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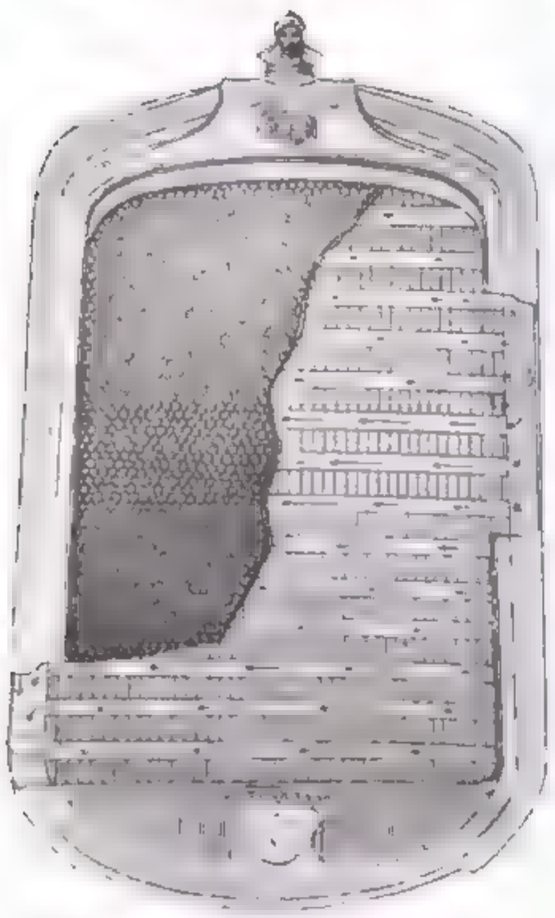

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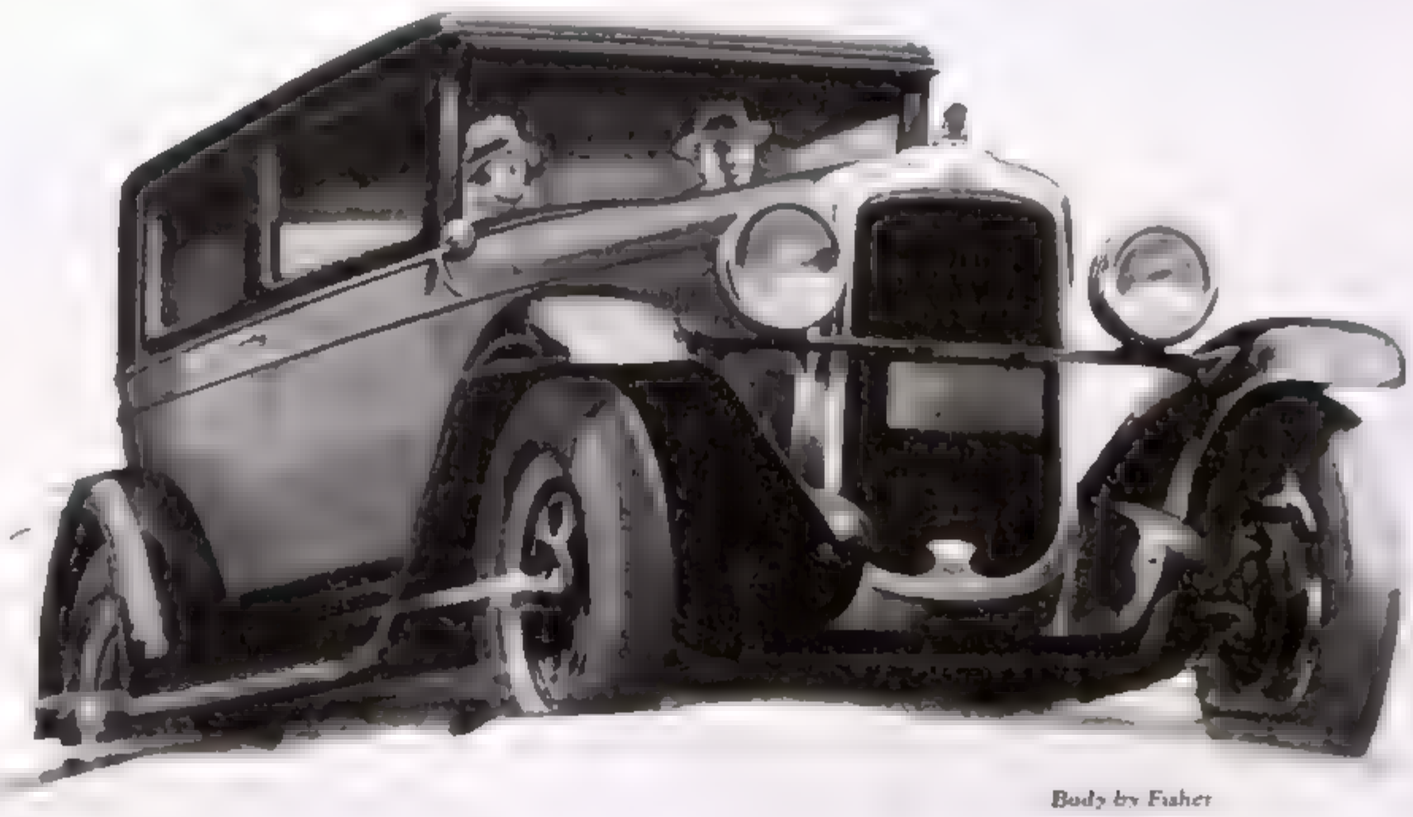

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PONTIAC SIX
NEW SERIES

(Continued from Page 42)

Well, you know how things like that always comes out. I said I wouldn't an' tromped around makin' big talk, but next mornin' I went over to the spring cottage.

Effie was kind of pale, but lookin' fine, I thought, an' she grinned at me chipper as you please.

"Look at 'em, colonel," she says. "Ain't them the darlingest little brats ever breathed? Look at them cute little hands. And they're both a-going to have fine foreheads like Reen."

I looked at 'em, an' sure enough they was another pair of Reens, all right.

"Where's Reen?" I asked her.

"Down to the creek," she says.

"Painting?" I asked her.

"No," she says. "Just settin' there."

So I went down to the creek an' there he was a-setting on a rock, playing a saxophone.

"They tell me, young feller," I says to him, "that you have give up painting."

"That's right," he says.

"Are you a-going to work?" I asks him.

"No," he says, "I've quit work."

"I didn't never know of your starting," I says. "Do you call painting work?"

"I do," he says, and he grinned. Nobody couldn't keep up a mad agin that feller.

"Well, what are you a-going to do?" I asked him.

"I'm a-going to play this saxophone," he says. "I bought it over in Paris an' I been intending to learn to play ever since then, but I was busy."

"How about your family?" I asked him.

"What difference would it make to them?" he says. "I been working hard all my life an' I ain't never got nothing out of it but a kick on the shins. Anybody that knows painting knows I can paint, an' what's more, I been painting too. I ain't been loafing away my time. I been at it long enough now to find out that I can make just as much money a-setting here on this creek bank a-playing this here saxophone. I like to set here an' I like to play, an' it keeps down the racket from the kids, so I'm a-going to spend my declining years entertaining myself with good music.

"What's more," he says, "what good would it do for me to go to work for wages if Effie is a-going to have twins every year? I told her not to do that again after the first baby come, an' you can see for yourself how much good it done. The only way I could work my way out of the hole agin that handicap would be to strike gold somewheres; an' I ain't no miner, so I might just as well play the saxophone. Paint an' canvas costs money, but air is free."

Well, I thought that over an' derned if I didn't begin to see it from his point of view. He was that way, Reen was—crazy, but if you talked to him he'd make you crazy too.

"Look here, Reen," I says, "you ain't never half tried to sell none of them pictures; now, have you?" And he admitted that he hadn't. "All right, young feller," I says, "let's get at this on a business basis. You got to get a commission merchant in the market just like I do with my cattle. Suppose I call a meeting of your creditors an' we take up your case an' advance you money to go an' get an agent to sell them there pictures. How'd that be? Wouldn't it help?"

"Might," he says. "Go ahead if you want to."

"You'd do your best?"

"Of course," he says. "I'd of done it long ago, but I didn't have no money."

"All right then," I says, "I'll see that you get the money." So I done that an' we shipped him off. Buck Fisher, down to the drug store, come purty near backing down when Reen showed up in that green suit, but I told him a thing like that might be all right in New York might bring a higher price for the pictures, so everything was O. K. an' cheerful except for right smart quiet cussing by the creditors around train time. None of 'em didn't have much confidence.

Well, Reen, he went up there an' messed around for a couple months an' signed up with his commission merchant an' sold eight pictures; done right well with 'em. Made enough to pay up nearly all his debts an' come back without sending for money. Brought back some more paint an' rags an' away he went back to the range, smiling and whistling. Looked like his troubles was over for life an' Mary an' me felt plumb good about what we done.

Mary'd go over to the spring cottage nearly every two weeks. She said it cheered her up an' made her feel like a girl again to see Effie messing around with them three kids an' scouring some pans an' baking light bread an' taking a whack at the garden now an' then. She'd even got a tarpaulin of her own an' put in her spare time daubing at it, but she said Reen didn't think much of it an' that discouraged her some.

She said Reen's technic was so much finer it was hard to work in the same atmosphere with his stuff, but me an' Mary we liked Effie's pictures better 'n his. More life in 'em. We'd ask every chance we got what was the news from the commission merchant, but they never was none. One day when I went over with Mary I asked about business, an' Effie, she begin to cry.

"The ones that had any chance at all," she says, "sold like hot cakes. The others ain't a-going to sell. The agent says they're good art, but they ain't what folks wants."

"That's what I been a-thinking from the start," I says. "Look here, Effie, let's you an' me get this commission feller down here an' let him have a talk with Reen. It's no use shipping canners when the market wants prime beef animals. This feller ought to tell Reen what the market wants so's he can turn it out. That's what my agent in St. Louis does for me, an' if he didn't I'd get me a new one."

"Reen ain't that way," Effie says. "He's a-going to turn out art if he goes bust for it."

"Well, anyway," I says, "can't we get him down here?"

"I'll try," she says.

So she wrote a letter. But before the commission merchant come, that dern nuisance of a Reen had gone. Yes, sir, just picked up his saxophone an' the hunk of bread he always packed around with him an' a old shotgun of mine that I'd left at the cottage an' went on his way. Left a note for Effie saying good-by. That's all—just good-by.

"What do you reckon he done that for?" I asked Effie when Mary drug me over there.

"I'm a-going to have another baby," she says, and derned if she wasn't grinning right through her tears.

"Why, dern you, Effie," I says, "the young feller ain't far wrong You're a fanatic, Effie. You're both fanatics. He's loco about pictures an' you're loco about babies an' the two of you is becoming a trial to the community."

"Don't talk so much, Sam," Mary says, "an' help me get things straight around here before that New York feller comes to talk about them pictures."

So I grabbed a broom an' got in their way while Mary and Effie cleaned up.

"Do you want us to get out before he comes?" Mary says. And right then he knocked on the front door an' hollered, "Hello!" So I let him in.

He was a little, round, fat feller with pink skin like a hothouse baby, an' sharp little blue eyes that seemed to bother him a heap, because he'd take off his specs an' put 'em back on again about fifty times a minute. Seemed like them specs had something to do with his ears, too, because he wanted 'em off when he was a-listening, but he had to have 'em back on again to talk. Good-natured feller, though; just et too much an' hadn't moved around enough, outside of that he was all right.

"Where's King?" he begins, meaning Reen.

"Gone," Effie tells him, grinning.

"Not surprised," he says. "Didn't think he'd let me talk to him in the first place. Never would in New York. But I'm here. What shall I do? Shall I talk to you?"

"Please do," Effie says. So he pulled up his chair an' begin fiddling with his specs.

"Now, Madam King," he says, "we will get to the business at once, because I ain't got nothing but some minutes to spare. Your husband is a great artist, but he ain't never discovered that all pictures ain't hung in museums. People wants them to serve a purpose in the household."

Which sounded reasonable to me, so I moved over a little closer an' begin to take this feller serious.

"In France," he says, "your husband did some excellent marines. But they should each have three sea gulls soaring in the blue. That's all I asked him for—three sea gulls. He would not give them to me. I cannot sell the pictures. Why do people want three sea gulls? I do not know. They want them—that's all." This here commission merchant talked like that—all chopped up.

"Have you one of those pictures?" he asked her. An' Effie went an' got it. "Look," he says, and before any of us knowed what he was doing he had a daub of Reen's paint on the blade of his pocket knife an' then made two tiny smears on the canvas. "A sea gull," he says. "That's all I need—three of them." And derned if it wasn't a purty good sea gull too.

"You remember the beautiful winter scenes?" he says, an' Effie nods. "Give me a hunter in one of those," he says. "Give me just that much hunter"—and he marked off about an inch an' a half on his finger—"just that much hunter and the picture is sold. Give me a dog and it is sold—just that much dog"—and he marked off three inches. "You remember the beautiful surf breaking on the rocky shore?" Effie nodded again. "Give me a little lighthouse in that," he said—"just this much lighthouse." And he picked up the ten-cent glass salt cellar that I bought down to the general store. "That's all," he says, "and the picture is sold. These ranch scenes are beautiful, but they haven't enough sky in them. King says the sky here is monotonously clear. All right, put in a Belgian sky—any old sky, but give me sky and depth and distance. Pictures must enlarge the room. Will he do that for me?"

"Sure," Effie says. "He'll do all them things. I'll have him at it tomorrow morning."

"I doubt that," the commission merchant says; "but if you succeed, his fortune is made."

Me an' Mary doubted it, too, but the man was a-getting up to go, so we didn't say nothing till afterward. Then I asked Effie, I says:

"Look here, girl, how are you a-going to get him to do them things? In the first place, he ain't even here, an' in the second place, he wouldn't never do it if he was."

"I'm a-going to do it myself," Effie says. "He's gone an' the pictures is all I got. It's up to me. The only thing I can't do is paint some new ranch scenes with more sky in 'em, but I'll try to kid him into doing it when he comes back."

"What makes you think he's a-coming back?" I asked her.

"Why, of course he's a-coming back," she says. "Ain't we in love with each other? An' ain't he got children here? Where else would he be at home? All men gets contrary sometimes. He ain't one-tenth as bad as I've seen pa. . . . Hand me that salt cellar," she says. "That's got just the right lines for a lighthouse. I'm a-going to work on that right now while the light's good."

"You know what I think?" I says to Mary. "That dern fool girl is a-going to win out. You can't stop nobody that acts like that. They win every time."

"Mebbe," Mary says. "Anyway, I hope so. If he don't come back an' cut her throat, I think she'll win out. But if he sees them there pictures, I ain't so sure that he won't cut her throat."

"Naw," I says, "he won't cut her throat. People is always a-wanting to cut their wives' throats, but how many does it? Not one in a million. She'll win out. I'm all happied up about this here visit."

Effie worked ten hours a day on them pictures an' shipped 'em off, one by one, as they was finished. She didn't dare have more 'n one around at a time for fear Reen sure enough would come back an' find it with strange daubs on it. She figured she could hide one but not a herd of 'em, so they went off fast. She worked right up to the time the new baby come

Well, sir, you ought to been here when that happened Old Buck Fisher, down to the drug store, he says:

"For mercy's sake, another one! I still got a mortgage on the twins."

Everybody went growling around a-telling each other how much they was owed an' asking Gus Butler what was he a-going to do about it, but poor old Gus was more'n one hundred thousand dollars worse than broke his own self. Finally Doc Spears told 'em, he says:

"Look here, I got my duty to do as a professional doctor an' I been a-doing it without kicking till it's got to be a mite too much for all of us. Here's a deserted wife, ain't she? An' don't that make it a charity case? Can't we charge this here last treat up to the county?"

So they charged it up to the county an' about two months later the judge allowed the bill. The ink wasn't hardly dry till back comes Reen, smiling and cheerful.

"What'd you run away for?" Buck Fisher asks him.

"So's not to be bothered with no more bills that I can't pay," he says. "If I'm here I catch the devil, and everybody's in a bad temper; but if I'm gone, why, the county looks after Effie, cheerful and Christian. That's why I run away. You been purty nice to her, she tells me, during my absence, but you wasn't nice to none of us before I left."

Reen was that way; that's the way he sized up the situation an' he didn't give a dern about saying so. It struck him as funny. They was so mad they was about to arrest him once for desertion, but they couldn't on account of him having come back. If he'd had any property they might of sued, but he didn't have none The joke was on them

And then the returns for the pictures begin to come in. That there commission agent sure knowed his business. He sold 'em, all right. Got good money for 'em too."

"What I'd like to know," Reen says to Effie one day over to our house, "is what you said to that idiot. I couldn't never do nothing with him."

"What I told him," Effie says, "don't amount to nothing. Most likely the pictures is just a-selling theirselves. It goes that way. Takes time, that's all. What I'm bothered about is what he told me about your work."

Reen come up a-weaving like a rattlesnake. "Yes?" he says, sarcastic.

"Yes," Effie says, "he told me that you can't paint sky an' get depth an' distance into it."

"Like hell I can't!" Reen yells. "I'll show him! I done it in Europe an' I can do it here. I'll start one tomorrow."

And that's what he done. He's a-getting on fine now, Reen is. They tell me that if a cat was to walk across one of his pictures with wet feet people would admire the tracks. He's all right now. He got purty sore at Effie about them dogs an' lighthouses an' gulls an' things, but it didn't last long. He says now that them pictures don't represent nothing but a period of his development nohow.

We're all mighty proud of Reen around here. Whenever strangers gets to bragging about big people they knowed back home, why, old Buck Fisher an' the rest of the gang will get down their books an' show 'em that Reen once owed 'em money. They set a heap of store by them old records. Reen's a fine boy an' Effie's a fine girl but we had just about all the art colony we could use. And the scenery's all gone, anyway. It's done been took.

"-best show in town" ★

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"The LEGION of the CONDEMNED"

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OUT-OF-DOORS

Doctor to Wild Birds

WHAT to do for a bilious bluebird might stump an M.D., but not Mary E. Coburn. She prescribes in a twinkling—bicarbonate of soda, and should the case be particularly severe, a few blobs of olive oil or bismuth from a medicine dropper. The diet is a strict one—beef tea and bread and milk!

Wild birds that make melody in the summer fields do not enjoy the bloom of health and sweet content that appear to the casual eye. It is Miss Coburn who knows this. To her little bird hospital at Sixteen Acres, Massachusetts, come feathered patients suffering from influenza, infections and indigestion; accident victims with broken wings and legs and frozen feet; fledglings, tumbled unceremoniously from the nest before kind parents have given instruction in the wily ways of hawks and cats and snakes. Hikers and bird lovers bring the sick and needy to the hospital. The matron massages wheezy throats with ointments and tempts the appetite with salt pork coated with red pepper in lieu of a mustard poultice. She paints infections with antiseptics, sets broken wings and legs, and mothers the orphan until he is wise and strong enough to fend for himself.

"Sick birds are much like sick people," avers Miss Coburn. "A heron with an injured foot can be as crusty as an old gentleman with the gout, while a crippled meadow lark will be as good a sport as a wounded doughboy. They all have their individualities, quite as distinct as human beings, when you come to know them."

A Bluebird That Wasn't Blue

"Young birds, unable to fly, make up the largest single group of our patients. A majority of these will be robins. You know how helpless the average person feels with a nestling fluttering wildly about the yard and the parent birds screaming at sight of every cat. Our ambulance answers emergency calls anywhere within a radius of fifteen miles, and folks seldom hesitate to phone.

"Big water birds like the heron and bittern are continually getting caught in traps set for muskrats, and free themselves at the price of a severely lacerated foot. Live wires throw other birds to the ground and break legs and wings. And then there always seem to be guns that maim without killing. Sooner or later a representative of every species in the locality finds its way to us. Thrush, woodcock, junco, flicker, owl, blue jay, kingbird, white-eyed grackle, scarlet tanager, grosbeak, black-billed cuckoo, veery, ovenbird and snipe have all taken their turn as inmates, to mention a few of those less familiar than the robins, bluebirds and song sparrows that flock in on us.

"Not long ago we had an albino bluebird. He was pure white, with almost transparent pink eyes. Except for his unmistakable bluebird warble he would have been unrecognizable. He was put in a cage with a young kingbird, and the two developed such an affection for each other that one day when the kingbird escaped prematurely the call of the bluebird brought him back from a tree top to captivity. For more than eight years we kept a European goldfinch that had been blinded. Somehow it had broken from its cage. A college student discovered it on the steps of a train in a distant city and sent it to us. Its song had a melancholy sweetness such as I had never heard.

"Folks away at the shore in summer have even sent us injured sea gulls. Once a civil engineer, felling trees for a new street, gave orders that all nests be protected, and delivered to us eleven fledglings in one afternoon. Day in, day out, we will average from thirty to forty birds on the hospital roster. Of course there are most in summer, but often, when youngsters from the last broods reach maturity too late to join the Southern migrations, we are forced to provide board and room and a warm stove through the winter."

It is nearly fifteen years since Miss Coburn received her first patient. This was a robin that fell almost at her feet from high in a big maple. It lay stunned, but she picked it up and carried it home, where it soon came to life and developed a fine big appetite for blueberries and bread and milk. The bird grew rapidly to maturity. Neighbors, learning of her success in rearing it, began bringing her other nestlings rescued from the house cat. Bit by bit her reputation as a skilled wild-bird doctor spread abroad until she found herself with a sanitarium crowded with the sick, injured and orphaned.

An Eagle in Flight, Leaving Her Young Eaglet on the Nest

Head Nurse

The young robin who started it all contracted a disease that rendered her wing and tail feathers brittle, so that they never attained normal length, and as a result she could not fly. But she lived to do yeoman duty in the nursery. For twelve years she had full charge of the robin ward. Here, in summertime, ready for any emergency, was always to be found a large pan of earthworms. Let a fledgling, screaming protest, be admitted, and the head nurse would scurry at once to the pan and dig out the choicest titbit she could find. Then she would hustle over and plant it right in the middle of a big squawk, with a touch so deft and sure that the youngster would fall silent in stark surprise, and wonder if his grief were as poignant as first it seemed. In her long service the nurse reared more than three hundred nestlings, and sent them forth, with a mother's blessing, to join the woodland choirs.

During her workaday moments Miss Coburn teaches in the Sixteen Acres school, a little red schoolhouse at a typical New England crossroad, with sugar maples out front and lilac and syringa hedges at the sides. The bird hospital is close by, a little white bungalow beside an alder-fringed pond, with mixed woods beyond and blue hills in the distance. Here Miss Coburn lives with her birds and a companion, Miss Inez B. Ingraham. A room off the kitchen, with a southern exposure and a sun parlor jutting from the windows, forms the aviary. A burst of robin bugles greets the ear on entry.

"Sometimes they sing so loudly you need ear muffs," apologizes Miss Coburn. "Put fifteen or eighteen of them in one small room and there's music aplenty. See that red-winged blackbird over there? Living in here with all these rowdy robins he's picked up all the robin calls—rather improved on them, I think, for he seems to have a deeper, richer note. He was a little

(Continued on Page 174)

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Science in recent years has been finding out some very interesting things about Sauerkraut. It is rich in lactic ferments, the "good little germs" to which Metchnikoff attached so much importance in his famous book on "The Prolongation of Life." These lactic ferments are the enemies of intestinal disease. They make Sauerkraut a real health food, a natural conditioner and regulator.

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MONEY FOR SOOTH

(Continued from Page 21)

But if the rajah was a citrous soothsayer, he was no mean detective. He had a genius for thorough and painstaking investigation, and in the next few days he probed earnestly into the life and letters of one Jasper De Void. What he learned intrigued his interest to the bursting point. Jasper had some social position and more than a little money—all cash. Through sheer ability—there were some who claimed it was bull luck—Mr. De Void had succeeded in acquiring the cash surplus of several friends. Yet he was slipshod, easy-going, trustful, and rather addicted to dumbness.

Mr. Sahib did not stop his investigation with the details of Jasper's meteoric Birmingham career. He delved more deeply, digging up scraps of information every here and there, and in the course of that investigation he learned of Jasper's proudest possession, the ancient and battered typewriter.

That typewriter infected the rajah with an idea and he reported to Jasper that the sperrits were at work and that shortly Mr. De Void might have the exquisite pleasure of hearing himself insulted by the fair Magnesia, with an immediate result of having his engagement broken.

Jasper was eager but doubtful. He fancied that sperrits were taking their time about helping him, and he wasn't at all certain that Miss Jones was not impervious to anything so intangible as other-world influences. So far he could see no change in her manner. She dominated him absolutely and was arbitrary and dictatorial in her demands upon him. A proud, unyielding woman, fond of a quarrel.

And then one night, when low-hanging clouds scudded across the face of an unsmiling moon, the Rajah Nabob Sahib got busy in a most unoccult way. Making sure that Jasper was safely in his room at Sally Crouch's Cozy Home Hotel for Colored, the soothsayer admitted himself into Jasper's office with a skeleton key. He selected a sheet of Jasper's letter paper, slipped it under the platen of Mr. De Void's machine and gave himself over to the agony of authorship.

One hour later he withdrew the paper from the machine and gazed pridefully at his handiwork:

miss Magnesia jonEs
hiRMingham? alabAma

ResPected lAdy*

I think iT is abOut time sumbody tolD you that you had beTTer not get so hi-hat. hoNesT, the way you treaT me you would tHink I was a Bum and noT youre fiyyanaay.

wHo the he-ll are you that you shouLd treaT me that way. I ask yOu. yOu are nothing buT a cheep actress anD noT so good at thaT.

if yOu think you can kEEp on geTTing away with sUch you are all rong. iN my pinion yOu aint even gOOd lOOking so what dO yoU say about that.

yRs. Resptvly.
JASPER DE VOID

This highly unchivalrous letter was duly stamped and dropped into the local letter chute at the great white post office on Fifth Avenue.

The following morning Mr. Jasper De Void received a phone call. He recognized the voice of the fair Magnesia, but it was not the tone to which he was accustomed. It was bitter yet freighted with tears.

"Oh, Jasper," she accused, "y-y-you don't love me no mo'!"

"Says which?"

"Says you don't love me, or you never could of done such."

Mr. De Void's heart beat high with hope. "Now listen at me, Magnesia ——"

"I ain't gwine make no mo' talk with you, an' I don't want to see you again, never."

The receiver clicked at the other end and Mr. De Void stared raptly into the round aperture of the transmitter. Then he did a thing which was very queer for a supposedly ardent lover. He rose and solemnly executed three steps of a double shuffle. Then he remarked to the four walls of his office: "Glory hallelujah!" And immediately thereafter he walked blithely down the street to Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room & Billiard Parlor, where he inhaled a bowl of Brunswick stew and munched a helping of barbecued pork with noisy gusto.

Magnesia Jones was through with him! The Rajah Nabob Sahib had worked efficiently. Occultism had done what material effort could not hope to accomplish. Jasper grinned to himself as he fancied how startled she must have been when influences from another world got busy.

"Dawg-gone it!" he chuckled. "I bet she di'n't even know what was happenin' to her. Sperrits sayin' that she had got to call me up an' bust things off. Sperrits makin' her do what she didn't want. Hot ziggity dam! Ol' Mistuh Sahib is some baby!"

Business of a pressing nature summoned Mr. De Void to Bessemer and he traveled to that suburban city in a rickety old automobile which remained to him from an excursion into the taxicab business. Once in Bessemer, he discovered that a certain pet enterprise was not flourishing. Things were at sixes and sevens and demanded his personal and immediate attention. He procured a room on First Avenue and remained for three days, and hence heard no rumors of what was transpiring in Birmingham.

After the first flush of her righteous indignation had cooled off—after the initial sting of being jilted had passed away—Miss Magnesia Jones found herself possessed of a cold white anger. For the first time in her life a colored gentleman had presumed to say unpleasant things about her. She became affected with an overpowering desire to see manslaughter performed, with Mr. De Void as the slaughteree. She forgot everything save her passion to avenge this insult. She even mentioned some of her troubles to Sis Callie Flukers, the attenuated spinster in whose eminently respectable home she boarded.

Sis Callie told Florian Slappey at the very first opportunity, and between them they spread the news through Darktown. The dusky citizenry gasped. Such crudity! Didn't Jasper have no sense at all—breaking things off thataway?

Friends came to console with the prostrated and furious Magnesia. Two or three declared that they simply wouldn't stand for it if they was her. They impressed this thought upon her, with the result that she sat down and indited a letter to her brother, who was temporarily resident in Memphis. To her brother, Magnesia told details of the ignominy she was suffering. She inclosed Jasper's letter. She explained that the honor of the Jones family was at stake and declared that it behooved Alton to come home and perform a trifling job of extermination.

Furthermore, Magnesia made no secret of the fact that she had communicated with her brother. Those who knew Alton Jones stuck tongue in cheek and shook their heads. Wise man, Jasper, to vanish from Birmingham after starting something which involved Alton. Must have heard what sort of a gentleman Magnesia's brother was.

Many in Birmingham knew. Alton Jones was more than six feet in height and almost that broad. He had a bullet head, snake eyes, an oak-tree spread of shoulder, and muscles like steel springs. He possessed also a genuine fondness for mortal combat, this affection being largely due to the fact that he invariably came off first best.

Coupled with Alton's massive physique was a not inconsiderable athletic skill. He had, for a brief time, been a professional pugilist, addicted to slaughtering opponents in sanguinary preliminaries. Later he had tried wrestling, with results disastrous to those pitted against him. Human bones snapped under the application of Alton's strength.

Mr. Jones was fond of his sister and inordinately proud of her. She had done much to elevate the name of Jones. She was an actress—a movie actress—and her face smiled down on hundreds of thousands of persons from silver screens all over the country. Mr. Jones bought a ticket to Birmingham and arrived hot, dusty, tired and thirsting for Jasper's gore.

His noisy advent occasioned much gossip and brought an acquisitive gleam to the professional eye of Keefe Gaines, the genial and enterprising undertaker. But Jasper was nowhere about, a circumstance which caused Birmingham to agree that he was not entirely insane. They did not know that Mr. De Void was happily browsing about Bessemer, putting his business affairs shipshape and blithely planning to return to the cyclone which awaited him at home.

Word of Alton Jones' arrival came duly to the keen ear of Rajah Nabob Sahib. That gentleman considered the matter. It occurred to him that the wise man leaves no stone unturned. He had a haunting fear that the object of Alton's mission might merely be to patch up the difference existing between his sister and Jasper De Void. And so the rajah made a last grand gesture—a move which was calculated to insure absolutely against any reëstablishment of amicable relations between Magnesia and Jasper.

He visited Mr. De Void's office and once again busied himself with the task of letter writing. This missive was addressed to Mr. Alton Jones. It was written with carefree abandon and a superb indifference to the effect it might have upon Jasper De Void. After all, Mr. Sahib's job was to break off the Jones-De Void engagement, for which task he was to receive an additional seventy-five dollars; and if the methods employed were not exclusively spiritistic, at least Jasper did not know and Jasper was the gentleman supposed to do the paying.

Rajah Nabob Sahib stared with pride at this letter to Alton Jones. It was written with a fine lack of restraint. "I reckon," murmured the rajah beatifically, "that is gwine fix things all right."

The letter was delivered to Alton Jones the following morning as he sat with his sister at the breakfast table. He opened it slowly and read with pop-eyed astonishment. He extended the damning document to Magnesia. "Read that!" he howled. "Read that thing, gal!"

Magnesia read:

deRe sIr

wHo do you think yOu are goiNg to lick anny hOw. You arE notHing but a Big 4 flusher aNd if yoU come fOOling arouNd me you arE goiNg to happen to a accident.

Yrs.
JASPER DE VOID

The fury of Mr. Alton Jones rocked Birmingham. It reverberated through the city and echoed to the farthest corners. It caused the timid to tremble and the most brazen to blanch.

Mr. Jones declared loudly, publicly and frequently that he was going to commit a complete and thorough job of annihilation on the lanky person of Mr. De Void. He stamped through the city, visiting Jasper's customary haunts. His big shoulders swayed aggressively, his hamlike fists were clenched and he shouted that he wanted Jasper now and immediately.

Rajah Nabob Sahib happened to be dining in Bud Peaglar's place on the occasion of Alton's second visit. He gave ear to the rumblings of the big man and decided that if he didn't act with dispatch he'd be forced to file his seventy-five-dollar claim with the administrator of the De Void estate. Thereupon he conducted further investigation and learned that Jasper was in Bessemer. He boarded an interurban car and traveled to that smoky, bustling suburb. The task of locating Mr. De Void was not difficult, and the rajah stated his business.

"Ise finished spiritulizin' Miss Jones," he declared. "The on'iest thing she has got fo'

(Continued on Page 52)

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	Royal 8	x		x		x
Chrysler	52 62 72	x	x	x		x
	80	x				x
Cunningham		x	x	x	x	x
Davis		x	x	x		x
Dodge	4	x	x	x		x
	Victory 6	x	x	x		x
	Senior 6	x	x	x		x
Durant	55	x	x	x		x
	65	x	x	x		x
	75	x	x	x		x
Elcar	8-82	x	x			x
	6-70	x				x
	8-92	x	x			x
Falcon		x	x	x	x	x
Ford	All	x		x	x	x
Franklin	All	x	x	x	x	x
Gardner	All	x	x	x		x
Graham-Paige	610	x	x	x		x
	614	x	x			x
	619	x	x			x
	62[illegible]	x	x			x
	[illegible]5	x	x			x
Hudson-Essex	All	x	x	x		x
Hupp	6	x	x	x		x
	Big 8	x	x			x
	Century 8	x	x	x	x	x
Jordan	R	x	x	x		x
	JR	x	x	x	x	x
	JJ	x	x	x	x	x
Kissel	All	x	x	x		x
LaSalle	All					x
Lincoln		x	x	x	x	x
Locomobile	Je[illegible]8	x	x			x
Marmon	68	x				x
	78		x			
Moon	All	x	x	x		x
Nash	Std. 6	x	x	x		x
	6	x				x
	8	x				x
Peerless	All	x	x	x		x
Pierce-Arrow	81	x	x	x		x
	36	x	x		--	
Reo	Flying Cloud	x	x			x
	Wolverine	x	x			x
Star	All	x	x	x		x
Stearns-Knight	All	x	x	x	x	x
Studebaker and Erskine	All	x	x	x	x	x
Stutz	All	x	x	x	x	x
Velie	All	x	x	x	x	x
Willys-Overland	Whippet 4	x	x	x	x	x
	Whippet 6	x	x	x	x	x
	56	x	x	x	x	x
	66	x			x	x
	70	x	--	--	x	x

TIMKEN
Tapered
ROLLER BEARINGS

(Continued from Page 50)

you now is hate, an' you owes me seventy-five dollars cash money."

"Dawg-bite if you ain't right," answered Jasper. But he was canny. "I ain't shuah."

"Call her on the telephone, brother. Call her up an' ask is you popalar with her."

Mr. De Void called the number of Magnesia's boarding house. She was summoned to the phone. "Honey ——" he started.

"Who you is?" came a voice of ice.

"This is yo' Jasper."

What the lady said the eagerly watching rajah did not know, but he saw an expression of bewilderment cross Jasper's face, followed by an ecstatic smile. He placed the receiver gently on the hook and approached his benefactor.

"Ise a son of a gun if you ain't a wow, Brother Sahib. That gal is plumb annoyed at me."

"You owes me ——"

"Shuh! Heah's yo' seventy-five dollars, an' it's cheap at the price." Mr. De Void extended his hand. "I sholy is grateful to you, brother."

"Man, you don't know how grateful you ought to be!"

"Yes, I does. An' if you ever needs a recommend ——"

Mr. Sahib returned to Birmingham and cautiously made his preparations for a sudden and complete exodus. He felt that he had tilled a fertile field but that no more crops were coming his way. Other cities beckoned.

The following night Jasper borrowed a ride to Birmingham on a truck driven by a Bessemer boy. They drove into the city through West End and thence along Avenue F, on which broad street was situated Callie Flukers' boarding house. It was Jasper's idea to drop in at Sis Callie's and end his engagement happily by securing the ring he had given Magnesia.

Near Titusville, Mr. De Void heard his name being shouted on the night air. The truck driver halted his steed and Jasper turned to face an elegant slim figure which was running toward him. Florian Slappey was dressed to the ultimate—gray hat, gray silk shirt and gray spats. But he was not his customary insouciant self. His eyes were distended and it was obvious that he was laboring under intense excitement.

"Jasper," he called hoarsely, "I craves to make talk with you."

Mr. De Void hesitated. He was somewhat doubtful of Florian. In the past, Mr. Slappey had made two signally unsuccessful attempts to separate Jasper from a goodly portion of his cash capital, and so the colored gentleman from Dothan was inclined to scrutinize advances from the dapper one with a critical and fishy eye.

Florian stamped his foot. "Git down offen that truck, long boy! Does you continue sittin' up there under that arc light you is libel to suddenly become ain't."

His manner was so impressively earnest that Jasper decided to take a chance. He bade his Bessemer friend farewell and joined Mr. Slappey. That overwrought young fashion plate escorted Jasper to a corner which was both dark and deserted. Then Florian swung on the other. "Fool what you is!"

Mr. De Void blinked. "How come you to call me fool, Florian?"

"'Cause this is the fust time I ever had a chance to talk to a suicide befo' he done it."

"Foolishment what you utters."

"Yah, an' foolishment what you does. Dawg-gone, Jasper, until yestiddy I thought you had maybe one li'l' brain in yo' haid. But now ——"

Mr. De Void was inclined to become resentful. Florian was far from complimentary. Also he spoke with a disturbing passion: "Splain to me, Florian. You talks much but says nothin'."

"All right, I'll splain. An' I'll say fust off, Jasper, that I know good an' well us ain't never been such awful good friends. S'far's that goes, Ise thoo. Twice I tried to trim you an' twice I got trum. I know when Ise licked. Which is how come me to think of savin' yo' life."

"Savin' my —— What you talkin' 'bout?"

"You know durn good an' well what I discusses."

"I don't, honest."

"Hmph!"—sarcastically. "I reckon you don't know that Magnesia Jones is so sore at you she'd mos' likely chew yo' haid off if she got a chance."

A broad grin split Jasper's lips. "Sholy I know that, Florian. It's the happiest thing I is about."

"Oh, gosh! You idjit! Well, I asks you somethin' else: Did you ever heah tell of Magnesia's brother Alton?"

"What used to be a fighter an' a wrastler? Magnesia tol' me 'bout him."

Florian stared at the tall man in amazement. Was it possible that Jasper possessed such mighty physical courage, or was he simply an undiluted idiot? "Alton is in town," he announced, "an' he's lookin' fo' you!"

"Oh!"

For the first time Jasper appeared impressed. This condition was unexpected and worth pondering. Florian regarded him with genuine concern. It was one thing to make attempts against a man's cash, but quite another to stand by and see that person sent to a cemetery.

"How come you ever to write them letters, Jasper? Fo' gosh sake tell me that!"

"Which letters, Florian?"

"Them two. The one you written Magnesia was bad enough, but then to foller it up with that terrible one to Alton—that wasn't no diff'ent fum swallerin' a bullet which has just been shot out of a gun."

It dawned upon the unnimble brain of Jasper De Void that there were certain circumstances with which he was grossly unfamiliar. Florian talked intimately of letters—and he had written no letters. Jasper asked for an explanation and received one—a vivid, graphic recital of the missives which had aroused Magnesia and her militant brother to homicidal wrath. At the conclusion of Florian's story Jasper's brain was whirling. He found himself staring through a haze into a land of blossoming lilies and twanging harps, and he knew that he had pressing business elsewhere.

"I got to go, Florian."

"Where?"

"Got to see somebody. It's impawtant."

"A'right." Mr. Slappey shrugged. "I has done you a good turn, Jasper, 'cause I don't crave to see you git kilt. But this much I adwises: Was I you I'd carry a shadow with me so's I'd never be wisible. Alton Jones is combin' this town fo' you, an' once he gits them big han's on yo' pusson, they ain't gwine be nothin' but one sqush, like a grape, an' you will be listenin' to a concert by the Angel Gabriel."

Jasper thanked his friend and departed. He moved across to Avenue G and came eventually—by a marvelously circuitous route—to the domicile of Rajah Nabob Sahib, who "sees all, knows all, no matter how difficult."

The rajah experienced a moment of consternation as the tall figure of Jasper sidled through the door frame. He gave a quick glance at the countenance of Mr. De Void and was instantly reassured. Jasper exhibited terror and wonder, but no anger.

"Rajah," he murmured, "somethin' horrid has happened."

"Huh? Wha's that you says with yo' mouf?"

"You done too much, Mistuh Sahib. You sholy did."

"How come?"

"It was all right to make Magnesia sore at me, Mistuh Sahib, but, by golly, you hadn't ought to of wrote them letters."

The mighty soothsayer assumed an attitude of injured innocence. "Which letters?"

"Them letters which you written to Magnesia an' her brother which my name was signed to."

Rajah Nabob Sahib did some lightning thinking. It occurred to him that never in all his career had he met a person so colossally gullible as Jasper De Void. He placed hands on hips and surveyed his visitor with mighty disdain.

"Fool what you is, Jasper."

"Huh?"

"Idjit! I never written no letters."

"No?" Jasper pondered. "Two letters sholy was wrote, an' if you didn't, who did?"

The rajah sneered. "Who you reckon?" he asked.

"Dunno. Who?"

"You!"

"What?"

"You written them two letters," rasped the seer. "You written them yo'se'f with yo' own hands on yo' own typewriter."

"Craziment what you talks. How come I woul'n't know if I wrote letters? Answer me that."

"'Cause this way, Jasper: You forget that I is the champeen cullud clairvoyant of the world. You forget that I is a graduate of the India Occult School with a diploma an' ev'ything. When you tol' me to git busy, I got. I went into a trance an' occulted all over the place. I talked with sperrits an' I tol' them to make Magnesia sore at you. I reckon them sperrits just nachelly flied over to the hotel while you was sleepin' an' they gotten you to yo' office an' made yo' fingers write them two letters."

"But woul'n't I know I done it, rajah?"

"Suttinly not. You don't understan' occultology, Jasper. The mind of man is divided into two states—the subconscious an' the unconscious. When you is awake you is subconscious an' when you sleeps you is unconscious. An' durin' the unconscious state is when sperrits gits in their best licks. You does things then that nobody knows nothin' 'bout—least of all you. Tha's when you written them two letters."

Jasper swayed uncertainly on the balls of his great feet. His jaw was sagging and a sensation of prodigious misery was upon him. "I—I reckon I ain't got nobody to blame but myse'f," he admitted. "But that sholy don't make dyin' no easier."

Regarding Mr. De Void through half-closed eyes, the rajah became aware of the fact that his work was not entirely finished. "This," he declared positively, "is a situation requirin' the services of a fust-class occulter."

A gleam of hope shot into Jasper's eyes. "Yeh?"

"Sholy. I soothsayed an' brung this condition about. Wha's to prevent me fum reversin' that occulting an' causin' Alton Jones to forget that he is sore at you?"

"Oh, lawsy! Could you really?"

"I could—sure. But believe me, Jasper, it ain't no ord'nary job. Nothin' but a fust-class occulter could git away with it, an' the price ain't cheap."

"I don't care 'bout money. Cash ain't no good to a cawpse."

"Fine! Fo' three hund'ed dollars I gits you an' Alton to be friends."

"Man, tha's a lot of cash!"

"If it's too much, then you hadn't ought to do it. Fo' the same amount you can buy yo'se'f a nice fun'ral, with music an' ev'ything."

Jasper moved to the window, where he stared out into the night. The shadows under the trees seemed to move, as though danger lurked. After all, Mr. De Void was very fond of the world and considered it a good place in which to reside. He spoke without turning: "I pays you the th'ee hund'ed dollars, rajah. But I don't pay it until after Alton Jones an' me is friends again."

The rajah argued and stormed, but Jasper was not to be shaken. "I craves this occulting C. O. D., Mistuh Sahib, an' I ain't gwine pay no other way."

The soothsayer made the best of a doubtful bargain. He talked long and earnestly with Jasper, and between them they decided on an excellent hiding spot for the harassed gentleman.

Jasper slipped off into the night, doubtfully hopeful and afflicted with an attack of thought. Things had happened too swiftly and terribly for him. He hadn't been able to piece things together. He moved across Red Mountain into the fastnesses of Shades Valley. The night was dark and dreary; the trees moaned and sighed; automobiles screeched past and frightened the lone, gangling pedestrian. He walked toward his hiding place and he thought—and thought.

Meanwhile, back in the city, the Rajah Nabob Sahib was also engaged in thinking. He found himself faced by an almost impossible task and he regretted keenly the professional enthusiasm which had prompted him to write the letter to Alton Jones.

The rajah was made somewhat ill by the knowledge that in Jasper's pocket was three hundred dollars in cash aching to be transferred to him, but that he could not get the money without performing the utterly impossible. It was a situation requiring all the cleverness and mental skill which the rajah boasted. Until far into the early hours of the next day he sat in a rocking-chair smoking and thinking, and it was not until nearly breakfast time that the faintest glimmering of an idea came to him.

That day the rajah prospected around. He met Alton Jones personally and chatted with him. But when the name of Jasper De Void was mentioned Mr. Jones made his opinion so vividly apparent that the soothsayer trembled. He took that thought home with him and brooded upon it.

Something else happened during that long and dreary day. Mr. De Void, securely hidden in the woods, required certain things from his hotel. He bethought himself of Mr. Slappey, who had so thoughtfully saved him from annihilation, and so he went to a telephone and called that Sybaritic gentleman. Florian rented a flivver and joined Jasper in the valley. Between them there existed a very genuine respect which gave promise of blossoming into friendship. They moved into the shadows and talked long and earnestly.

The day following Mr. Sahib visited Jasper to report progress. "I soothed all las' night," he averred. "I had a long talk with a couple of my pretickeler sperrit friends an' they said they was goin' to do their best."

"You reckon they's gwine be successful?"

"Dunno, Jasper. I'll keep on urgin' 'em along."

During the trek back to Birmingham the rajah gave himself over to intensive thought. He had two forces to contend with. One was Alton Jones' immutable fury and the other was Jasper's superb gullibility. The idea that had disturbed him vaguely some time since recurred and slowly took shape.

Mr. Sahib commenced to smile. The more he turned the idea over in his mind the better it seemed. True, it was an unrighteous scheme, but it had a rocklike solidity which argued well for its success. And that night, his plan perfected, Rajah Nabob Sahib did two things. The first was to pack his belongings for a sudden getaway from Birmingham. The second was to pay a formal call upon Alton Jones. He was greeted sourly. Mr. Jones was in an ungenial mood. He informed the rajah that he didn't mean to be discourteous, but he was thirsting for gore and until that thirst was slaked there wasn't a chance for him to get in a good humor.

"Whose gore, Brother Jones?"

"Jasper De Void's."

The rajah rubbed his hands together and smiled bleakly. "Tha's what I come to see you about, Brother Jones."

Alton's voice rumbled as he towered over his visitor. "You know where Jasper De Void is at?"

"I does."

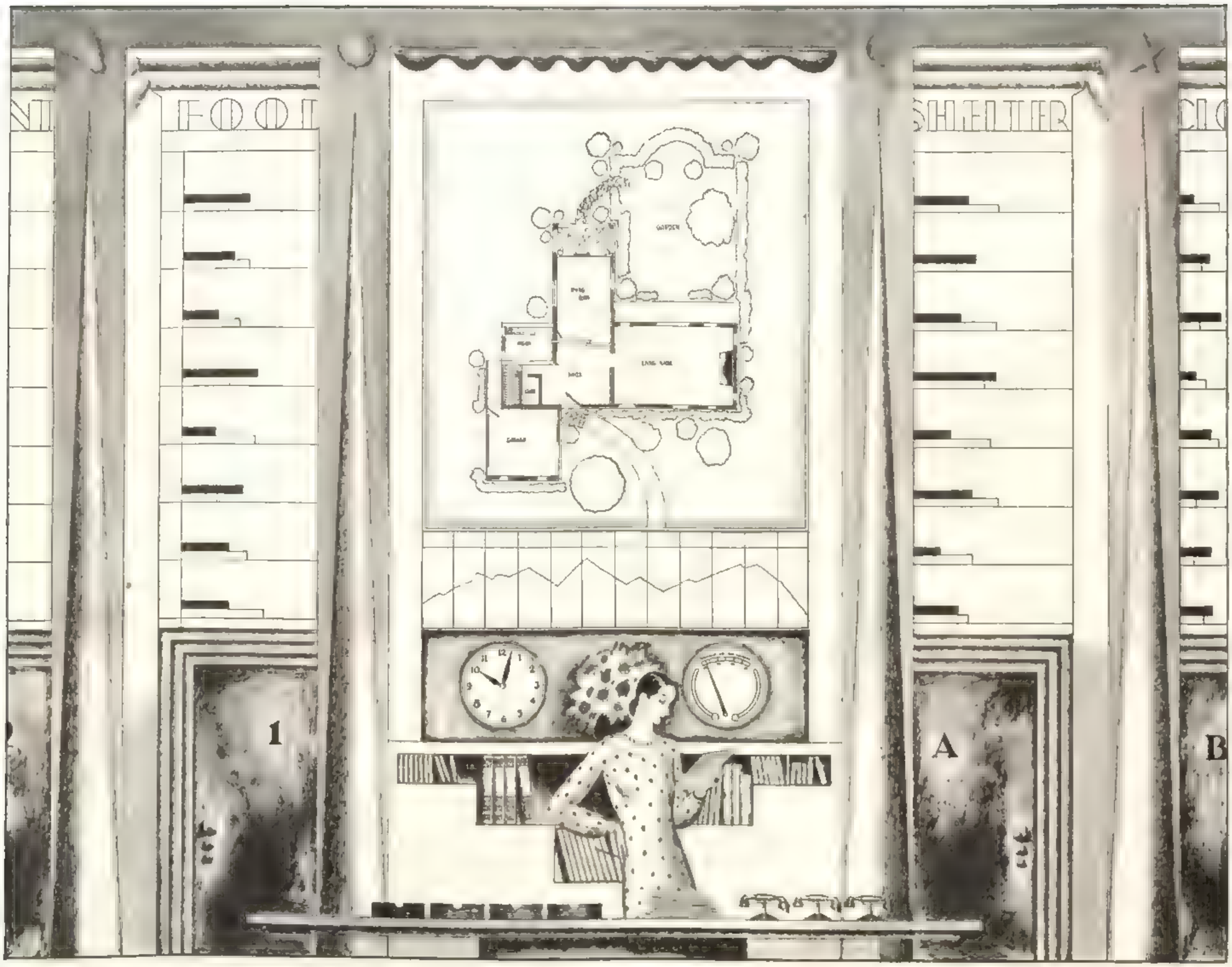
"Lead me to him, thin man. I craves to extinct him entirely."

"Just a minute." The rajah extended a mild restraining hand. "I asks you a couple of questions. Fust off I ain't aimin' to be party to no murder."

"I ain't gwine murder him. I crave to beat him up so that they's gwine cover him with paraffin an' call him jelly."

"Jus' wallop him, eh?"

(Continued on Page 58)



The Little Woman, G · P · A ·

Businesses may have their treasurers, their comptrollers, even their boards of directors who watch expenditures. By careful perusal of charts and graphs, by weighty conferences, they determine how annual income is to be spent.

But homes have their wives who do the same work in 25 million independent businesses, the households of America. Without elaborate research, without the counsel and the conferences of big business, *these* executives spend annually 40 billion dollars. They spend it amazingly well, too, though they are not specialized purchasing agents any more than they are specialized cooks, or interior decorators, or educators, or furnace tenders.

Their decisions are governed by the welfare of their families. "Is this breakfast food better for my children to eat?" . . . "Will this davenport and these curtains, this lamp and this piano, make my home a pleasanter place to be?" . . . "Will this school give my daughter what I know she needs?" . . . "Would another kind of heating equipment make our home more comfortable, more healthful next winter?" These are samples of the questions they ask.

Always they visualize the ideal, these wives and mothers, before they consider economies. But they watch for economies as few business men do. By aptitude and training they are excellent shoppers. The competition for their attention, the courting of their favor, is tremendous. The way to their hearts and their purses is not easy, but it is clear. These general purchasing agents are readers of advertising, consistent, critical readers of advertising. It has been estimated that they buy more than eighty per cent of all advertised merchandise.

Addressing the women of America on the printed page is an art, but an art that can be applied with almost the exactitude of a science. Already it has meant the growth and continued success of many concerns who manufacture products useful in the business of making a home and rearing a family.

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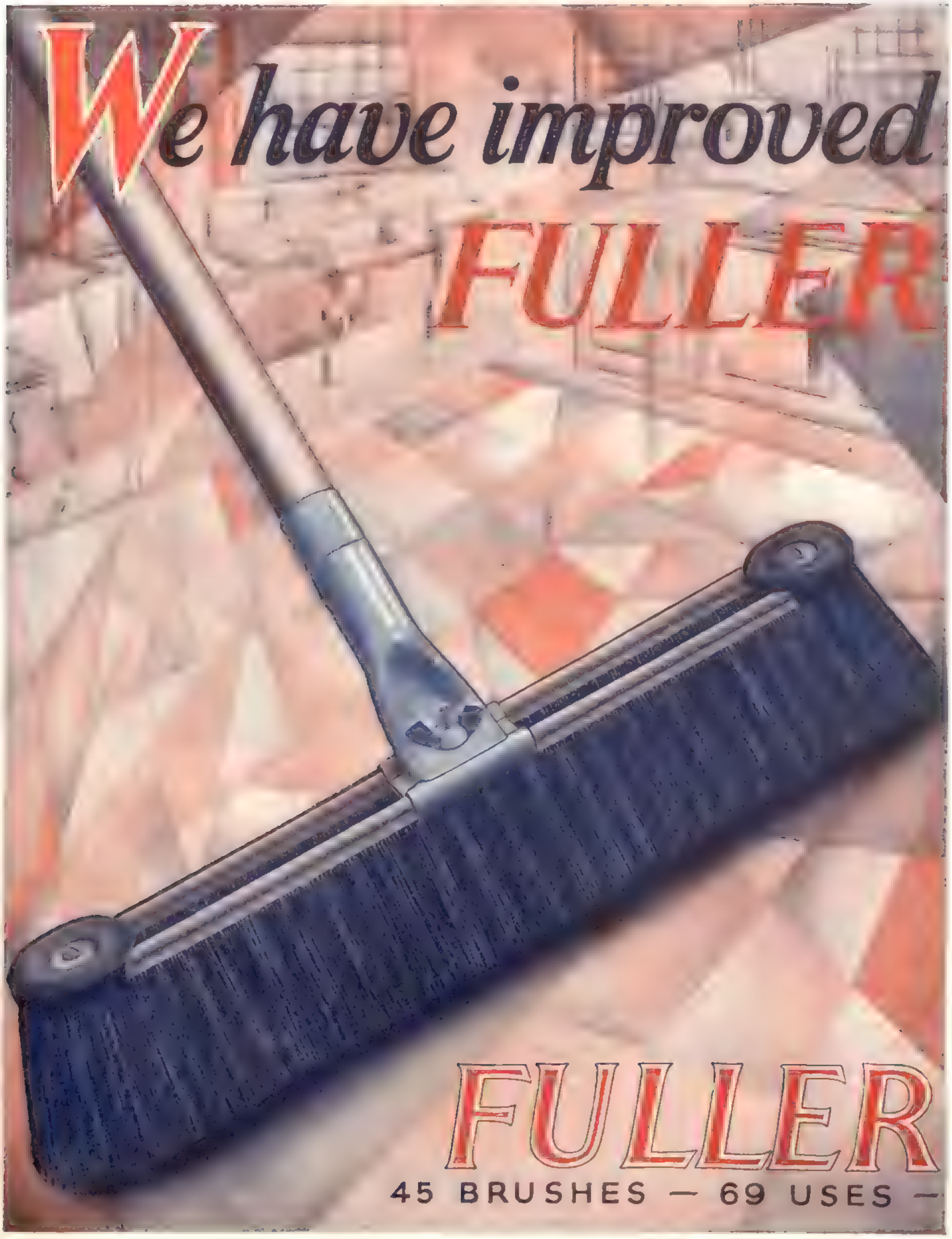
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—A File for Every Purpose

(Continued from Page 52)

"Tha's all—plenty."

"Good! Now listen, Brother Jones. I has got my own pussonal reasons fo' desirin' to see Brother De Void beat up. Me, I ain't able to do such. So I suggests this to you: Tomorrow night at midnight I is gwine have Jasper in that picnic grove 'bout a quarter mile fum Epic Peters' road house near the Montgomery Highway. Nemmin' how Ise gwine git him there. Fack remains that I does. You is to come along, park by Epic's place an' stroll into that grove. Then ——"

"I know what to do then all right," growled Alton. "I busts him loose an' kicks him back."

"Tha's it. Tomorrow night at midnight."

"You promise?"

"Posolutely."

The rajah moved gleefully down the street. This, indeed, was a scheme of scintillant perfection. It was so simple as to be absurd.

The following morning he visited the depressed Jasper. "Great wiggilin' tripe!" he enthused. "Ev'ything is fixed."

"What you mean—fixed, Mr. Sahib?"

"The sperrits has been wukkin' on Alton. I was speakin' to him on the street an' he was sayin' that he was all wrong about you an' craves to make friends."

"Honest?"

"Cross my heart an' hope to be bawn a dawg."

"Then," said Jasper, rising, "I goes in an' shake hands with him "

"Nos-suh! Not yet. You don't want to ack too hasty. Sperrits won't stand fo' no fumadiddles. Things has got to be done their way. Now listen, I got news that I must leave Bumminham tomorrow sure. So that requires us to ack quick. I has arranged ev'ything. Tonight at eleven o'clock I drives by fo' you. Us goes to a fav'rite picnic groun's of them sperrits an' I incant a li'l'. Soon as I is shuah ev'ything is wukkin' fine I gets them ghosses to summon Alton Jones into that grove, an' then he walks over an' shakes hands with you an' ev'ything is chicken."

"But spose ——"

"Shuh! Foolish! If the sperrits git him there at all, it means that ev'ything is all right, don't it?"

"Guess it do," murmured Jasper. "I sholy is grateful to you, Mistuh Sahib."

There was a significant pause. "An now, Jasper, how about the three hund'ed dollars you promised me fo' straightenin' ev'ything up between you an' Alton?"

Mr. De Void shrugged. "Don't you worry 'bout that, rajah. I pays it to you the minute me an' Alton is friends again."

"But I got to leave town in the mawnin' on the six o'clock train. Bank ain't open then."

"I'll send into town fo' it today," said Jasper.

"An' you'll have it in yo' pocket when us goes to the grove tonight?"

"Uh-huh. I promise."

The rajah found himself under a great strain to conceal his laughter as he moved back toward the city. How perfectly everything dovetailed and what a clever man he was! He reviewed the situation—it was little short of magnificent in its diabolic cunning.

That night he would conduct Jasper to the grove and proceed to sling a séance. Jasper would be duly impressed. At midnight the hulking figure of Alton Jones would come through the trees. Jasper, certain that the spirits had done their job well, would go smilingly forward to meet his arch enemy.

And then—blooie!—Mr. Jones would swing on the unprotected jaw of the unsuspecting Jasper. Mr. De Void would go down—perhaps for a long time or perhaps to rise once again.

But even if he climbed to his feet once, the second wallop from the punitive fist of Mr. Jones would terminate hostilities once and for all.

Then Alton would stamp away through the woods, his honor satisfied. He would leave behind him the limp and unconscious form of Jasper De Void. And in the pockets of Mr. De Void's trousers would be the sum of three hundred dollars, cash!

"I just pays myse'f an' beats it," murmured the rajah. "I sholy does use my head fo' somethin' more than just to keep my spine fum unravelin'."

Scarcely had the rajah left Jasper when that gentleman went to the telephone in a little crossroads store. He summoned Florian Slappey and that person rushed into Shades Valley in a rented flivver. Jasper gave Florian a check for three hundred dollars and an hour later Mr. Slappey had returned with that amount in cash. For an hour or so the two friends chatted.

Jasper seemed very happy during the afternoon, even after Florian had gone. It seemed to him that his troubles were about to be adjusted. It certainly would be pleasant to be friends with the pugilistic Mr. Jones. And on the morrow he, Jasper, could return to his rooms at the Cozy Home Hotel for Colored and pick up the loose ends of his neglected business.

He waited impatiently for the coming of night. Its arrival seemed unusually slow—a gradual shading from gold to red and then to black. Long shadows settled over the valley, and it was night. Jasper waited. He was a trifle apprehensive of the spiritistic aspects of the ordeal, but he didn't doubt that everything was worth while. He walked up and down beneath the big trees, a smile on his broad lips, his feet kicking up little clouds of dust.

At eleven o'clock Rajah Nabob Sahib came for Jasper. He was at the helm of a distinctly rheumatic car, but despite that handicap, dignity sat largely upon him. Twenty minutes later they were at the grove. The rajah commenced unpacking his effects. First he donned the starred and spangled robes in which Jasper had first seen him. Upon his bullet head he placed the peaked cap. The amazing shoes adorned his feet and he announced himself prepared for a clairvoyage.

His next task was to carry a brass bowl from the rear of the car to the center of the grove. He collected many sticks of dry wood and touched a match to them. Over the flames he sprinkled a powder which gave off a decidedly aromatic smoke. Then the weird figure of the occultist commenced to circle about the flame, uttering impressive incantation:

Agra, oogra, igloo, pah!
Hindustanee farmee lah!
Sperrits hover o'er this pot,
Singe yo' tails if it gits too hot!

The seer then backed away from the smoke screen and stood rigidly beneath a pine tree. The little fire cast a grotesquely large shadow of the gowned soothsayer against the background of pine and oak. Jasper, thoroughly impressed, desired to talk, but the countenance of the entranced seer forbade anything so mundane. This was a moment of stark spiritism and so Jasper held his tongue and wondered why his backbone persisted in crawling all over his back.

"Golla!" murmured Mr. De Void. "Ain't he elegant!" Then, as an afterthought: "I shuah hope nothin' goes wrong."

But if the clairvoyant's face was masklike, his soul was singing with glee. He had checked up with Jasper on the matter of the three hundred cash and he was barely able to repress a chuckle at the thought of what was going to happen to Mr. De Void as soon as Alton Jones should arrive. "That big dumb-bell is gwine stan' right still an' let a disaster bust him in the eye."

For perhaps five minutes a dead silence held. Then there came a sound of footsteps. The rajah was grinning inwardly. Into the grove there strode an enormous figure—a massive, spreading, muscular, overpowering figure. Mr. Sahib caught the eye of Mr. Jones and imparted a wink. And Jasper—gentle, trusting, gullible Jasper—walked straight into the face of trouble.

Mr. De Void approached his Nemesis with a doubtful smile and his right hand extended in genial good fellowship. The rajah's eyes narrowed and a smile flickered about his lips. He waited for the impact. But Mr. Jones was apparently not ready. He strode past Jasper and approached the figure of the gowned and spangled soothsayer. He planted himself immediately in front of that gentleman. And then, just as Rajah Nabob Sahib opened his lips to speak, a mountain kissed him. Alton Jones swung on the rajah with the trained punching power of his two hundred sinewy pounds.

For the first time in his life the rajah went into a trance. Alton Jones stood over the prostrate figure of the stricken seer. He nudged the motionless body with his foot, shrugged disgustedly, then turned toward Jasper De Void.

"Hello, Jasper," he said.

"H-h-h-howdy, Alton."

Mr. Jones advanced with hand out. "Shake," he invited.

Jasper clasped the muscular fingers. "Pleas' to meet you, Mistuh Jones."

Alton grimaced toward the reclining form of Rajah Nabob Sahib.

"Le's us drive into Bumminham, Jasper. What you say?"

"Ise agreeable, Alton—believe me, I is!"

More than half an hour elapsed before the rajah became aware of the fact that he was not officially listed among those who have been and now ain't. He opened his eyes and blinked. He raised a trembling hand to his jaw, now double its former size. The odor of incense came to his nostrils. A great pain throbbed through his head.

"Oh, lawsy!" he groaned. "Mistuh Jones sholy made a terrible mistake!"

He eventually returned to Birmingham and threw himself on a couch of agony, where he spent a sleepless night. Someway, somehow, an important cog had slipped. The future, seemingly so rosy a few hours since, was now drear and drab.

At ten o'clock the following morning Mr. Jasper De Void looked up from his desk as a bruised and battered figure dragged sorrowfully into his office.

Mr. De Void was bright and cheerful. "Well, dawg my cats, if it ain't my ol' friend, Mistuh Sahib!"

The rajah groaned and sank into a chair. "Jasper," he asked, "what happened las' night? How come Alton Jones to pound me like he done?"

Jasper De Void shook a sympathetic head. "I ast him that when us drave back into town together, rajah. He tol' me the way it come about was that yestiddy afternoon he got a letter fum you—written on a typewriter—telling him that I didn't write them two letters at all. In fack, this letter said you written them other two letters an' signed my name."

Rajah Nabob Sahib sat up very straight. He stared at Mr. De Void's guileless countenance. It came to him now with horrid certainty that Jasper had turned the tables. But still ——

"Somebody's been doin' me dirt," he quavered. "I never written Alton Jones no letter yestiddy."

Jasper nodded brightly. "Oh, yes, you did, rajah. 'Course you don't remember doin' it, 'cause you was in a trance when you was usin' the typewriter. It's like you splained to me befo'—you just talked with them sperrits an' tol' 'em to git busy, an' the fust thing you know they had you writin' that letter to Alton."

The rajah had a headache. He wanted nothing so much as to crawl into a hole and pull the hole in after him. But then a single brilliant thought crowded the misery from his brain. He waved his hand cheerily. "I guess you is right, Jasper," he admitted. "I did write that letter to Alton yestiddy. And so"—he finished triumphantly—"you owe me three hund'ed dollars cash fo' gittin' you out of trouble."

Jasper De Void rose and stared unhappily upon his companion. "I don't owe you nothin'," he snapped. "As a matter of fack, you owe me the one hundred dollars I paid you first."

"H-h-how come?"

"Because," answered Jasper, "I has again became enguged to Magnesia Jones."

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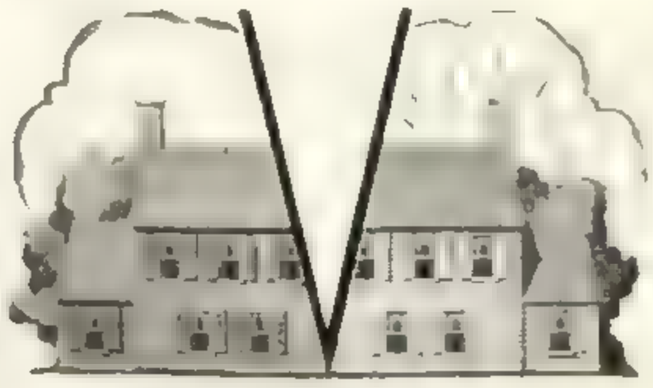

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4-DOOR SEDAN F.O.B. DETROIT

The VICTORY SIX

BY DODGE BROTHERS

GAS!

Continued from Page 19

about four or five feet deep—I wouldn't want the job of digging it. But a very comforting feeling it was to rub your back against the wall and know the Jerries couldn't fit a big shell in there with you.

The Jerries were laying into this road for all they were worth, although there was nobody on it. We would hear the whistle, and we would duck, and then shoot up our heads to see where it landed, and it was smacking the road. But they knew something, and we looked and saw where they had made an unholy mess of two horses and a truck the last time they played this road. What disgusted me also with George for losing his way was when I saw the remains of camouflage laying beside the road; that meant the Jerries could see it. I see now where is the Front, and I make up my mind I will go the other way ally veet when the Jerries call it a job. And just then an American ammunition cart comes out of the woods, pulled by a mule.

Well, the shells are being laid down like four deuces in deuces wild, and right on the road in front of this mule. Does he stop and look the situation over? Does the driver even want him to? No. The driver stands up and lambastes this mule, and lets out a thin cry, and there he is in his go-cart, spanking the mule and swearing, and heading right into dust and flying scrap and rubbish. George and I forgot to duck with watching him, and we leaned out of our front-row places and hollered "Go on, you!"

He would have got through, I guess, if the mule had given him good support, but you never can count on a mule. This one behaved nicely until he got right in the bad spot, and then he puts down his head and begins to kick it out with the Kaiser's artillery. And the next thing is they land on the road right behind the cart, and I see the whole thing go sailing. The mule gallops off with a wreath of wagon around his hind legs, gets caught in brush and finally falls down; the driver lays on his back in the field, with the collapsed cart still under him, and gives out no sound or motion.

"That's him," I said. "He done good. He will get the wooden cross, he will, with his dog tag wired on, being that you and me have not the giving of medals."

We went to try and catch the mule, and we passed by this driver. When what does he do but turn his head and look at us, wrinkling his forehead as if he knew us from somewhere.

He says in a shaky voice, "Hey, buddy, what comes off here?"

"You were detonated, that's what," I says. "Listen, can we have the mule? It ain't any use to you, being that you got no wagon." I didn't like to say, "Being that you will be dead in another minute and eight seconds."

But they got some tough babies in those ammunition trains. This fellow sits up, flexes his back, makes a few faces, and begins to make the motions of rolling a cigarette.

"Have a tailor-made," I said, giving him.

"For the mule?" he says. "He's yourn, buddy. May the next Jerry shell light between my feet if I take a step after him. Be good to yourself for the while you have Sue, buddy. Life is short; pick out the prunes and leave the dry punk."

"Sue?" I said. "Short for Susan or Suzette. How come?"

"Short for Suicide," he said, getting up and stretching. He went over himself for breaks, and then he done some shimmy to see if his back was broken where he could not reach it, and finding himself fit for service, he looked sick and disgusted, and said, "Hang it, I'm as good as new. This is a fine note. You guys got to go with me."

"What for?" we said.

"For witnesses," he said. "I'm going to a hospital. Wasn't I blown up in the air with a shell? I see lots of guys sitting around outside these hospitals in bathrobes, smoking cigars and smelling what's for dinner, and they give me the razz when I go by pushing my mule. Me, I'm going to lay around and smoke cigars and send for the mess sergeant to think of something I'd like. I had a perfect right to get killed right there, or much bunged up, and I want you for witnesses. Anyway, I been feeling *pas bon* all day, only I would not mention it until now, because all our medical officer got in his belt is C. and C. pills."

So we said all right, we would go with him for witnesses if he would give us Sue. So George and I set out to cut off this mule's salient, like we done with the Jerries that day and night we rode twenty-three hours in a Frog truck into the Saint Maheel, but the mule had fast footwork, and when he seen we were turning his flank, he traveled. So finally our casualty had to run him down in the open, straight-away, and get the headstall on him. He said he would not get on Sue's back until we got near the hospital, because this was no mule to ride in a battle area, he having a wish to go and kick the stuffings out of shell bursts—they made him mad.

So we four went back on the main stem to find a hospital. This takes us away from Very, but I knew the topper would be satisfied when he seen our mule. Yes, sir, Sue was some mule; the color of a mouse, but much bigger—big even for a mule—and very strong.

We fight our way along the main stem that runs parallel with the lines, but kilometers back, and we pass some very attractive hospitals—tents, of course. But our casualty is very hard to please. He goes into these places and asks about accommodations and has a look at the kitchen, and he comes out again and says much obliged, but he thinks he will try farther on.

We want to be nice to him, but he is a little bit too particular. You know, soldier, there is no comfort in traveling on the main stem. Ambulances, rolling kitchens, guns and trailers, batches of prisoners, regiments moving up, regiments moving back, trucks, trucks and trucks, everything moving both ways and trying to shove through.

Getting on in the afternoon I says to the casualty, "Listen, are you looking for a hospital or a hotel?"

Just then an officer grabs us and says, "Are you men with this mule? Then hitch him on this wagon and haul it to blazes out of here."

A wagon is standing there blocking traffic. The horse is dead and they have thrown him in the ditch on top of the bacon and condiment cans, the raincoats and extra underwear, the spare pants and leggins, the knives, forks, spoons, overcoats, blankets and Infantry Drill Regulations. They have not shoved the wagon in the ditch, because it is army property and it is not allowed to throw army property in the ditch. Besides, there is no more room in the ditch.

"Where do you want this wagon put, major?" I said, seeing that he is only a captain. There's a wrinkle, soldier. Always give them a step, and they will leave you laughing when they say good-by.

"What the My Goodness Gracious Me do I care where you put it?" said he, or words to that effect. So our casualty buckles Sue into the shafts and we climb into the wagon, and then we are somebody in the world and we can crowd people too. We get in an argument with an infantry captain who is flat-wheeling along beside his topper at the head of his outfit, and to him we sang: "Oh, the dirty, crawly infantry, with the mud behind their ears." However, it happens that his outfit halts just about then because of a traffic jam, and we see a couple of husky sergeants looking at us in a serious way and shrugging the parks off their backs as if going into action, so we noticed that the ditch was filled up there, and there was ground to maneuver it being a crossroads—and we drove over the ditch and out in the lots. One guy, however, kept after us, and I was telling George to jump off and fight him for the time being, when George said:

"Why, that is Lieutenant Whoosis" He does not know his name, but he is from our outfit, the first battalion.

So I said, "Hello, captain."

He says, "I was waiting there for a truck, and I thought I knew you. Where are you going? You're second battalion, aren't you?"

"Back to the outfit," we said. "When we evacuate this casualty into a hospital. We are from the second platoon of Company E, yes, captain."

"Since I left the outfit to go to the gas school," he says winningly, "I find the first battalion is shifted away off here about ten kilometers from the second. Well, if you are going back to the outfit you can do me a favor." But this sounded not right to him, so he coughed and said, "That is to say, I will give you an order which you will carry out in a military manner. You know Lieutenant Sours, the adjutant of the second battalion? He is acting gas officer, and I promised I would bring him back some of the real stuff from the gas school. Seeing you have transportation, you will deliver it into his hands; understanding, however, that it is a military secret."

We drove him back to the road where he had been parked amid his goods and chattels, waiting for a truck. He points out a glass container covered with wood and about a foot and a half high, and he says, "That's it. Put it on your truck. Do you know what it is?"

"We give up," I said, giving the container a shove into our wagon.

"Careful!" he says, turning pale and looking at me with big eyes. "Supposing you broke it?" He then walked up to us and put up his hand to his mouth and whispered, "You know what it is? Invented by Edison! The worst gas was ever used in warfare. Goes through gas masks and gas-proof dugouts, through six feet of earth or nine inches of seasoned oak, and gets its man every time. Kills the grass, the trees, the birds, the beasts, in a concentration of one part to fifty thousand parts of air for one and one-fifth seconds. Evaporates instantly; persists for twenty-eight days; absolutely no known cure. I'm giving you the inside tip on what you're riding, so you will know, if you open that container by design or accident, it is going to injure your health."

"I'll tell you what we'll do," I says, reaching carefully for the container. "We will leave this here by the road, and I will tell the adjutant where he can find it."

Supposing anything happened to that container, hey, soldier? Don't monkey around with gas is my advice to anybody. I had seen too many guys on their backs, bubbling like crabs out of water.

"It's an order," he says, and he takes our names and addresses.

So we bedded this container down in some grass and our coats, just like you would bed down a dud when moving it, if you had no more brains than to want to move a dud, and we drove along, but it certainly spoiled our day's pleasure. So when we came to a very nice hospital, with a mess shack and with no burying detail busy in the front yard, we stopped, and I said to our casualty, "Here's where we leave you, soldier. Thanks for the mule."

"Is it the hospital?" he says in a heavy voice. I notice that he is looking very pale and peaked, but I do not think at the time that it is because he is sitting alongside the container. That new stuff, whatever it is, is in glass, like they keep all that stuff, and I think it is safe. Well, you know you only got to have mustard gas blow on your clothes and it will reach right in and rake

(Continued on Page 62)

Watch This Column

Our Weekly Chat

MARY PHILBIN
and* NORMAN KERRY *in
"LOVE ME and the World Is Mine"

MARY PHILBIN, always sweet, always alluring, always earnest, reaches the very height of her charm in UNIVERSAL'S fine picture, ***"Love Me and the World Is Mine,"*** a romantic spectacle of Vienna before the World's War.

NORMAN KERRY is featured with her, likewise GEORGE SEIGMANN You will doubtless remember this talented trio and their splendid work in our successful picture, ***"Merry Go Round,"*** which is still playing in many parts of the world.

"Love Me and the World Is Mine" is a great and beautiful love-story from the novel by the noted writer, R. H. Bartsch, entitled "The Affairs of Hannerl." It pictures a shy, unsophisticated maiden thrust into the maelstrom of a pleasure-mad city, where she meets a dashing soldier who captures her heart. Direction by A. E. Dupont, who produced the great picture, "Variety."

(Special Note)—***"Love Me and the World Is Mine"*** will have its premiere Saturday, March 24th, in the following cities: Portland, Ore., Columbia Theatre; Kansas City, Mo., Uptown Theatre, Valentine Road, near Broadway; Milwaukee, Wis., Alhambra Theatre, Washington, D. C., Rialto Theatre; Pittsburgh, Pa., Cameo Theatre, 347 Fifth Avenue; Seattle, Wash., Columbia Theatre; Spokane, Wash., Clemmer Theatre.

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Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

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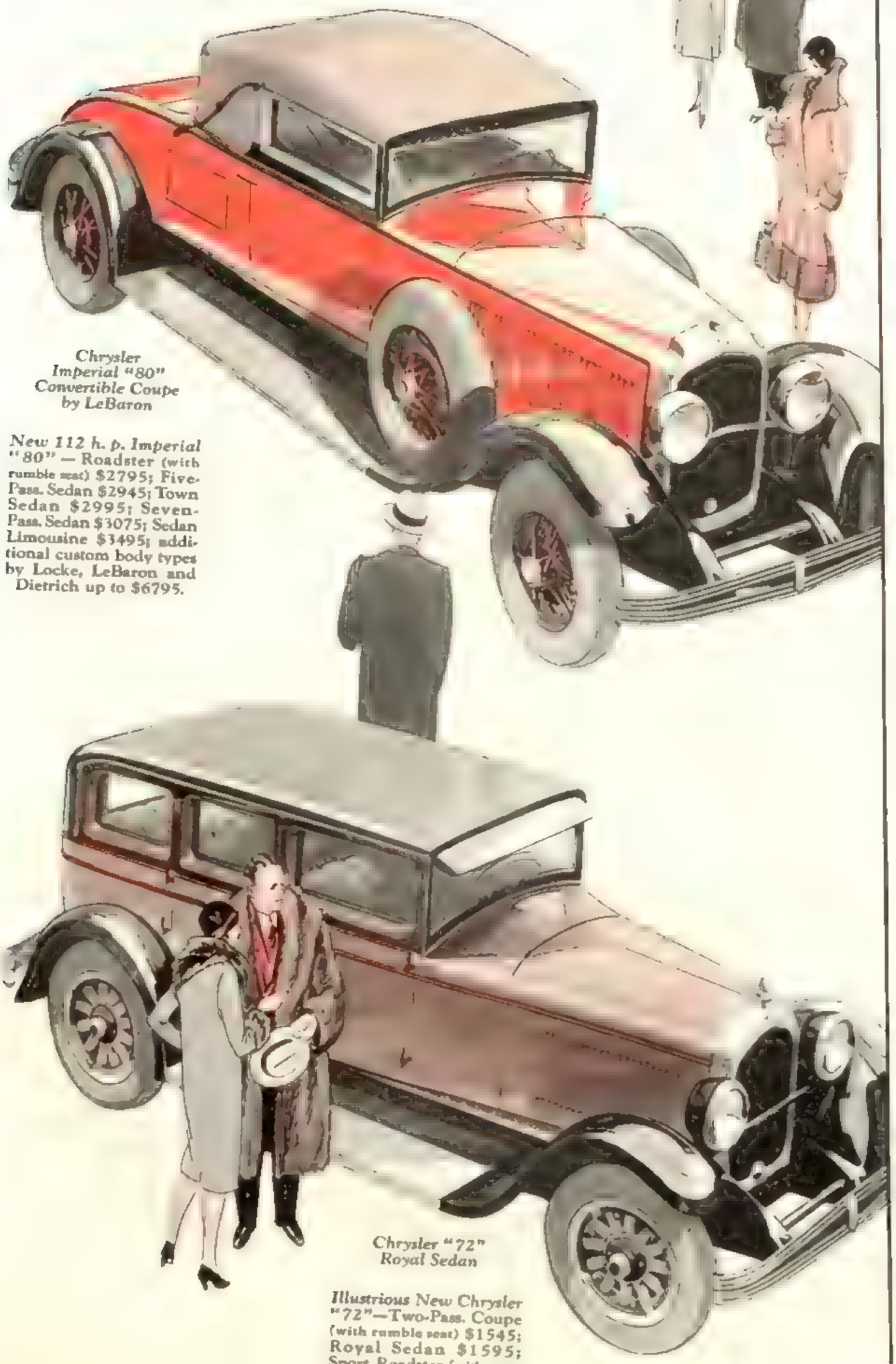

Chrysler
Imperial "80"
Convertible Coupe
by LeBaron

New 112 h. p. Imperial "80" — Roadster (with rumble seat) $2795; Five-Pass. Sedan $2945; Town Sedan $2995; Seven-Pass. Sedan $3075; Sedan Limousine $3495; additional custom body types by Locke, LeBaron and Dietrich up to $6795.

Chrysler "72"
Royal Sedan

Illustrious New Chrysler "72"—Two-Pass. Coupe (with rumble seat) $1545; Royal Sedan $1595; Sport Roadster (with rumble seat) $1595; Four-Pass. Coupe $1595; Town Sedan $1695; Convertible Coupe (with rumble seat) $1745; Crown Sedan $1795.

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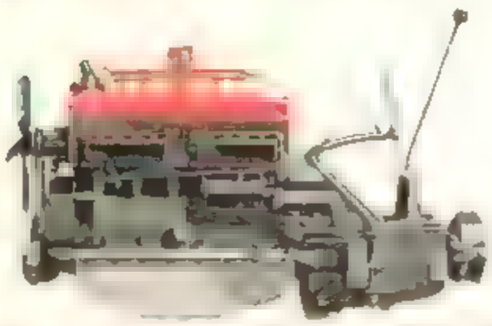

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(Continued from Page 59)

your hide off. He says, "I guess I won't bother going to the hospital. I feel sick."

"Well, that is where you belong if you feel sick," I argued cleverly.

"No, no," he says. "The way I am feeling, I ain't even got the strength to defend myself, let alone get any advantages. I am so unable, I bet I could not even climb a stack of buckwheats with butter and molasses. I can be sick in my own outfit, and miss not a thing." But talking of eats brightens him up, and he said, "Well, you can park me over there under that tree where I can keep this place under observation, and maybe I will have the health and strength to hit their chow line after a while, and see if I want to patronize."

So we put him in a good strategic position, where he could surprise the chow line if it looked good, or could lam from the road if the doctors came to get him. For camouflage we put a cigarette in his mouth and propped a Paris paper on his knees.

I said to George, "He is just shook up well and got to settle." Not thinking that the way he was breathing and losing his appetite he was a typical gas casualty. He did have some gas in him, too, as a matter of fact, I heard afterwards, but he came through.

So we go back to the truck and start again for Very. Well, it is now coming on to dark and the traffic is not getting better, but worse, and I see where there is going to be doings. That would fit in with the idea that our outfit was expecting to move up, since the fighting units could not do anything without us Pioneers to manage them. And very soon we heard all about the war from a guy that cops a ride on our truck and who knew the past, the present and the future like a book. He said a certain division—naming it with much freedom—had went in only two nights ago to relieve the Big One, and the Jerries had jumped them while moving in and had given them a sad smacking and were now bossing them all over the sector, with the result that the Big One had been stopped in their tracks before they got to their rest camp, and were now doing a to-the-rear-march back in again.

Well, thinks I, if the Big One is moving up, they will either have to fall out into the ditches and let us go by, or George and I and Sue will not get home to Very tonight. And knowing what I know about the Big One, from being associated with them in the art of warfare every once in a while since we first started to fuss with the Argonne Jernes in a large way, I figure they will not fall out into any ditches. You know that division, soldier? Say, they're the worst crabs in the First Army. Their noncoms have all done four, five or six hitches, and they're more important than captains. They're old soldiers, what I mean, and as the British say, in words to much the same effect, "Old soldier, old stiff." But what I will say for them, soldier, they don't treat the Jerries any nicer than anybody else, and maybe a whole lot worse.

I see where we better get out from under the Big One's feet, and I make inquiries and hear of a back road from a tongue-tied looey who was running an information bureau in a house with no front. So we cut across lots, looking for this road, and we come out on the banks of a river.

It is not much of a river, but it is the best they have after four years of war, and many lawless soldiers getting in there and drinking the river up and being hardly prevailed on to spit it out again, but it has a name, and it is called the Aire River. There is a château that a hard-boiled real-estate agent would cough over saying it was in perfect condition—the roof having been shelled off and one wing thrown down flat. The lower floor is still being inhabited, however. There are American blankets closing the window openings and doorways, and I hear an ax going inside. If this was a Pioneer kitchen I would know the mess sergeant was about to declare a meal, because in Pioneer kitchens all meals are prepared with an ax. In this case, however, it was not a Pioneer sergeant opening Willie and hard bread to tickle the palates of his men, but it was somebody taking this gem of architecture apart to stuff in a fire.

George and I had about decided that we would pass the night, but suddenly war broke out on the other side of the château, and we moped around there to see what sort of neighbors we had before we settled permanently. There we saw three young Frogs bombing the river for fish. They were turning up some nice ones, too—a foot long, like pikes or pickerels, green and white. They would walk out in the middle of the river, where it was over their knees, and would snatch these fish as they bobbed about. So, seeing that there was a fire up in the house, we bought an armful of these fish from the boys, giving them two bags of issue tobacco.

So we go in the château, and here we meet the gasmen—six or eight, about a squad. They are camping out in the middle of the parlor floor. They have a good fire going in the fireplace and a detail out in the main hall chopping the grand staircase. They were mighty snug, with all openings screened and nothing to worry about unless a Jerry came over and dropped a bomb down their chimney to stop the sparks. We had fish and they had punk and Willie, and we threw in with them.

They said, "What are you riding out there?"

I said, "It's a new gas. Great stuff. Knocks 'em dead. Edison invented it."

They sat up and took notice and said, "Yeah?"

So a couple of them moped outside to give this new gas the once-over, and we lit up straw hats and get to swapping lies about what our outfits done. That is how they came to pass the remark that they were in the gas business—they were a battalion N. C. O. and six men of an infantry outfit.

One of the two that went outside is their N. C. O., of the name of Happy. He busts back through the blankets with his eyes popping, and says, "Boys, the man's right! You know what he's riding? Edison gas!"

Well, that is the first time they ever hear about Edison gas—them or anybody else—but right away they seen the possibilities of the stuff. They picked up the word like a new curse, and I gave them instruction, saying, "It is the most ruinous gas of civilized warfare. Kills all, including the climate and the scenery."

"What I heard about it," says Happy, "the best cure is to shoot the casualty and prevent the spread of infection. You got to notice how the wind is blowing before using this stuff for a cloud attack out of a projector, because it will kill the wind and make it blow the other way."

"Let's have a drink on that," said an awed voice.

Happy gave us cups too. They were drinking van, but it wasn't none of this ordinary van that you buy for a franc a liter off a professional Bluebeard; this was dark yellow, with a taste like nuts; and make believe it did not have authority.

"Here's to Edison gas," says Happy.

"What's in it?" asks a guy who is camouflaging tin hats.

"You ought to know better than ask that, Buck," says Happy, "after what happened to Colonel Shelterhalf. He asked that question and they told him, and now he got a cauliflower ear. Another good thing to remember is to put tar paper on ration dumps when Edison gas is around, or it will soften up the hard bread, and then a man can't tell his hard bread from his Mills bombs in the dark. What is the result? Well, he is likely to eat his Mills bombs and throw his hard bread, and that is against the rules of civilized warfare."

And then we all had another big handle.

So Happy asks about where we get this Edison gas, and this and that, and then he gets excited and says, "The careless way they do in this war, somebody is going to get hurt. The idea of riding that stuff

(Continued on Page 64)

A QUESTIONNAIRE

for the protection of the watch buyer

NOTE: In recent years, America has been flooded with watches of uncertain parentage; usually of poor manufacture, but often with ornate and alluring cases. A watch whose beauty is only "case-deep" is seldom a good timekeeper, and never a satisfactory value, regardless of how enticing its price may be . . . For your guidance, here are the ten vital questions to ask in judging and selecting a watch . . . Favorable answers to these questions by a responsible jeweler, regarding any watch, will assure fine watch-value and enduring watch-satisfaction, no matter how much or how little you pay.

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH COMPANY, ELGIN, U. S. A.

BEFORE YOU PURCHASE A WATCH YOU ARE ENTITLED TO FULL AND DEFINITE ANSWERS TO THESE QUESTIONS:

1 Is this watch which I hold in my hand guaranteed to give satisfaction . . . not only by the dealer (he might retire or move away), but also by the manufacturer of the watch?

2 If so, has this manufacturer been in business long enough to prove the worth of his guarantee? . . . And has the company stood the test of financial and industrial panics, thereby assuring me that it will be financially able to always stand back of its guarantee?

3 Are the parts in this watch standard and interchangeable, made to microscopic exactness, by master watch-craftsmen using fine machines? Or are they variable and irregular . . . made in a sweat shop possibly, where each man works for himself . . . without proper facilities or tools?

4 Suppose an accident should happen to this watch while I'm in a foreign country or in some small, remote town. Will the local jeweler be sufficiently *familiar* with this particular make to repair it easily and economically? And will he have the proper replacement parts on hand?

5 Is this maker's reputation for integrity and fair dealing such that I am assured of full value for the price I am asked?

6 From my knowledge of values . . . and my confidence in the dealer . . . do I believe that he is getting a fair but not an exorbitant profit?

7 Are the dimensions of this watch such that it is as practical as it is beautiful? In other words, am I sure that it is neither too thin nor too small, so that the watch will do its full duty as a good timepiece?

8 Has any member of my family, or any of my friends, carried a watch of similar size and thinness for a period of years, and received good service from it?

9 It is easy to present watches to persons who are in the public eye. It is not difficult to adjust watches to pass observatory time tests. But is the day-in, day-out average performance of this watch universally recognized as satisfactory?

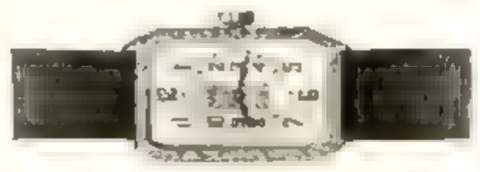
10 Does the dealer . . . or do I . . . recall having heard instances where a watch of this make has served faithfully for a half century? Isn't that the real test, after all?

ELGIN

THE WATCH WORD FOR EFFICIENCY AND ELEGANCE

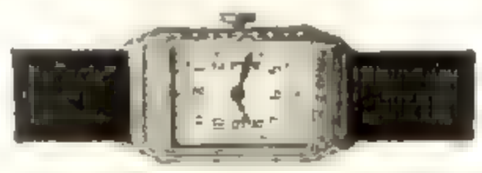
© Elgin, 1928

WATCHES TRUE ALIKE TO THE TIME-MINUTE AND THE STYLE-MINUTE



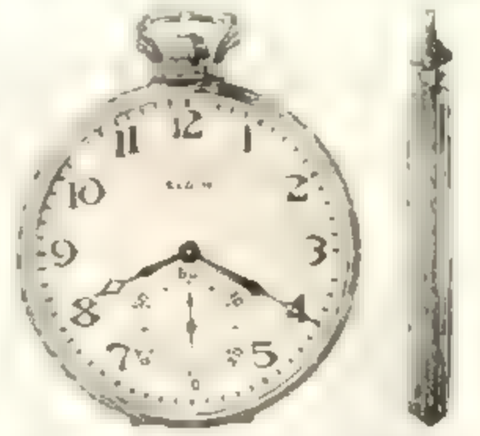
Dainty, sturdy, chic is this wrist watch, a 15-jewel movement in gold-filled case . . . $45

Staunch and handsome, a 15-jewel strap watch in solid white gold case, luminous dial $60



Charming wrist watch with a 15-jewel movement in a lovely solid white case $60

Handsome strap watch, 14-karat gold-filled, engraved case with luminous dial $40



An excellent 17-jewel movement in engraved case of 14-karat solid white gold $60

[Prices slightly higher in Canada.]

The New Way to

Sound Sleep

and all-day

Energy

***This pure Swiss food-drink offers a* DRUG-FREE *way to instant, restful sleep . . . that makes you wake up bright-eyed, clear-headed, abounding with energy . . .* Make this 3-day test and see

Drugs never give you the kind of sleep you need. While they may put you to sleep, they always leave you logy when you awaken.

That is why doctors, almost universally, recommend this unique food-beverage that overcomes sleeplessness without drugs. It is called Ovaltine. It brings instant, all-night sleep. And as you sleep, its special food properties quickly restore your tired mind and body—build up new vitality and tireless energy.

Morning finds you a new man. Fresh, clear-eyed, buoyant. You have the energy to carry you right through the day and into the evening.

We offer you here a 3-day test so that you can prove all we claim for this wonderful product. Accept this test. Then note particularly how well you feel the next day.

Why Ovaltine brings restoring sleep

Authorities agree that *digestive unrest* is the main cause of sleeplessness. Ovaltine overcomes this condition in two ways:

First—It digests very quickly itself. Even in cases of impaired digestion.

Second—It has the unusual power of digesting 4 to 5 times its own weight of other foods you eat. Hence, it aids your stomach. Digestion goes on speedily and efficiently. Frayed nerves are soothed. Sound sleep follows.

And as you sleep, the special food properties of Ovaltine also help to restore your tired mind and body. (One cup of Ovaltine has actually more food value than 12 cups of beef extract, 7 cups of cocoa, or 3 eggs.)

That is why, after drinking a cup of hot Ovaltine at night, you awaken in the morning so completely refreshed—abounding with new-found vitality and tireless energy. Note the unsolicited testimonials.

Hospitals and Doctors recommend it

Ovaltine has been in use in Switzerland for over 30 years. Now in universal use in England and her colonies. During the great war it was served as a standard ration to invalid soldiers.

A few years ago Ovaltine was introduced into this country. Today hundreds of hospitals use it. More than 20,000 doctors recommend it. Not only for sleeplessness, but because of its special dietetic properties, they also recommend it for nerve-strain, malnutrition, underweight and delicate children, nursing mothers and the aged.

Make this 3-day test

Just make a 3-day test of Ovaltine. Note the difference, not only in your sleep, but in your next day's energy. You tackle your work with greater vigor. You "carry through" for the whole day. You aren't too tired to go out for the evening. There's a new zest to your work; to all your daily activities. It's truly a "pick-up" drink—for any time of the day.

More than 20,000 doctors recommend it

Druggists and grocers sell Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use. Or get it at the soda fountain. But to let you try it, we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Just send in coupon with 10c.

OVALTINE

Builds Body, Brain and Nerves

© 1928 I. W. Co.

"Ovaltine quiets my nerves and gives me a grand night's sleep. It is the best thing I ever took for wakefulness at night."

Geo. Knell, Jr.,
Moorestown, N. J.

"Couldn't sleep much this winter until I began to take Ovaltine. Then I began to sleep all night. Didn't wake up until morning and felt much refreshed, like a new man."

Phillip Koehn,
Rothiemay, Mont.

Send for 3-day test

The Wander Company, Dept. P-15
180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.
(*Print name and address clearly*)

Name ——————

Street ——————

City ——————— State ———

(*One package to a person*)

(*Continued from Page 62*)

around without marking it. I won't be responsible. Excuse me, gents." He goes out, while Buck sings us their anthem, "I Didn't Raise My Boy to be a Gasman."

Happy brings in our container. There is a guy camouflaging tin hats green with white Colonial trim, so Jerry aviators will take him and his pal for lamps outside a police station. Happy borrows the paint and he paints "Edison Gas!" on our container.

A guy says, "Say 'Beware.'"

"And 'Use No Hooks,'" says another guy.

"I would put 'Not to be Opened for Christmas,'" says one.

"What I don't want is kidding," said Happy. "I think we will say 'Beware.'" He wrote that, and painted double crosses.

"I got what you want, Happy, to doll that up right," says a guy, and he comes across with a can of phosphate—the stuff the runners daub on the trees so they will find their way after dark.

"It's the cat's," said Happy, going to it. Then we all brought it outside and put it on the truck, and I guess it looked poor. You could read it across the road—"Beware!"

George and I got on our wagon to lift in our Edison gas, and the gasmen thought we were leaving, and they all shook hands and said good-by. Well, when they all shook hands and said good-by, we thought we were leaving, see? So we left.

The next thing is we are driving on the main stem and guys are hollering, "Put out that fire!" and "Hey, who's elected?" Because if you will show even a radium face on a watch you will bring down bombs. But we were feeling gay and thoughtless, so we hollered, "Shut up, grease balls! We are riding Edison gas!"

The gasmen told us if we would take the new Engineers' road that was the second turn to the left off the main stem, we would hit the river again at Varenn, and that would not be more than four or five kilos from Very. Which was pretty good staff work on their part, seeing they claimed they never heard of Very. But the trouble is, all turns to the left lead up into the lines, and the Big One has stole a march on us while we are in the château, and one of its regiments is now filling this road.

We could not see them, but we could hear them creaking and rattling and groaning along. The loudest noise is the clank of a canteen when somebody takes a swig. They halt for their rest of ten minutes in an hour, according to the union rule, and we hear the rifles coming down to prop up the packs while the sergeants say "No smoking."

They are in bad humor, and we listen to them crabbing. Well, I never seen an outfit doing a night march and liking it, but these boys had a special kick. After the great stuff they showed in their last trip up, they had a right to a couple of days to blow their pay and get disgustingly intoxicated, and not have to turn right around and go right in again. So I had sympathy for these boys having to do overtime for the same thirty-three dollars, but I was also very glad to see them in a selfish way. While I had to live in that neighborhood I didn't want the Jerries running wild and maybe leaning on me with a potato masher.

Somebody says "Forward," and blows a whistle; and we hear all the pack straps creaking, and the rifle straps slapping, and the clink of the barrels against the tin hats; and they are off. And I see where the next company is not closing up, so I turn Sue into this road and figure we will join the party as far as Varenn. I guess that yellow van was still giving orders, or we would not think it wise to get between the Big One and the rampaging Jerry army.

Somebody down in the dust says, "Great jumping crickets, sergeant, what is that?"—meaning us, soldier.

The sergeant comes over our tailboard, flashes a light under his coat, and says, "Who the velvet-velour gun wads are you two egg suckers, and what the creeping barrage are you here for?"

"Rub your lamps, you dizzy stone crusher," I said.

He said, "Edison gas. . . . Oh, captain!"

Well, we met the captain, and then we met the major. They wanted to know in the worst way; and when we told them, they didn't know anything. When they first came aboard they had all arrangements made for us in their mind's eye, except how to dispose of the remains; but this Edison gas set them to swinging like a gate.

"Blame it," says the major, "this is some staff work. Edison gas, hey? Well, here is a new novelty, and they send it up in the lines with a couple of the dumbest bucks I ever talked to, and a rather intelligent mule, like a keg of beer to a clambake. It is probably a great discovery that will win the war, and look how they handle it. Edison gas, hey? At the next halt have the companies fall over and let this wagon by."

And that's just what happens, soldier. At the next rest period, George and Sue and I passed in review before that group of the Big One; and maybe we didn't get a hand. "Edison gas!" "Going to slip one over on Jerry, hey?" "Edison gas!" So I let George steer Sue, and I stepped to the tailboard and delivered a short address on the subject of the marvelous new remedy and discovery to get the boys out of the trenches by Christmas.

Say, they brightened up like flowers under the sprinkler. They began to laugh and kid. A guy away down the line behind us strikes up a song, and everybody joined in a hearty chorus of: "Hey, drop dead, will you?" I'm telling you it was a different outfit when we turned off at Varenn. The news ran up and down the road, and I could hear guys hollering "Edison gas!" when we were near half a kilo away. I was thinking of those boys when I heard the barrage start at three o'clock next morning and settle down to that steady roar while the whole sky was blinking. I could see them laying out there, plugged out with their hike in, but watching the blazing rim of the Cremo Stella with a comfortable feeling, figuring there were a slew of Jerry machine gunners waiting out the barrage, as usual, who would get out of their snug pits this time and lam for the Fatherland or have it out with a gas they could taste through their masks. And what did the Big One do when they jumped off and followed the barrage? Overran their objectives by kilos, didn't they? Oh, they would have done good anyway—I'll call that outfit soldiers, and let you name one—but it bucked them up to have an ace in the hole. Why, didn't the dispatches we got—but that brings me back to my outfit.

Well, we are riding along this road and we get stopped. So we declare ourselves, and the sentry sniffs that yellow van and thinks we been back in the S. O. S., so he asks what we got on the hip, and that gets us to talking.

So when we go on, he says, "So long, and did you hear about Edison gas?"

Isn't that the Army, soldier?

But about then the yellow van is dried out of us, and we think we will lay down in the wagon and cork off until morning. If we had daylight we could pick out a nice comfortable dugout, but moping around in the lots is *pas bon* by dark, as you will kick potato mashers, until one lets go and takes your leg off and maybe does you harm. We laid down in the wagon, but it got cold and we could not sleep without blankets, so we got up and woke Sue and went on. We pulled into Very about two or three o'clock and tied Sue behind the kitchen to a tree. We seen a shine in the topper's pup tent and went over to congratulate him on getting a mule, and found him smoking a cigar and doing paper work on his typewriter.

We hear the rolling barrage going like an Italian neighborhood on Columbus Day, and Very is bright with the shine of the explosions, and the topper says, "You know what that is?"

(*Continued on Page 66*)

1 NO STRAPS OR CABLES—nothing to stretch or require adjustment. Self-adjusting to any load in the car.

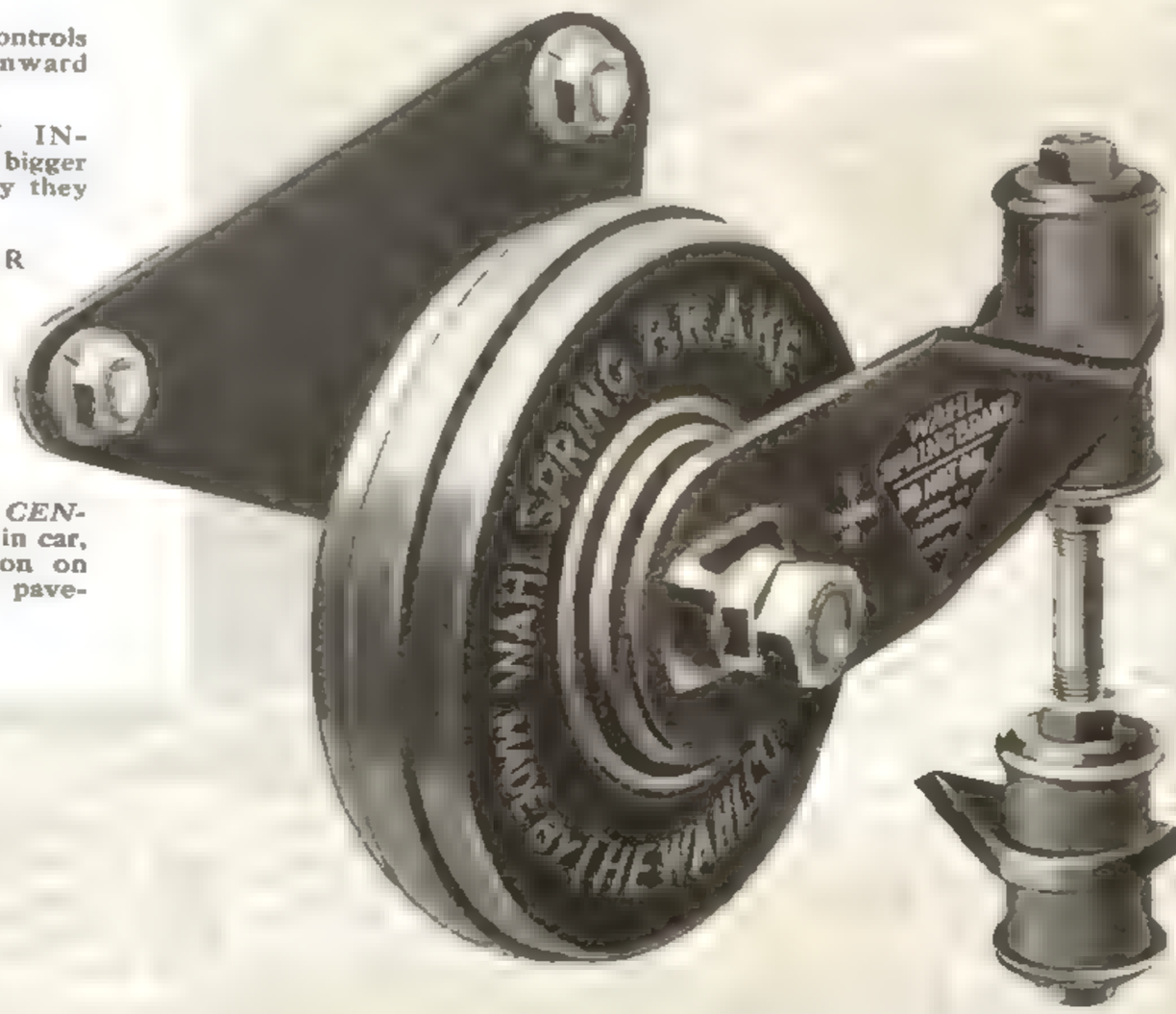
2 TWO-WAY ACTION controls both upward and downward movement of car body.

3 BRAKING ACTION INCREASES as needed; the bigger the bump the more firmly they take hold.

4 NO ADJUSTING OR GREASING — operate noiselessly without servicing.

5 STOP SHIMMY AND SIDESWAY, insuring safety and comfort at all speeds.

6 *A PERFECT "FREE CENTER"* regardless of load in car, permits soft spring action on boulevards and smooth pavements.



2-WAY *action erases the bumps*
Holds your car to the road

Wahl Two-Way Spring Brakes give the best and smoothest ride of which any car is capable, at lowest cost and with least attention.

Their Two-Way braking action stops both bouncing and "bottoming," or bumping the axle.

Their steel rod connection to the axle, with rubber cushions at both ends, cannot stretch or break; requires no adjusting.

For real riding comfort on good or bad roads, get a set of Wahl Two-Way Spring Brakes. There's a set to fit your car at the nearest Wahl Service Station.

If your car is not yet Wahl-equipped, write for free booklet and name and address of nearest dealer.

Wahl Jr. Size
Set of four for light cars
$22.00
Half set (2), $11.50
Slightly higher in Canada and West of the Rockies

WAHL TWO-WAY SPRING-BRAKES

The Better Shock Absorbers

Wahl Standard Size
Set of four for heavy cars
$31.50
Half set (2), $16.50
Slightly higher in Canada and West of the Rockies

THE WAHL COMPANY · 1805 ROSCOE STREET · CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

ROUGH ROADS MAKES SMOOTH

For scientific spring control look for this sign

AUTHORIZED SALES AND SERVICE
WAHL SPRING-BRAKE
THE BETTER SHOCK ABSORBER

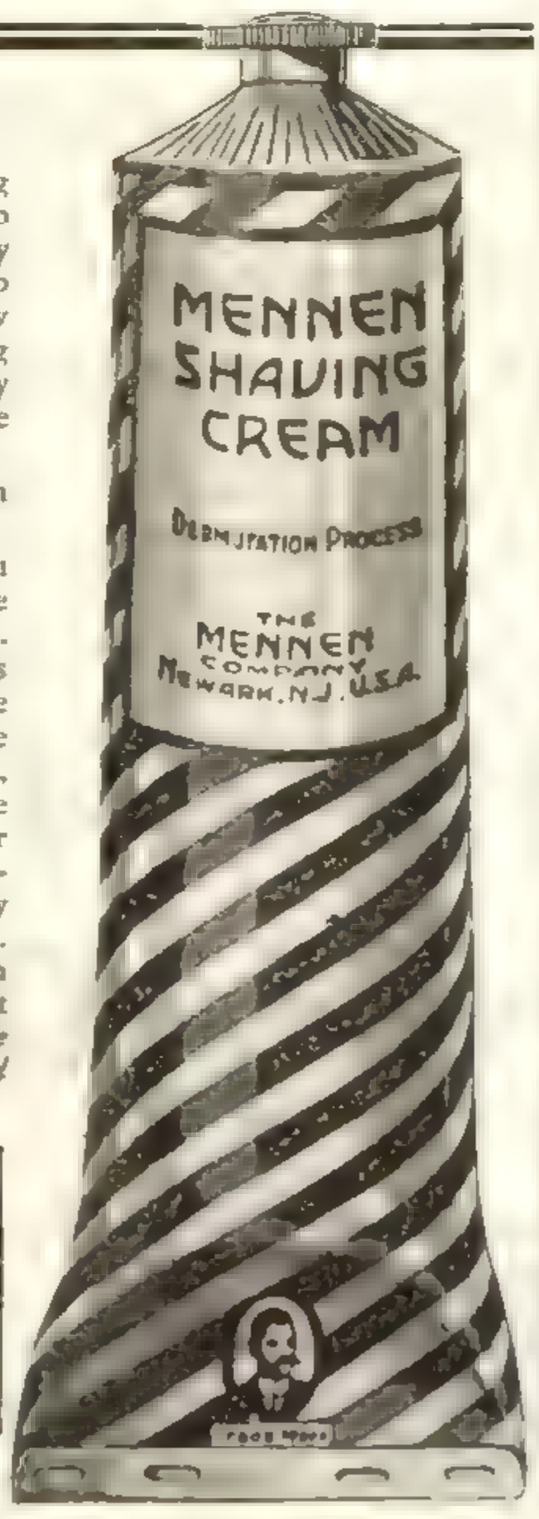
ARE YOU PUTTING YOUR BEST FACE FORWARD?

Dermutation does it!

That face you see in your shaving mirror is the only one you have. It's up to you to show it to the world every morning smoothed and freshened up for another day. Unless you now know Mennen Shaving Cream you are starting out handicapped. For Mennen is the only shaving cream based on the exclusive Mennen principle of *dermutation.*

Dermutation is the cause — smooth face is the effect.

Dermutation starts the minute you touch brush and cream and water to the face. It softens the beard immediately. It relaxes and levels the tiny skin peaks at the base of the beard. It smooths the way for a sweet ringing razor stroke that shaves clean without scraping, scratching or nicking these minute mounds. No free caustic to burn or smart. No rubbing. No soreness or rawness. And dermutation works equally well in water, hard or soft, cold or hot. Five soothing emollients in Mennen lather tone up the face and leave it fresh and fit for hours to come. *The* Mennen Company, Newark, N. J., *and* Toronto, Ont.



Also made with Menthol

You can have Mennen with or without menthol—whichever you prefer. Menthol adds a brisk, snowy coolness to the lather at once delightful and refreshing. To get Mennen *mentholized* ask for the tube with the red ball.

P.S. Don't forget that Mennen Talcum for Men is the final touch of luxury to the perfect shave.

(Continued from Page 64)

"Why, no, topper," I says smartly. "That is, not unless this is the place where they're having that war I hear so much of."

"They are putting over the new gas," he says, bursting with information. "Edison gas!"

With that we put on our extra clothes, crawled into our tent for two, and corked off. But we do not get more than about eight hours' shut eye, because the platoon sergeant comes and kicks our feet and hollers "Inspection!" until we unwrap our heads out of our blankets.

So the topper falls-in the company, and we are looked over by the lieutenant colonel and his group. This lieutenant colonel is bad medicine, and thinks nothing of handing out three and three—he is the judge of the regimental court but if you are right with him he is a white guy. Well, he sees us looking like Villa's bandits—all whiskers and rags—because we have not had even our shoes off for three weeks, and he is much pleased; but he jumps the one guy in the company who is clean and shaved and polished like a soldier, and he says, "This man ain't been pioneering, sergeant. Take his name." And it was a guy that had just copped a mope into the S. O. S.

So we fall out, and the next thing is there is a great demand for Privates Rook and McMonigle down behind the kitchen. We go there and we find the lieutenant colonel gathered about Sue and the wagon, and wanting first aid on the subject of Edison gas. So, being that our adjutant is there, I says:

"Colonel, Private McMonigle and I got this here container off of Lieutenant Whoozis of the first battalion; him having just come back from the gas school down in the S. O. S., and it was him said it was Edison gas and we ought to not open it until we gave it to Lieutenant Sours, the second battalion gas officer."

"You know about this, lieutenant?" says the judge.

Lieutenant Sours put on a look of failing health and said, "I think I do, sir. May I speak to the colonel in private?"

So they exchanged confidences, and the judge said, "Very submerging of discipline, lieutenant. I shall have charges preferred against Lieutenant Whoozis for such a ridiculous imposture of labeling this stuff like that."

Then friend George pipes up and says, "Oh, no, sir. That was all painted on by the gasmen in the château by the river last night."

The judge says, "Do these men know the contents contained in that container, lieutenant?"

"I presume not, sir," said the adjutant.

"Oh, yes, we do, lieutenant," says George with a silly laugh. "Hey, Peter?"

Well, that gave me a turn. And I remembered about a conversation George holds with me on the road after we left the château, when he says, "Peter, why do they call this stuff Edison gas?" And at the time I explained to his limited intelligence all about gases, and when I had covered the subject out of sight he says, "Yes, Peter, I know all about that, but why do they call this stuff Edison gas?" With which I refused to reopen the topic. So I knew he hadn't found out anything from me, and hearing him say he knows about the contents I thought "Hello."

"What is it, McMonigle?" says the judge for a cunning test if George really knew or not.

"It is van," said George, pleased to be right.

"Any censure attaches to me and not Lieutenant Whoozis," said the adjutant. "I thought a couple of gallons of a good light wine would be a good store to take, since we were moving up. I have reason to believe this is very old Chablis, about the heaviest wine that is permitted by regulations."

"It is the principle," said the judge, eying George and I as if we were *de trop.* "Some officers in this Army are going to find out there's a war on, first thing they know—cutting up like children. However, such being the situation, the less said the better for the man saying it." He smiled at us a little, but with a glint in his eyes that said he would probably snatch us baldheaded yet. "The subject is a closed book. . . . Hear that, Rook? . . . Hear that, McMonigle? Get me a cup from the kitchen and we'll verify this story."

So I jump and get him a cup. When I bring it he is saying "Old Chablis, eh? Lieutenant, I'll probably have to hold this evidence until I decide about preferring charges. This is a very serious affair. . . . That's sealing wax, Rook—broke already around the stopper, isn't it? Good grief, man, be careful you don't drop that stuff inside! But that looks to me as if it was open already. Lift it out, man."

I poured some in this cup while he was saying "Old Chablis, eh?" It looked mighty pale to me by daylight like common *vin blanc*—and he tastes it, and spit it out with disgust, and says "This ain't but water!"

"It must be some mistake, sir," said George, excited. "I'll take my affidavit it wasn't no water last night, when me and Peter and those seven guys in the château by the river were drinking it. It was very fine van indeed, with a kick like white mule. Oh, no, sir, you must be mistaken."

"You were drinking out of that container?" says the judge in a creaking voice like he puts on when he says "Three months and three months' pay."

And "You were drinking it?" said the adjutant.

"Absolutely," says George positively. "Ask Peter. I went outside and I seen with my own eyes where Happy was getting the van out of, and he was tipping it right out of that container."

Well, just then the Jerries relieved my mind by putting down some shells, and everybody lammed. But I knew that George and I were in for a bad time. Even Sue went bad on us. They had him in the kitchen, rubbing him down and admiring him, but the shells made him hilarious, as usual, and he hunches his shoulders and kicks the stuffing out of our rolling kitchen and then lights out over the hill. We never did see him again, and I guess he is now waiting to go home as a casual. Well, if we had no rolling kitchen, we didn't need a mule, did we? And considering that we had done more that night to help the Big One than the rest of the whole 287th, where did they get off to ride us, hey, soldier?

The Frenchmen had returned along the wood road. They scrutinized the bundles of brush that the stout helper had put in the ruts. He scrambled out from under the truck, saying, "Turn her over, Peter."

"*Bon soir, m'sieurs,*" I said. "*Une mauvais temps cet soir, n'est pas?*" That very nearly exhausted my stock of light conversation in their language—I had in reserve: "*Un bon soleil, n'est pas?*" but that would have to wait another occasion "You are taking notes, I see."

"*Ah, oui,*" they said. "Of the-e e tr-r-rees, of the shr-r-rubs, *m'sieur.* Is finish the war, is it not? Is finish also the bur-rn, the cot-t, the destr-roy, is it not? *Chacun* Itch?—itch regiment American shall pay this that they shall destr-roy. Is very right and proper, *m'sieur.* Is finish the war."

In the upshot, the damage we had done to the woods—and I dare say an honest effort was made to distinguish between what we had done and what had been done during the prodigal years of war—was assessed on our outfit—my company paid six hundred francs out of our company fund. It was a just claim if they cared to press it. When the Frenchman mentioned the regiments I saw that our own pockets were in danger, and not merely the fabulously wealthy treasury of the United States. I pointed this out to him, suggesting jocularly that he send his bill to Washington, where it would have been joyously

(Continued on Page 68

PEERLESS · HAS · *ALWAYS* · BEEN · A · GOOD · CAR

Its luminous beauty . . . . its surpassing performance . . . its luxurious comfort

Six-91 Five-Pass. Sedan
$1895 [f. o. b. factory]

WOMEN unerringly sense the genuine—be it a rare jewel, a Paris gown, or a fine motor car.

Perhaps that is why the new Peerless Six-91 has won such enthusiastic approval from women everywhere.

It would be idle to deny the instant appeal of this car's loveliness. Yet beyond that first appreciative glow that comes when you behold a thing of beauty, there is the added conviction of its genuine, unseen worth.

This inherent quality—coupled with surpassingly fine performance and luxurious comfort—has made the Six-91 a joy to own and to drive.

And in addition to the visible evidence of this fine car's worth, you will have the definite conviction that here is the automobile you want to own.

PEERLESS MOTOR CAR CORPORATION · *Cleveland, Ohio*

PEERLESS

BIRD
ESTABLISHED 1795

Millions of thrifty Home Makers

from Maine to California have for years covered their roofs and floors with Bird's Roofs and Rugs

Long Service ~ Beauty ~ Low Cost

THERE is a Bird Rug moderately priced for every home. Colorful, enduring rugs that will beautify any floor of your home. Insist on Bird's when you require floor covering wherein charm of appearance is combined with utility . . . Bird's Rugs and Floor Coverings can be easily cleaned with a damp mop.

BIRD'S ROOFS give lasting protection from the elements at minimum expense. These weather-defying and fire-retarding asphalt slate surfaced shingles give years of enduring service. Insist on Bird's, if you desire roofing which blends rugged quality with rare charm and distinctive appearance.

Bird's Felt Base Rugs are obtainable in leading department and furniture stores at prices ranging from $6.00 to $18.00.

RUGS

BIRD & SON, inc.
EAST WALPOLE
MASSACHUSETTS

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BIRD & SON DIVISION
Hamilton Ontario

Bird's Roofs are made for every type of building, and Bird dealers are always ready to estimate your roofing needs without obligation.

ROOFS

DEFY WATER AND WEAR

(Continued from Page 66)

overpaid in those open-handed days, and said, "M'sieur, do you wish to assess the men who fought for you? If we shed our blood, can't you contribute the price of a few trees?"

But he said, "M'sieur, it is not of sentiment, but it is of the business—of the finance." And they went away. I have often thought of them.

The engine roared, the truck rocked, the stout helper climbed a wheel.

"So long, soldier," said the driver.

"So long!" I cried as the truck rolled along the wood road. The bugler was blowing mess call. I went up the hill.

BATTLESHIPS AND BATTLE CRUISERS

(Continued from Page 11)

The main armament of each vessel consists of nine 16-inch guns in triple turrets, two forward and one aft. The secondary battery has twelve 6-inch guns in twin mounts, six 4.7-inch anti-aircraft guns, four 3-pounder guns and eight 2-pounder machine guns. The ships are armed with torpedo tubes also.

The machinery of the Nelson—and the Rodney—is of the reduction-turbine type, driving two propellers. Each vessel has eight boilers of the three-drum small-tube type.

Oil fuel only is burned under the closed-fireroom system of forced draft. Superheaters are fitted to each boiler. There is one large funnel.

From the progress made in the design of the Nelson class, I anticipate that the naval architects of the treaty-power navies will strive, when replacements are permitted in 1931, to design a battleship carrying twelve 16-inch guns with a speed of 21–23 knots on a displacement of 35,000 tons. Such a ship, in this country, would cost about $40,000,000.

The ancestor of the modern capital ship was Ericsson's little Monitor. A legacy of the battle between the Monitor and the Merrimac was the system of mounting guns in revolving turrets. Today there are ships with four three-14-inch-gun turrets. Tomorrow there may be ships with four turrets each having three 16-inch guns, all mounted on the center line and capable of being trained on either side of the ship. With so great a concentration of gunfire, it will be possible to fire a salvo of shell weighing eleven and one-half tons and projected at a speed of nearly 1900 miles an hour, and to fire a salvo every thirty seconds. These shells can hit a target seventeen miles away. At this distance the target is below the sea horizon and invisible to the gunners. The men point the guns in accordance with directions received from observers in airplanes. The observers spot the fall of the salvos and give directions by radio for changing the range and deflection, so that the officer controlling the gunfire may know how to straddle the target. This is known as the director system. One officer in a little compartment, high up on a mast, manipulates a director fitted with two telescopes—one for horizon train, or azimuth, and the other for elevation, or range—and a master firing key by which all turret guns are fired simultaneously. The two telescopes are mounted on turntables connected electrically to pointers at the gun, which follow those of the elevated telescopes. The "man behind the gun" never sees his target. He simply makes his weapon follow the pointer.

A Powerful Scout

This system may be used on battle cruisers as well as on battleships. As I have observed before, the battle cruiser is in reality a very fast battleship whose speed is possible because of fewer guns and less armor protection. The increase in speed makes the ship expensive to build and to operate.

The British have the latest designed battle cruiser, the Hood, as well as the 1927 battleships, the Nelson and the Rodney. The Hood is the largest warship afloat, and cost about $30,000,000. The Nelson and the Rodney each cost about $35,000,000. Differences between the Hood, a battle cruiser, and the Nelson, a battleship, are shown in the following comparison:

	NELSON	HOOD
Displacement (tons)	35,000	41,200
Length (feet)	660	860
Beam (feet)	106	104
Draft (feet)	32	31½
Horse power	45,000	144,000
Speed (knots)	23	31
Fuel oil (tons)	4,000	4,000
Armament—16-inch guns	9	
Armament—6-inch guns	12	
Armament—15-inch guns	....	8
Armament—5.5-inch guns	..	12
Armor (inches)	14	12
Torpedo tubes	2	6

Battle cruisers were originated by the British, who built many of them before the Battle of Jutland in 1916. Originally the type was designed: (1) to drive enemy cruisers from the seas, (2) to destroy enemy commerce, (3) to protect sea routes, and (4) to scout for and report information of the enemy main fleet. The ships were planned for speed and gun power, so they could pierce screens of cruisers or destroyers. In a fleet action the battle cruisers were envisaged as acting as a fast wing, able, by virtue of speed, to concentrate on the enemy van or rear, or to give needed reenforcement to any part of the battle line. Later the Germans followed the initiative of the British and also built such warships.

The First Line

Battle cruisers were used in the World War in the type of operation for which they were designed. A German squadron under Admiral von Spee created havoc with British shipping in the Pacific and South Atlantic. A British squadron including battle cruisers, commanded by Vice Admiral Sturdee, destroyed the German squadron off the Falkland Islands. In the early years of the war German squadrons attacked the seacoast towns of England. These raids were stopped by British battle cruisers, which, in the action of Dogger Bank, sank the old German cruiser Blücher and severely damaged the battle cruiser Seydlitz.

It may be recalled that on May 31, 1916, the British Grand Fleet and the German High Seas Fleet were in the North Sea. Each fleet had its scouting forces—battle cruisers, light cruisers and destroyers—well ahead of the main body. The forces met in the afternoon and the five German battle cruisers engaged six British battle cruisers in a running fight leading toward the German fleet. In sixteen minutes the British battle cruiser Indefatigable was blown up and in thirty-eight minutes the battle cruiser Queen Mary suffered a similar fate. Their magazines exploded from the effect of gunfire. Soon after this the battle cruisers sighted the German High Seas Fleet ahead and were forced to turn about. They were followed by the German cruisers. The two fleets engaged in an indecisive battle, although the weaker German fleet inflicted greater damage upon the stronger British fleet.

At a critical moment in the battle, when the German battleships were outnumbered and in a poor tactical position, the German commander in chief ordered the battle cruisers and destroyers to charge the enemy. This they did. The British ships turned away to avoid the menace of torpedoes and the German fleet maneuvered clear of a crucial situation. Owing to poor visibility,

(Continued on Page 70

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This simple treatment once a day will check falling hair within a short time:

EVERY MORNING wet your hair and scalp thoroughly with Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Then with your fingers pressed down firmly, move the scalp vigorously in every direction, working the tonic into every inch of the scalp. Move the scalp, not the fingers! Brush the hair while still moist. It will lie smoothly just the way you want it.

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Soon, within a few days, you'll find the dandruff completely gone, for Pinaud's destroys the germ of dandruff infection—found in 7 out of 8 cases of baldness.

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PINAUD'S

Eau de Quinine

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(Continued from Page 68)

a British squadron of old armored cruisers butted into the German fleet and in a few minutes three out of four were sunk or put out of action. The third British battle-cruiser squadron also rushed into range of the German ships and in twelve minutes the battle cruiser Invincible was blown up by enemy gunfire. Truly, "What's in a name?" Rear Admiral Hood and 1025 officers and men went down in the Invincible. Only six members of the crew were saved. Incidentally the German battle cruisers had more and better armor protection than had the British. Yet to attain this they sacrificed speed and were forced also to carry lighter guns.

Ten minutes after the action started, the Lion, flagship of Vice Admiral Beatty, had the narrowest of escapes from destruction. A German shell penetrated the roof of one of the midship turrets. This caused the powder in the turret and tube from the handling room, which opened into the shell and powder magazines, to ignite. Immediately most of the turret and handling rooms crew were killed. The commander of the turret fell when both legs were shattered by the German shell. He managed to drag himself to the voice tube and to order the magazine doors closed before he died. This saved the ship. In the foretop with the gunnery officer, a young midshipman, perhaps sixteen years of age, was recording the incidents of the battle. When the turret was struck, flames from the burning powder within leaped high in the air and above the tops. "Look out for a bally big bump!" cried the midshipman to the gunnery officer. The bump never came. I have often wondered what were the feelings of this lad when he found himself still safe and sound.

A similar casualty happened in the after turret of the German cruiser Derfflinger. As in the Lion, the magazine doors were closed and the ship was saved from destruction. But in a second the lives of ninety officers and men were snuffed out by the fire from burning powder.

Just how important armor can be to a capital ship may be surmised from the fate of the vessels under heavy fire during the Battle of Jutland. The British battle cruisers had comparatively little protection; therefore they were faster than the German battle cruisers and carried heavier guns. In consequence, the Indefatigable, Queen Mary and Invincible were sunk soon after coming in range of the German battleships and battle cruisers.

A Naval Axiom

During the battle the German battle cruisers suffered heavy damage. That they were not destroyed was due to better armor protection and good subdivision. Thus, the Lützow was struck by twenty-four heavy projectiles and yet remained afloat many hours, until the ship was finally sunk by the Germans to avoid any possibility of its falling into the hands of the enemy. The Derfflinger had twenty-three hits from heavy shells and limped into port drawing forty feet of water.

It was, however, the German battle cruiser Seydlitz that lived to tell the most exciting tale. This ship was struck by a torpedo. Fortunately the torpedo exploded forward and the bulkhead held, and, except for the disadvantage caused by a slight list, the fighting power was not affected. Altogether the Seydlitz was struck by twenty-one heavy shells, and lost 153 killed and wounded. So seriously was the Seydlitz damaged eventually that the forecastle became awash and on entering port the draft was forty-two feet.

Since no nation may lay down a capital ship until 1931, naval architects have three years in which to design replacement vessels. Their work is made simpler by the fact that they are restricted to a displacement of 35,000 tons. The length and beam of the ships will depend upon the speed selected, as will also the armament and armor. Strategists and tacticians of the various nations will determine whether replacement ships shall be battleships or battle cruisers, and architects will design accordingly.

The speed of a fleet of capital ships is that of its slowest unit. That is a naval axiom. The United States battle fleet has a uniform speed of twenty-one knots and contains no battle cruisers. It is probable, therefore, that the next battleship for the United States Navy will have a speed of twenty-one to twenty-two knots; twelve 16-inch guns and very thick armor. It is probable also that this large number of the heaviest guns will be made possible by progress in engineering design and materials, permitting a reduction in the weight assigned for machinery and fuel. The naval architect must also provide plans to permit the vessel to carry airplanes, torpedo tubes and a large anti-aircraft battery, and to protect its vitals from damage by torpedoes and aerial bombs.

Guns, Torpedoes and Bombs

Such a monster of power will cost almost $50,000,000. Surely that will raise a protest from the passionate pacifist. Even the jingo and the choleric chauvinist may pause in their demands for replacements and augmented armaments. Undoubtedly it was the part of wisdom and good judgment to limit the capital-ship tonnage of the naval powers to the 5–5–3 ratio. The same wisdom and judgment should dictate a further reduction in capital-ship tonnage to about 350,000 for Great Britain and the United States and to 210,000 for Japan. This is one of the things that should be done but that will be left undone.

Not infrequently it is stated by self styled strategists that airplanes have sounded the knell for battleships. Even navy and army officers—those who presumably know the history of warfare and, at least, of elementary strategy and tactics—have stated publicly that the day of the battleship is over; that one airplane costing a few thousand dollars can with one bomb destroy a great battleship costing $40,000,000 or more. Claims of similar nature were made for the automobile torpedo when it was perfected forty years ago; and these did not materialize, either when the torpedo was placed aboard a small fast boat—the torpedo boat—or when it was installed in a submarine vessel.

The gun, torpedo and bomb all have the three essential elements of a weapon of destruction—that is, range, accuracy and destructive power. Now it may be conceded that the gun has greater range and accuracy than the torpedo. A 16-inch shell loaded with a high explosive has tremendous power for destruction, yet the explosive charge of a torpedo or a bomb is greater than that of any shell. The range of a torpedo is only about 12,000 yards. The range of the aircraft bomb may be hundreds of miles, but it has not the accuracy of the gun. The gun leads in accuracy, the aircraft bomb in range and the torpedo in destructive power.

In choosing a weapon, however, the vulnerability of the carrier must necessarily be considered. It is obvious that the battleship is very much less vulnerable than is either the submarine or airplane. And the submarine is less vulnerable than the airplane. For protection the battleship relies upon armor, its own gunfire and maneuverability. The submarine protects itself by submergence. The bombing airplane has no protection except great speed, which makes it a difficult target for batteries.

Against the threat of every newly invented weapon, however, always there has been developed a method or system of parrying that weapon. The gun is the only weapon that must be conquered by its like. The threat of the torpedo boat was met by giving the battleships a large number of medium-caliber guns—the so-called secondary battery—and building larger torpedo boats for their protection. For protection against automobile torpedoes after

(Continued on Page 72)

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PORTLAND CEMENT
CONCRETE
FOR PERMANENCE

Continued from Page 70

they are launched from a torpedo boat or submarine, capital ships are provided with blisters, or an outer skin. This skin explodes the torpedo without serious damage to the ship. Further, a battleship is so divided into small compartments that even five or six torpedoes exploding alongside may not sink it, the only effect being to increase greatly the draft and to reduce to some extent the speed.

The submarine menace is met by the gun, by destroyers, by the depth charge and by sound devices. To combat the bombing plane, there will be aircraft squadrons of fighting planes. These are small, very fast aircraft to which the larger and slower bombing plane must inevitably fall an easy victim.

Additional protection against planes is given by the installation of antiaircraft batteries of machine guns so mounted that they may fire at any angle from the horizon to the zenith. Armored decks are also fitted, in the latest designed capital ships, to keep the bomb from damaging the machinery, magazines and other important parts. As weapons of offense at sea, airplanes have inherent limitations. The weather is one of prime importance. Their radius of action is limited to a few hundred miles. They cannot control the sea nor hold conquered territory.

Battleships and Auxiliaries

In a recent statement discussing the battleship as an element of national defense, a distinguished officer and perhaps the United States Navy's leading strategist had this to say as to why a navy must have battleships:

"Trade on the sea or trade from overseas has always been borne in ships on the surface of the sea, so that the protection afforded has necessarily been by fighting ships. The efficacy of the protection has depended always and still depends upon the relative strengths of the fighting ships. This fundamental requirement of superiority in fighting strength at the point where enemy ships come in contact with each other has resulted in the development of what today is known as the battleship—the ultimate development in a single unit of the maximum possible defensive and offensive power and mobility. Trade—ships carrying cargoes—must depend for their protection upon the superior fighting ability of the fighting ships that guard them.

"It goes without saying that notwithstanding the necessity for battleships, there is a corresponding necessity for the maximum possible development of those elements of warfare that contribute to the success of battleships. Life is always a growth and progress. One element of the progress of the day, so far as navies are concerned, is warfare in the air. Nations building battleships have to take this element into grave consideration and to meet in every possible way the defensive and offensive requirements which air development entails."

Heavy Guns and Peace

"It might be contended that vessels carrying aircraft alone could be used profitably unsupported by ships that place their primary dependence in war on a gun battery. Naval experience to date does not justify such a contention. Aircraft-carrying ships when unsupported fall an easy prey to vessels having long-range guns and special protection against the bombs which aircraft carry. One has only to consider the comparative helplessness of an aircraft carrier at night, or in bad weather, or in fog, to understand the tremendous difficulty under which such a vessel would operate if unsupported. It is, of course, possible to imagine ideal conditions under which the aircraft carrier might have an advantage against the battleship, but war cannot be planned for on the basis of ideal conditions; average conditions are the only safe criterion.

"In overseas expeditions where large numbers of troops may have to be transported, it is essential that the forces escorting these troops be at all times—twenty-four hours of each day—superior to any forces that may be brought against them. Such superiority may be had only through the agency of ships capable of offensive and defensive action every hour of the twenty-four. Ships that place their primary dependence upon guns are the only ones so far developed that can be depended upon for this service."

Since the War of 1812, when American frigates with their heavier guns consistently defeated British frigates, it has been the policy of the United States Navy to arm its ships with the heaviest possible batteries. Let that policy continue and America will have peace and, with a broad human sympathy, be in a position to engender a spirit of good will throughout the world.

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As good as its name
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Such a price for such a paste is made possible only by ultra-modern methods of manufacture and mass production.

We urge you to try Listerine Tooth Paste. It will be a revelation to you.

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Large tube 25¢

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VACANT chair as a companion, another long, lonely evening drags on. Thus does the wife of many a man sink into melancholy martyrdom, the victim of business inefficiency.

And inefficiency it is. For when a man must work overtime night after night, something is certainly wrong. Most often he is striving desperately to extricate himself from myriads of detail jobs.

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The question of paper is no question at all. Rely on the experience of large users of printed forms. They standardize on Hammermill Bond.

The surface of Hammermill Bond invites use. Pen or pencil glides smoothly over it; typewriter and printing press register cleanly and clearly. Carbons are neat and legible.

Also, Hammermill Bond is available everywhere in twelve standard colors and white. That is so the work of different jobs or departments may be identified by color.

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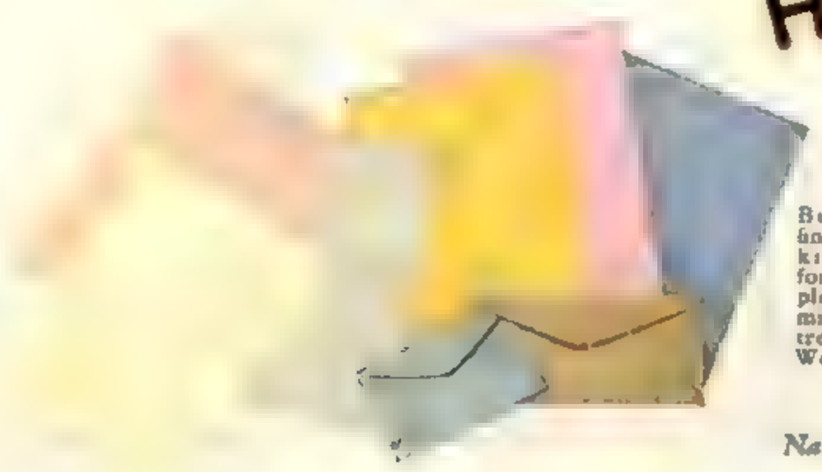

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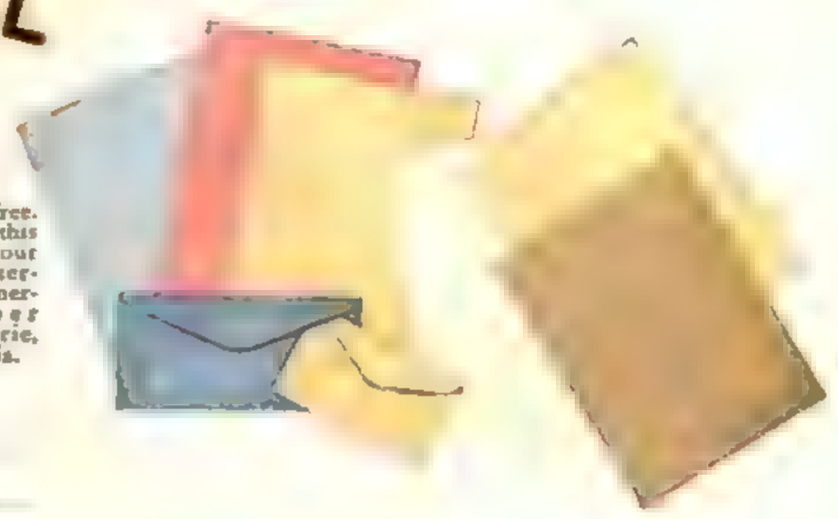


SECOND CHOICE

Continued from Page 27)

But the war brought Beth more than this local fame and definite social status and the troops of adolescent admirers—who were, after all, most of them, either penniless or dependent. It brought her Owen Mallory, a man eight years older than herself, of distinguished family and great wealth. Owen fell in love with Beth at sight and she fell in love with what she heard of Owen.

At first she was so dazzled by her unexpected good fortune, this sudden fairylike reversal of her own fortunes, that if Owen had been more selfish he could have had her then. He should, perhaps, if he had wanted her—but he did want her if he had understood her, he should have selfishly, unreasonably, demanded an immediate marriage. Certainly it proved fatal to give Beth time to reflect, to value and revalue herself, ever more highly; to plan, always more ambitiously, for the future, as she grew more sure of her worldly position. But Owen, at this time and for long afterward, was far from comprehending Beth's true character. And she was so young! Seventeen. A child. To Owen as sacred as a child.

The pure curves of her mouth had the power to wring his heart with pity. He would not take all the kisses that she obediently would have given him. He asked Beth to wait. She assented, curiously passive, strangely gentle, not rebellious with emotion like other women in wartime. And when Owen came back again it was Beth who asked him to wait, and again to wait—but always with that gentle, graceful air of acquiescence. And so for years his passion was fed, was starved, seemed to die, leaped up again from the ashes, was fed again on half moments, on glimpses.

Glimpses first at the training camp—why, he had scarcely seen Beth six times before he went away—just snatched delirious moments at dances—leave to go to Midland! Then France and occasional letters—brief, unsatisfactory, tantalizing glimpses of Beth in letters. Little, vague, childish notes that said nothing—but better than the most wonderful letters a clever woman could write, because Owen read his own emotions into them.

Torture and delight of thinking of Beth—wondering, dreaming, where is she now, at this moment? "Is she thinking of me now at this moment? She must be, because I am thinking of her so intensely! I will send out my thought to find hers; my mind shall make her come to me. Beth! Beth! Three thousand miles away. Beth, think of me now! Beth!" His mind went out, hard and burning, his thought stretched out like a burning wire. Vain telepathic attempt of all lovers. Comforting self-hypnotism.

Owen was wounded and lay in a hospital, deliriously dreaming. He got well of his bodily wound and went back to the Front with his incurable mental illness.

Kingsland, twice wounded, and gassed, wavered for months on the sharp uneasy cliff that divides life and death. Even after the war was over and he had come back home, his recovery was still not assured. Owen traveled with him to various places of cure, to famous doctors.

Another year and a half went by—still with only occasional glimpses of Beth, and these more unsatisfactory than before. For Beth was curiously vague now. As sweet, as gentle as ever, but with a reserve that Owen could not penetrate. She didn't wish, it appeared, when he could force her to say anything definite—she didn't wish to decide her whole life just yet. She was so young—hadn't even made her debut—why couldn't they be just friends for a while—she was so young.

Again that stirring of chivalrous pity for the gentle, helpless child. She still looked a child, not as mature in appearance as a schoolgirl, with her little, straight, unformed body, her pure mouth. After all, thought Owen, it wasn't fair. He ought to wait, give her a chance to see the world a little before she decided—exactly Beth's own intention—meet other men. A pang of bitter jealousy pierced Owen. He couldn't stand by to see that happen. He went out to Mexico again with King.

There King insisted on going in spite of all advice. There King insisted on staying, though the doctors said it might prove fatal to his health. Even more harmful than the climate, to one in his condition, was the nervous, infuriating strain of political events. Incessant troubles, petty and great, now showered down upon King; plunder and trickery on every side, everyone apparently untrustworthy, and no condition stable—and all King's personal fortune tied up in his enormous ranch and his investments in oil.

King was as headstrong, as self-willed as ever. And a sort of nervous fury now possessed him to prove himself stronger than fate, the master of conditions and of men. He wished to be feared and he came to be hated and -even more disastrous for himself -to hate. Owen alone had any power to calm him. To Owen he clung with the selfish, irritable, unreasonable love of a neurotic invalid.

For out of his long period of physical torture, King had emerged with a new personality. All his old scornful gayety was gone—his almost mocking indifference to his younger brother's devotion. Now he was wholly dependent on Owen's strength and health. His recovery, he asserted, depended on Owen's presence.

Now and then Owen would leave him for a few weeks to go back to Clivedale. A rivalry had developed between old John Clive and King. Every time that Owen came home his grandfather would insist that he should settle down immediately and permanently in Clivedale. Owen acknowledged the obligation, but King needed him more. Impossible to desert King now! This devotion old John Clive considered quixotic.

"It's tossing a good coin after a bad," he would say of the brothers. It was even rumored that he meant to disinherit Owen if he persisted in his disobedience.

Beth Randall by this time had made her debut very modestly, but correctly -and was surrounded by other admirers. She was no longer dazzled by Owen. Yet she never entirely gave him up. Like a greedy child in a candy shop, she preferred to stand first on one foot, then the other, stretch out a hand, draw it back, endure the agony of indecision and even of hunger, rather than choose one bonbon and definitely, irrevocably, give up all the rest.

It was not until John Clive died and Owen came home for a longer time than usual that Beth finally promised to marry him. She was twenty-four now, and there was no one else any better in prospect, though she was still, as always, surrounded by men.

Beth's enormous, her continued popularity was a thing other women simply couldn't understand! Of course she was pretty—they admitted that. But she hadn't an idea in her head. She had never been known to say anything clever or original. This was quite true. Beth Randall simply got her conversation ready-made.

All her reactions were expressed in terms of slang. Her most scintillating repartee at the moment was "Oh, don't be dumb!"

Strange, silly words, falling from the purely curving lips of an angel, mouth so poetic that it seemed it could only utter blank verse. Yet there was something piquant, indescribably charming, in the contrast. Perversely charming, the phrase "Oh, don't be dumb!" from the tender and wistful mouth of a little Fra Angelico Madonna.

Men laughed at Beth Randall as you laugh at a child—not because you are amused, but because your breath is so taken away by loveliness that you must catch your breath again in laughter. A ring of laughing men was always four deep around her, greedily clutching at the inane words which any other girl in the room, in the world, could have uttered. And the other girls, enviously muttering among themselves, completely bewildered:

"What do they see in her, my dear? Why, she's dumb—positively dumb!"

Perhaps they were right. Perhaps, in spite of apparently shrewd calculations, Beth had never plotted or thought very deeply. She may have been guided almost altogether by instinct—the instinct of a little silkily furred animal that will run to the warmest corner, snuggle up to the hand that offers food. Shallow and sly and utterly, naïvely selfish—Owen knew her at last for that! And yet he could not help loving her, could not help being fascinated by her silky and sly ways of a little animal; purring and coaxing coldly, silkily curling herself round his heart, with no real affection. She responded to his kisses with the soft, passive mouth of a little slave in a harem, docilely yielding herself to his emotion, quite without emotion of her own.

"Beth, you don't love me! You don't love me!"

"I do love you, Owen"—sweetly and blankly and coldly. Her voice had no depth, no timbre.

He could kiss her as much as he liked. But he was never satisfied. He was only tortured. And each kiss only tortured him the more.

"Beth! Beth! You don't love me! Why can't you love me?"

"I do love you, Owen."

Her voice was in his ears constantly—thin and sweet and meaningless, uttering the sweet, meaningless phrase, "I do love you, Owen. I do love you."

He should have been wonderfully happy. She was his at last, after seven years of waiting. He had only to wait another year now—Beth wanted to wait a little still; there was her trousseau to get and a house to decide on and all the many preparations for a large and brilliant wedding. And it was necessary, too, for Owen to go back to Mexico for a time. He must try to straighten out King's affairs a little before he left him—poor King! But of course Beth couldn't be expected to live in Mexico. Owen would settle down at last to what old John Clive had always wanted for him. He felt bitter regret now for his persistent neglect of his grandfather, for his too plainly displayed lack of interest in the business that had been the chief pride and interest of John Clive's life.

Owen appointed a manager for the mills while he went back to Mexico. He stayed there almost a year, trying in vain to settle King's affairs, to reconcile him to his own absence. On his next journey home he expected to marry Beth. But at the hotel in New York where he stopped overnight on his way back to Midland, he found a telegram and a letter. The wire said:

Do not come. Everything changed. Please forgive me. BETH.

And the letter told him of Beth's change in plan.

He couldn't believe it! He rushed to Midland, in spite of the very definite, even commanding tone of the letter. He was met by the newspaper announcement of Beth's engagement and her own refusal to see him.

When it was possible for Owen to think again—he was at first exactly like a man whose head has been injured by a fall—he determined to leave Midland at once and forever. He would sell out everything and go back to King. But this was not so simple as, in his inexperience, his entire ignorance of local conditions, he had imagined.

Continued on Page 78

"I'd Drive Fifty Miles for a Red Edge"

WITH due apologies to a well-known advertiser, we just must use that heading. Because it happened. A certain pipe line company out in Oklahoma needed shovels. The Superintendent called his regular supply company. "Send over three dozen Red Edges right away. No, three dozen *shovels* won't do. I said Red Edges. We got some hard digging to do and mighty little time to do it in."

"Sorry," said the supply man, "but you can't get a Red Edge this side of Tonkawa."

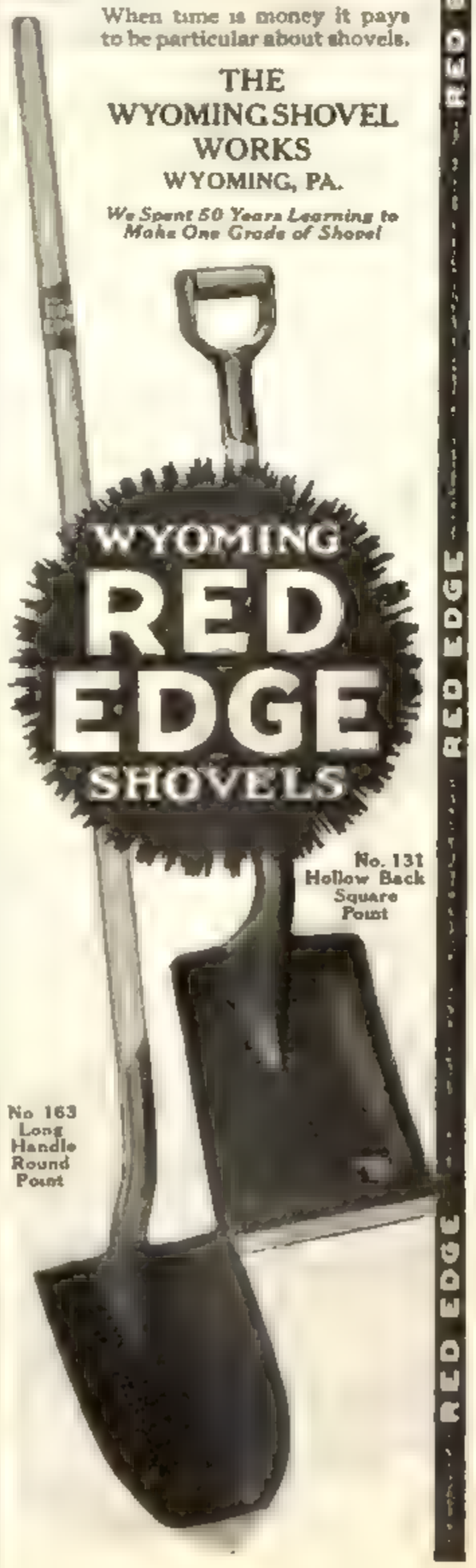
"Don't care if you can't get a Red Edge this side of Gehenna. Got to have 'em," was the reply.

And so, as the old novelists used to put it, "a lone rider might have been seen" burning up the fifty miles to Tonkawa. No, the Superintendent wasn't just a plain crank. Any contractor, who has seen how Red Edges speed up a digging job, knows that these champion time-and-labor savers are worth sending any distance for.

When time is money it pays to be particular about shovels.

THE WYOMING SHOVEL WORKS
WYOMING, PA.

We Spent 50 Years Learning to Make One Grade of Shovel



A gleaming film of Johnson's Polishing Wax like an invisible cover of glass—protects your dining table so hot dishes and spilled liquids will not mar its beautiful finish.

All the leading manufacturers of Linoleum recommend WAX for polishing, preserving and protecting their beautiful inlaid flooring.

A soft rag and a bottle of Johnson's Liquid Wax are the only equipment you need for polishing your car and preserving its fine finish

Polishes Easily to Gleaming Beauty

"I wouldn't keep house without it"—that is what thousands of women are saying about Johnson's Polishing Wax.

The reasons are not hard to find. Johnson's Polishing Wax means actual hours clipped from their housework. It means increased home beauty—with economy.

A trial will convince you of the all-around usefulness of Johnson's Polishing Wax. It beautifies, preserves and protects your furniture, woodwork, floors and linoleum—your automobile—your shoes and other leather goods.

It cleans as it polishes—in one simple, easy operation. The finished surface gleams with a deep, lasting luster, which remains hard and dry, and on which finger-prints don't show. It doesn't attract dirt and lint. It saves the surface. Leading automobile manufacturers recommend Johnson's Polishing Wax for preserving fine lacquered finishes. It makes quick, easy work of what most men consider a hard job. The thin film of gleaming wax—like a protective armor—renders the surface impervious to wear and weather.

Be sure Johnson's Polishing Wax is on your next shopping list. Your grocery, hardware, drug, furniture, paint or department store can supply you. Once you have used it you'll be satisfied with no other polish.

Enlist the help of Johnson's Polishing Wax—either paste or liquid—to reduce your hours of housework and add new charm to your home

JOHNSON'S

PASTE OR LIQUID . . . .

From the original painting by Sundblom

rent

this Electric Polisher *by the day or half-day*

Near you is a grocery, hardware, drug, furniture, paint or department store that will rent you a Johnson Electric Floor Polisher at a very low rate. Or buy one for your own home—the price has recently been reduced from $42.50 to only $29.50.

WAX-POLISHED floors are good taste as well as good housekeeping. Nothing adds so much beauty to your home—so many welcome leisure hours — such economies in upkeep.

The Johnson Electric Floor Polisher enables you to wax-polish every room in your home quickly, easily—without disturbing your household. There is no stooping or kneeling. No messy rags or pails. No soiled hands or clothing.

Just spread a thin coat of Johnson's Polishing Wax on any floor, old or new —of wood, linoleum, tile, marble, rubber or composition—whether varnished, shellacked, waxed or painted. This cleans off all soil and grime and at the same time waxes the floor.

The rest of the treatment is merely a matter of guiding the easy-running Johnson Electric Floor Polisher over the surface. What an amazing difference you notice immediately! Your floors are rejuvenated—lustrous—cheery as a glowing fire in a fireplace.

It is infinitely easier to keep your floors and linoleum immaculate when they are wax-polished. Never again will you find it necessary to go to the trouble and expense of a general floor refinishing.

The thin, hard, burnished film of wax preserves and protects the floors against mars and wear, no matter how heavy the traffic. Let the young folks dance—the children romp—for you can quickly and easily restore the lustrous cleanliness and charm of all wax-polished surfaces.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON *"The Floor Finishing Authorities"* Racine, Wisconsin (Canadian Factory: Brantford)

POLISHING WAX

CLEANS · POLISHES · PRESERVES · PROTECTS

"The acid sprayed into my face"

"I was the last employee of the battery company to leave. As I stooped over the charging line, one of the batteries blew up, sprayed my face with sulphuric acid. The burns were fearful. I was in terrible misery . . . At a drug store Unguentine was recommended. I applied it. What wonderful relief! I kept up the treatment. Today healing is complete."

* * *

Burns come to us all. Suddenly. Unexpectedly. In factory or field, on journeys—by our own firesides! Any burn can become infected. Be ready. Treat it as physicians do: at once, Unguentine!

As soon as you spread Unguentine on, the pain is eased. The burn, germ-free, starts healing normally—quickly. In most cases, *not the slightest scar remains.*

Use freely for cuts, scratches and bruises, too. Bandage lightly when necessary. At your druggist's—50c. Keep a tube at your office or shop as well as at home. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y

Unguentine

The standard surgical dressing in American hospitals

The Norwich Pharmacal Co. Dept. 548 Norwich N. Y.
Please send me trial tube of Unguentine and booklet, What To Do, by M. W. Seder, M. D.

Name

Street

City and State

FREE!

A trial tube

(Continued from Page 75)

At the time of John Clive's death there had been a number of offers to buy the mills and all the Clivedale property, and Owen imagined that, through his lawyers, he could immediately effect a sale now. But in a very few days he discovered his mistake.

He seemed to be blocked at every way he turned. The group of stockholders of the Clivedale Mills who, at the time of his grandfather's death, had assured him they were ready to buy in the entire property, now began all at once to assume an anxious and cautious manner, to talk about the increase in the cost of labor, a decline in profits, a possible strike, a sudden depression in the market, various technical things which Owen did not in the least understand. He regretted now more than ever his failure to learn anything about the business; he felt himself at a tremendous disadvantage—indeed, quite helpless—before these experienced men.

The manager he had put in charge during his absence had turned out to be entirely unsatisfactory—even untrustworthy. It was quite true that, in the past year, the profits from the mills had decreased alarmingly. Owen's personal income was diminished, and at this particular time King was in need of money from Clivedale, since his oil leases were now practically worthless and a great part of his land had been confiscated under the agrarian laws of Mexico.

A rival manufacturer who at one time had been eagerly interested in getting hold of Clivedale, and on whom Owen had counted in case he ever wanted to make a quick sale, now, too, veered about, became difficult and cautious and noncommittal in his attitude—talked of the refusal of the principal Midland bank—of which Mr. Harcourt was president—to give him the financial aid he had counted on.

"Frankly," was the verdict of everyone, "the property has greatly depreciated since your grandfather's time."

This was true, of course. Owen became aware, as others have before him, that a great manufacturing fortune does not consist of the buildings and machinery, or even the demand for the product which the plant can produce, but of the personality of the man who owns and directs this equipment.

It might be true, as Ned Pemberton now declared, and as Owen himself suspected, that Mr. Harcourt was back of some of the difficulties. But, principally, Owen discovered the great commercial—and, indeed, personal—truth that it is only when you don't care to sell that other people choose to buy.

His own too great eagerness to get rid of the property had a great deal to do with the coyness of the purchasers. Besides, everyone knew his personal reason for wishing to leave Midland. They foresaw, in his business inexperience and in his personal troubles, a rare opportunity to drive a bargain. And when Owen realized that they were planning to make capital out of his misfortune, all his fighting spirit was roused. He determined then to stick it out, see the thing through satisfactorily and not be forced into flight either by Beth Randall and her approaching marriage or by the men who had called themselves his grandfather's friends. He must think now, he told himself, only of the expedient, the practical, and forget the rest—fill up his life with a hurrying round of material things, his brain with facts and leave no room for the cruel tricks of imagination. As easy to decide as it was difficult to perform! For still in his ears there rang that siren voice, far away and sweet, meaningless yet sweet:

"I do love you, Owen. I do love you."

He knew that Beth had never loved him. And yet—so is the heart of a lover, man or woman—he believed she loved him still.

He would not have admitted, even in his most secret thoughts, that the hope of seeing Beth had anything to do with his decision to remain in Midland. He would have told even himself that the possibility of meeting Beth was his chief reason for wishing to leave Midland at once. And yet, forbid it with scornful logic as he might, his imagination defied him, created the scene. At the mere thought his heart turned over sickeningly in his chest, his breath was suspended. He swore at himself for an utter fool. But hope, like a cancerous sore, still gnawed at him.

He knew Beth to be unworthy of love. And with all the power of conscious thought he declared that his own love was over; that if it could ever be reawakened, he, too, was worthless—a weak thing to be despised. Yet stronger than all the forces of reason and will was that subconscious self which had not yet given Beth up. In his reaction from this dark power, the strong, secret enemy within his own fort, in his fear of the folly into which it might betray him, Owen was ready for almost any other folly. Yet outwardly he appeared calm, reasonable, normal—he even believed himself to be so.

Fortunately there were many things to occupy his mind now besides his personal trouble. Practical difficulties became as welcome as the sting of a medicine that relieves greater pain. There was only one problem, slight but vexing, which Owen did not like to consider, even to turn his thoughts away from Beth. And yet he must consider it, solve it if possible, in a tactful manner, unless he wished to be utterly indifferent to the predicament, the probable feelings, of one who had been quite as unfortunate as himself.

Gossip had supplied him with her name, linking it repeatedly in the last few days with that of Hugh Warrener; and gossip kept him reminded almost daily of Valeria Grove. He remembered that in their one brief astonishing encounter he had assured her that she need never see him another time in her life. And now nothing was more improbable than that they would not meet again.

Even though he deliberately tried to avoid Miss Grove—as he most certainly should—Midland was too small a city, they had too many mutual friends, not to run the risk of a chance encounter. And it would, of course, be painfully unpleasant for her to come upon him somewhere unexpectedly, to meet him again quite without warning. He owed her an explanation of his continued presence in Midland. He would like to add—if such a thing were possible—an assurance of his ability to keep a secret. Yet how was it possible to say any of these things—he had tried several times, unsuccessfully, to write a note—without appearing impertinent or absurd? She would probably think him a cad, no matter what his phrases.

The whole affair was making him absurdly self-conscious—angry with himself and with her. He felt that he had played a ridiculous, a blundering, and yet melodramatic, part in Valeria Grove's drama. His masculine vanity was wounded whenever he remembered the scene. And there was another problem. For how was he to explain his presence in that room? Since he hadn't explained it at the time, he must explain it now. He had never before found himself in so awkward a situation, one that called for the most tactful and delicate of phrases, and he could invent none that were not clumsy, wounding, he feared. For remind a woman, even with the utmost tact, of a moment so humiliating!

He saw very clearly that Valeria Grove would hate him even more than the man who had humiliated her. He really wondered where that phrase "innocent bystander" could have come from, for certainly no one ever considers the bystander blameless.

XIII

A SUDDEN and unusually sharp exclamation from his wife caused Christopher Grove to drop his share of their morning newspaper. They were reading it in the customary manner—Mr. Grove, the international news; Mrs. Grove, advertisements, society and murders.

"Why, Kitty, what's the matter?"

Her cheeks, which had turned greenish white, were now slowly changing to purple. No sound came out of her opened mouth. But like a searchlight on a dark road, her shaking finger swept the page, picked out the object of disaster.

Among the usual, though always astonishing, list of coupled names—astonishingly illustrative of the quality of human courage, poor brave young things, with all the floating wrecks around them—Christopher now observed an unusually surprising hyphenation: Harcourt-Warrener.

His expression was quite inadequate to his dismay. His fine pale mask had not been formed for strong emotions. Equally antipathetic to his lips was their expression. Kitty, as usual, misread his hieroglyphics. Her full fury burst out now; he was swept along, too, in the elemental flood.

"You knew it!" she cried, with an injustice that would admit no denial. "You knew about it already! Val would tell you, I suppose, if she told anyone. And you both kept it from me—the one person in the world who might have done something about it—stopped it—before it was too late!"

"My dear," he remonstrated gently, "how could you stop Hugh Warrener from marrying anyone he chooses?"

"The way you could—if you were a man! Other fathers don't allow their daughters' lives to be wasted five whole years—the best years—but that's not the point!" She broke off scornfully. "I didn't expect anything from you. But if I'd been told—if you and Val could have honored me with just a little of your confidence for a change—"

Her voice crumbled. She positively could not go on. This was the sorest spot in all her relationship with her daughter and her husband. Kitty Grove simply could not bear to feel that other people were keeping secrets from her.

She was as touchy as a child in this respect—very much like the unpopular child who stands, sulking, apart, eaten up by a desire for revenge, while other children whisper. The reserve that was natural to both Christopher and Val had been a bitter trial to Mrs. Grove always. And she could not, would not, understand that she only intensified the quality she disliked by her incessant questioning and spying, her watchful suspicion. She was ever on the alert for a slight to her curiosity, ready to resent it and to revenge herself. It seemed to Mrs. Grove that she had a right to know not only the outward events in the lives of her family but their most private thoughts and feelings as well. Years of vain endeavor had not discouraged her—she still believed it possible to take the citadel of confidence by assault.

It was of no use now for Christopher to protest that their daughter had told him nothing. His suggestion that perhaps Valeria herself had not known of Hugh's engagement was met with a contemptuous cry:

"Of course she knew! What man would dare—even Hugh Warrener wouldn't dare—in a town like this! Of course Val knew! She must have known it for days—weeks—how can I tell? And she kept it from me! Not that I expect her to tell me anything ever—not even for her own good. She's always thought she could manage her own life in her own way, without any of my assistance. And this is what it has come to!"

She found, it seemed, a certain consolation in the fulfillment of prophecy. But now a new thought stung her; she had stumbled on that sharpest thorn of maternal love—jealousy.

"She would run to Alma, of course! That explains everything! Oh, what a fool I've been!"

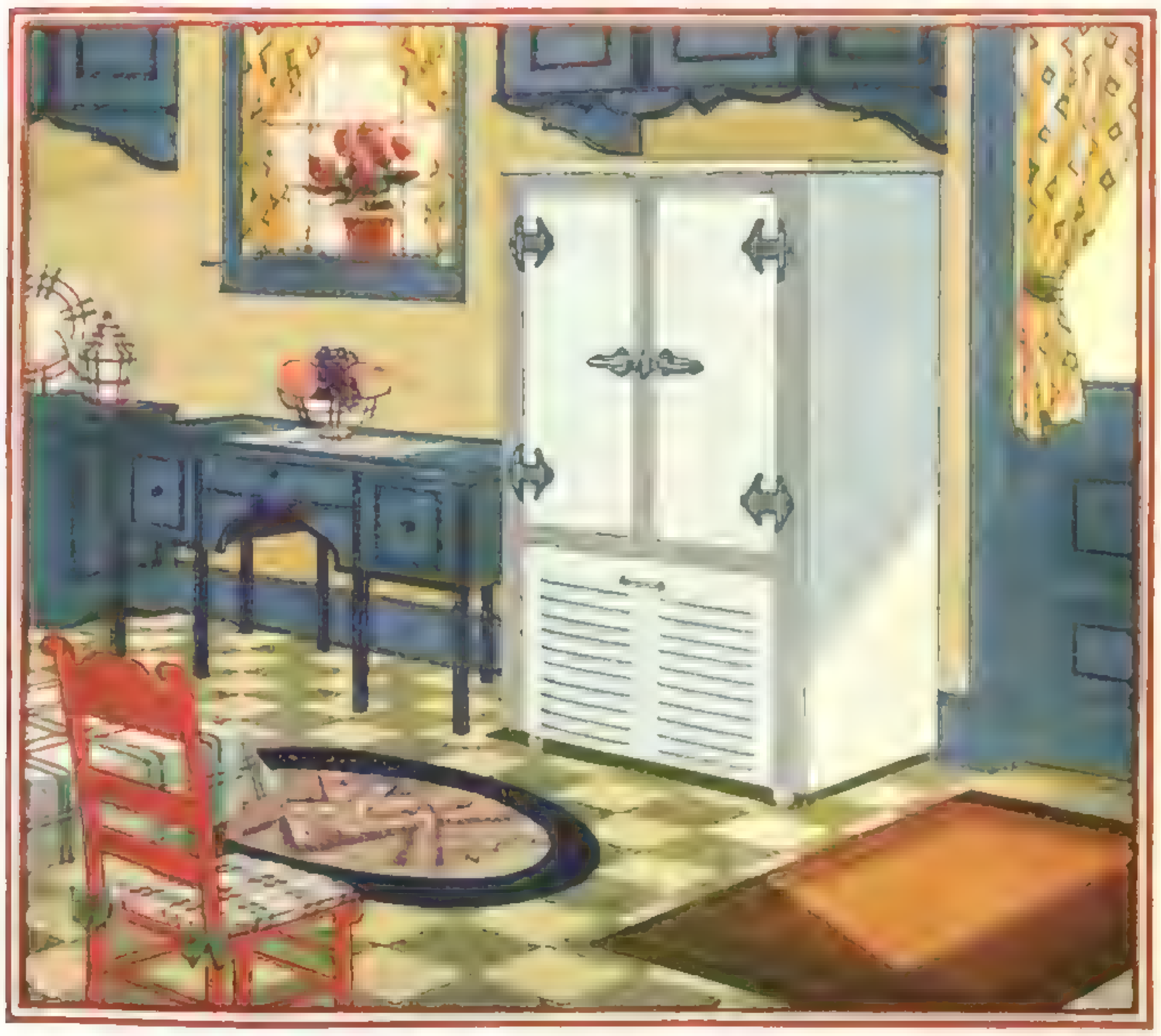
She jumped up, scattering the loose sheets of newspaper like leaves before a vigorous autumn wind. She was extraordinarily handsome, vital, as she stood there, darkly flushed, electric and menacing as a day in November. She announced her intention of going at once to Val.

Nothing that Christopher could say would dissuade her. His protest as to the

(Continued on Page 80

FRIGIDAIRE

THE CHOICE OF THE MAJORITY



Now has come the realization that health depends upon wholesome food, and the wholesome-

ness of most foods upon proper refrigeration. Out of that realization has grown the demand

for Frigidaire. Not mere refrigeration, but dependable, electric refrigeration. And as that demand

has grown, quantity production has made prices low. So today Frigidaire has become a safeguard

to health that is an economical investment for any home. Frigidaire Corporation, Dayton, Ohio

FRIGIDAIRE

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

"Oh, but you must be mistaken, officer; I would never dare to drive that fast on these old tires—why, they've gone over 20,000 miles."

"You might get by with that if they weren't Kelly-Springfields, but you can try it on the judge."

(Continued from Page 78)

inappropriateness of the hour was simply ignored. He followed Kitty about helplessly from dining room to bedroom, from bedroom to hall, and back again to their bedroom, while she hastily but dexterously dressed herself for the street. No excitement could rob Kitty Grove's fingers of their neat precision. She was wearing a starched pink gingham dress -she had a right-minded horror of women who appeared at the breakfast table in negligee—and this she exchanged for a tailored suit and white blouse. She pulled a small black felt hat down tightly over her short hair, drew on her compressed lips a careful line of rouge -her blazing cheeks needed none—powdered her nose precisely, for even in her hour of trouble she remembered that one should always make up after the hat is on, not before. She picked up her black suède bag, her chamois gloves and waved her husband aside.

No, she would not allow him to accompany her. She reminded him coldly that work goes on no matter what else fails. Her momentary composure did not deceive Christopher. He knew it was assumed for the purpose of a public appearance and that it would vanish when that necessity was over. If he insisted on going with Kitty she would be quite capable of smiling on him for the half hour that they were in the street car and then making a scene with him as soon as they reached the Lanes' house.

The only thing he could do was to telephone to Alma, after Kitty had gone, to give her notice of the intended visit. It was not possible, of course, to describe his wife's dangerous mood. But Alma's surprised and distressed voice over the telephone confirmed Christopher's suspicion that, in any case, the call would be most unwelcome.

Indeed, Alma was more disturbed than Christopher could possibly have imagined.

XIV

ALMA had not told even her husband the true cause of their guest's sudden illness. Howard, like everyone else, had been informed that Valeria had taken cold at the country-club dance; she had a high temperature and the doctor had forbidden her to leave her room. Grumbling a trifle at guests in general and commanding Alma not to exert herself for this one in particular, Howard offered to pay for a trained nurse, sent baskets of fruit and flowers to the sick room, and was greatly relieved that he was not allowed to enter.

Friends to whom Alma reported displayed the customary lack of interest in other people's illness and began at once to speak of the enthralling time when they had had tonsillitis or pneumonia. Mrs. Grove, to whom Alma telephoned a daily bulletin, had so far displayed no overwhelming anxiety for her daughter's health or any particular desire for her companionship. And as soon as Mrs. Grove learned that Val had not met Owen Mallory at Edith's party, even her desire to speak with her daughter over the telephone subsided. She accepted then, without further remonstrance, Alma's statement that the doctor had forbidden Val to talk on account of a swollen throat, and merely retorted that Alma mustn't spoil Val; a cold was just nothing; she—Mrs. Grove—had them all the time and went about and worked as hard as ever.

"But of course Val hasn't my energy. I will never give in!" declared Mrs. Grove, who, like everyone else, was most proud of her most disagreeable characteristics.

Alma could absolutely rely on the doctor's discretion. Doctor Gathney was medical father confessor to half Midland the better half, of course. He had never been known to tell the truth about you to any of your friends. He wouldn't even hint that he knew the truth about you himself. Doctor Gathney and Alma played a polite comedy of pretending to believe it an accident. Alma blamed herself for the overdose of the sleeping draughts. Doctor Gathney complained that all his women patients exchanged their medicines as casually as their lipsticks. The nurse was a model of discretion and impersonality, provided and trained by Doctor Gathney.

Valeria was no longer in any danger now—that is, physically. She lay, white and silent, with a curious passivity, a childlike obedience, that almost broke Alma's heart. Wild rebellion, stormy tears, would have been easier to deal with, to console. But Valeria asked for no consolation, expected no mental healing. If there was grief or hope or despair or any resolution for the future behind that white mask, it was impossible to tell. Her inert body was terrifying. It was like a shell that has been left lying empty on the shore.

She opened her mouth for food and medicine, she raised her head, moved her hands, as she was told, she answered questions. She looked at the doctor, the nurse, even at Alma, with dark, opaque eyes which told nothing, which seemed to have been painted only on her white face. Sometimes, from closed eyelids, large tears would run slowly down her cheeks, but she made no noise of weeping, no shuddering, convulsive movements; not even her lips stirred. She would wipe the tears away quietly and turn her head on the pillow.

And if Alma spoke to her, then she would say, "I'm sorry. Please don't talk. I'm sorry."

Her nervous dread of speech increased. She told the doctor that the sound of voices made her feel faint and ill. The nurse tiptoed about the room; there was little for her to do except watch the patient. Doctor Gathney did not consider it advisable to leave her alone at present. Alma often sat by the bed for an hour or two without speaking. Sometimes Valeria would reach out and take her hand.

"I'm sorry. I'm sorry, Alma." She repeated it in a toneless, monotonous and tired voice that went straight to Alma's heart: "I'm sorry. I'm sorry."

"But, darling, don't be sorry. There's nothing to be sorry for."

"Yes. I ought to go away."

"But I love having you here!"

"It's not good for you. I ought to go."

"Nonsense, darling! I wouldn't let you!"

"Well, I haven't anywhere to go. I can't I couldn't ——"

"Darling, be still."

"Yes, I want to. I can't bear to talk. I'm sorry."

"Sh-h! Sh-h! How silly you are! You needn't ever talk again if you don't want to"

Valeria sighed and closed her eyes. Her clutch on Alma's hand tightened, relaxed. She seemed about to go to sleep. Then all at once she sat up in bed; her eyes flew open like a doll's, dark and wide, frightened and blank and wide.

"Alma, I can't—don't let—people—anyone come here! Don't let anyone come and talk to me!"

"No, I won't. I promise, darling."

"Promise?"

"Promise."

"But, my dear Alma, you scarcely seem to realize that Val is my daughter. And you, after all, are only her friend."

Mrs. Grove's aggressive profile under her determinedly chic hat was reflected in a wide-framed Italian mirror. She sat bolt upright on Alma's drawing-room sofa, while her hostess faced her, in a more relaxed attitude, from a deep chair. Everything about Alma was soft and shining - shining pale brown hair close to her round head, a soft frock of apple-green silk, shining brown eyes in a rather pale but serene face.

If Mrs. Grove was sharp, insistent, determined, Alma was equally firm beneath a gentle manner. Her eyes met Mrs. Grove's steadily. Her lips slightly compressed, her voice a shade too carefully controlled, she answered her inquisitor gently. In her Mrs. Grove found the astonishing force of the terrible meek. For it is easier to move a stone wall than to struggle with sand - gentle sand, which quietly slips between

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YOUR WIFE...

Are the things she does important?

ALMOST everything you do during business hours is important, isn't it? You come home at night and tell her of the important happenings of the day—the deals you closed—the important purchases you made—the decisions you rendered. And she praises your judgment. Admires your ability. You deserve this, no doubt. But what about your wife? Are the things she does important?

As a buyer, your wife is just as keen and discriminating as any business man. Every day merchants clamor for her patronage bid for her business. She must choose, from among many, the one store that gives her the most for her dollar. She does choose. That's important. Give her credit.

Daily your wife must purchase the family food needs. Countless brands, grades and prices are confusing, yet she must decide. And she does, wisely and profitably. Give her credit.

Like yourself, your wife recognizes value and goodness, and that explains her constant visits to the A&P store in her community. A&P helps her to solve her most important problem—Good foods for her family.

A&P guarantees the quality and goodness of every food it offers. A&P assures every customer increased value for every dollar expended for food. By reason of this, women hold a strong preference for the A&P store in their community.

At the A&P you are sure to find the popular, nationally advertised brands of groceries.

THE GREAT ATLANTIC & PACIFIC TEA COMPANY

A&P ESTABLISHED 1859 "WHERE ECONOMY RULES"

THROUGH MARCH STORMS ON TIRES BY

LEE of Conshohocken

LEE *Shoulderbilt*
Compared to other makes of heavy duty balloons, you will find the Shoulderbilt bigger, taller and oftentimes heavier. They are over over-size. The greater service to you must be obvious.

In some places Jupiter Pluvius makes the going pretty tough in March.

Not so many years ago you faced the unfavorable elements with a prayer that your tires would remain faithful. Today, on Tires by Lee of Conshohocken, you give them little thought.

Lee together with some others in the industry are reducing your worries and eliminating your troubles by making better tires.

Tire making is like making bread or cake; the same ingredients in the hands of efficient cooks often produce varying results. Here at Conshohocken we practice the art of making dependable tires; for forty-four years Lee workmen have been proficient rubber craftsmen.

The master rubber craftsman of his time, J. Elwood Lee, taught them how. This was his greatest legacy.

Modern methods and equipment have served to enhance, not to displace, the original "knowing how". We intend that every tire with the Lee name on it shall be a credit to that name.

Lee Tire & Rubber Company, *Conshohocken, Pa.*

COST NO MORE TO BUY – MUCH LESS TO RUN

(Continued from Page 80)

your fingers and ever resumes its former place. Alma's husband had often encountered that passive resistance. He was amused by it, secretly proud of his wife's sweetly courteous, ever-yielding, but never-conquered will. Mrs. Grove, since she was of the same sex, was only annoyed by Alma's politeness. She had a fierce desire to provoke her into open combat. If Alma would only fight fairly, thought Mrs. Grove. This deprecating, regretful manner, these courteous evasions, confirmed the suspicion Mrs. Grove had long held—in fact, ever since Val, as a child, had shown a marked preference for Alma—that Valeria's friend was sly. Mrs. Grove had no confidence in sweet women.

Her jealous love for her daughter—that imperative need of her own nature to dominate and control—took fresh alarm, found new offense, in any trait of character that she herself did not possess. Since Kitty Grove was not naturally mild and amiable, but must assume that manner when it seemed necessary, she persuaded herself that sweetness in others was only affectation or hypocrisy.

"These sweet women!" she would say, laughing and shaking her head. "Look out for sweet women, my dear!" She had said this so often that she really believed there was something dangerous and wicked in women who got their own way without making scenes. For, like many another person of irascible temperament, Kitty Grove confounded bluntness with honesty, bad manners with sincerity.

"I'm sure," said Mrs. Grove, "at a time like this Val must want to see her own mother more than anyone else in the world."

A momentary astonishment quickened Alma's courteous gaze. She wondered if all mothers believed in the sentimental *clichés* about motherhood, no matter what the quality of their own performance. Could it be possible that Mrs. Grove considered the physical fact alone sufficient to assure an indestructible affection? That no further delicate care, no nice adjustment of human relationships, was necessary after the one supreme and sacrificial—though sometimes involuntary—act of giving birth?

But, with Alma, pity succeeded judgment. She spoke more gently than ever with real regret:

"I am so sorry, Mrs. Grove, but Doctor Gathney has forbidden ——"

"What do I care about Doctor Gathney?" Mrs. Grove threw away the last pretense of politeness. She felt the familiar thrill of a reckless anger; exasperated now into that mood of primitive plain speaking which her husband always dreaded. "What do I care about Doctor Gathney? He can't forbid me. I'm Val's mother."

"But—forgive me, Mrs. Grove—do you think Val will want to see anyone just now? Talk to anyone about Hugh's engagement, I mean? You know, Val is very proud, very sensitive and reserved."

"Reserved!" It was the wrong word. Alma saw her mistake in the wounded flush that came up on Mrs. Grove's cheek. "Yes, I know very well she's reserved—if you mean I've never had her confidence!"

"I don't think it is easy for Val to confide in anyone."

"But you knew all about it!"

"No."

"I can't believe that, Alma!"

"I'm sorry, but I'm afraid you'll have to take my word."

"Why has she been here all this time then, if you didn't know?"

"I have told you—she has been very ill."

"Ill! Yes, of course she's ill! I understand that now. And what will other people say? That she's ill because of Hugh Warrener's engagement! Because he jilted her! That's what they'll say—and you know it as well as I!"

Alma did not answer. She turned away her head, and this involuntary gesture of repulsion and contempt stung Mrs. Grove into harsher speech:

"Do you suppose anyone will believe your story about influenza now? I was taken in by it too. I ought to have known better."

Alma looked at her then. A new note came into her level voice:

"May I ask just what you mean, Mrs. Grove?"

"I mean, very plainly—I've come to take Val home."

"Why —— But that's impossible! Simply impossible! She's in no condition ——"

"She's no more ill than you or I!" cried Mrs. Grove. "Unless you can be sick with disappointment and what young people imagine is a broken heart. And that's what I won't have people say! I won't have it! I can't have it, Alma!" Her voice dropped to pleading. "For her own sake, for Val's sake, it mustn't be! That would be the end! That would finish Val in this town! She's got to get up and dress herself this instant and come home with me, and go out—be seen everywhere—laugh and talk as if nothing had happened, and go to every single party she's invited to."

"Mrs. Grove, you don't know what you're saying—you couldn't, if you knew how ill, dangerously ill, Val has been."

"Let me see her then and judge for myself!"

"No, I can't. I'm very sorry."

"But if she's dangerously ill I've got the right to see her. I'm her mother. And neither you nor Doctor Gathney can stop me. What you're doing is not right, Alma—not right from any point of view. There's not anyone who would take your side. They'd think it very strange of you—wicked. If my daughter is dangerously ill ——"

"I assure you she is."

"Then I shall most certainly go up and see her—now!"

She jumped up. Alma rose, too, and with an instinctive movement of defense placed herself between Mrs. Grove and the door.

"Mrs. Grove, you are in my house."

"Yes. I'm very sorry."

"So am I."

Mrs. Grove felt that she had the advantage now. Her tone changed to one of motherly indulgence toward a spoiled child:

"Please stand aside, Alma, and let me go upstairs. Don't block the door like that. Don't be silly, my dear. You can't stop me by force, you know. And we really don't want a vulgar scene, do we?"

"I don't care whether there's a scene or not! You shan't go up to Val!"

"Well, really! Why, I never heard anything like this in my whole life! I suppose you'll ring for your servants next to show me out!"

"Indeed I shall—if you won't go because I ask you."

"What?"

"I ask you to leave my house."

"Do I hear you, Alma Lane?"

"Yes."

"Then Val leaves too."

"No!"

"We'll see! This has gone far enough!"

"Quite!"

For a blazing instant they faced each other. Alma had grown very pale, her distended eyes were enormous. Under the high, fashionable hat, Mrs. Grove had the beak of a bird that is ready to pounce. Then all at once she veered in the wind. She gave a little laugh—one of those good-natured, sensible laughs with which older people snub adolescents.

"Why, Alma Lane!" she cried, in an odiously rational voice. "I'm old enough to be your mother, and you're acting like a perfect child! So I shall just treat you as a child!"

Her affectionate, mocking but determined hand went out to set Alma aside. But Alma shrank back against the door, and instinctively her fingers clutched at the knob. Mrs. Grove's hand swooped down over Alma's. They struggled—conscious of the ridiculous and undignified nature of their struggle, but only more angry and more determined in consequence.

"Oh, how dare you? Let me go!"

"If you touch that bell, Alma, I'll make a scene before the servants! I warn you!"

"Let go my hand, Mrs. Grove!"

"I won't! There! There now! You let go!"

"No!"

"You will! You will! There!"

"Oh!"

"Oh, my God, Alma! Oh, what've I done?"

Alma had slipped down, lay still, before the closed door.

Mrs. Grove collected her wits and restored her facial expression. She rang.

"Oh, I'm so sorry. I'm afraid Mrs. Lane has fainted, Wilks. There, put her on the sofa. I'll go call her maid myself!" Mrs. Grove cried, darting out in the hall.

She had got halfway upstairs when she met Doctor Gathney coming down—a small, round, yet imposing figure. Beautifully dressed, even more suave of manner, his white hair appeared sterilized, his pink skin antiseptic. Patients winced beneath an eye as blue as steel, as sharp as a surgeon's knife.

"Oh, Doctor Gathney," gasped Kitty Grove, "I'm afraid poor Alma has fainted! Will you go to her, please, in the drawing-room? And I'll just run up for a moment to see Val."

He took Kitty Grove's hand. His eyes probed quietly in her flushed, excited face.

"No, I shall need your help with Mrs. Lane. And then, Mrs. Grove, I shall have the pleasure of driving you home."

All at once Kitty Grove began to cry—and she was not a crying woman. But she was frightened and remorseful. Though, like most of her sex, she ascribed another reason for her tears:

"Oh, Doctor Gathney, what a tyrant you are! Everyone says you're a perfect tyrant! I'm not even to be allowed to see my own daughter?"

"Your daughter is asleep just at present," he replied, in the dry, delicate voice that believed nothing, that scarcely asked you to believe. "I am sure that not even a mother would wish to disturb her."

XV

VALERIA, of course, was not asleep. She had endured the doctor's visit with her customary passive indifference, his suave though futile attempts at a conversation, the nurse's more obvious professional cheerfulness. But when Miss Howton left the room Valeria thought she heard, through the rapidly opening and closing door, the sound of a familiar voice. As soon as Doctor Gathney had gone Valeria tiptoed after him and once more opened the door into the hall. There she heard quite enough to tell all that had occurred.

The thing she had been dreading for days had happened—a violent and vulgar scene—but far worse than she had imagined, since it involved Alma instead of herself. The shock brought Valeria out of that state resembling coma in which she had remained for so long—that complete egotistic trance which is usually the result of a severe mental wound.

In her first desperate suffering Valeria had fled, almost instinctively, to her one friend. She had remained in Alma's house through weakness and terror—a nervous dread of criticism and reproach and even more wounding gossip and laughter. She perceived now for the first time her full selfishness in having used Alma as a shield between herself and the world she dared not face. Yet with the realization, with regret, came no new strength or courage.

She had no resolution to meet the returning realities of her own life, the now-insistent problem of her future. A terrifying problem. For it was not alone a romantic misadventure that overclouded her whole sky. The question was—to put it brutally: Who is going to provide bread and butter and Paris hats, or any covering whatsoever, for Valeria Grove?

She was twenty-eight years old—twenty-nine next Tuesday. She had been brought up for nothing in all the world except marriage, and no one wanted to marry her. She had no money of her own and no possible way of making money. It was all very well to speak of women as creatures made for love, and only for that delightful purpose—and, of course, every woman, in her secret soul, believes herself to be especially gifted in this direction but suppose no one wanted to employ your talents. Valeria now tasted the philosophic salt of that saying:

"Nothing is more delightful than to wake up in the morning and find yourself in love, except to wake up in the morning and find yourself the possessor of a fortune."

She realized to the full the desolate, even desperate, nature of her situation, yet she could find no force of will to grapple with it, no mental courage to puzzle out a remedy. Her only thought now, an imperative emotional necessity, rather—for emotions were still directing her far more than conscious thought—was for flight; the desperate and useless, the foolish, unreasoning flight of a wounded animal.

In her shame and dismay at what her mother had done, Valeria felt that she could not stay another moment in Alma's house. Where to go after she had left that one refuge, she couldn't think. But she must make her escape.

Miss Howton had not returned. She was probably with Alma. The house was still. The children were out with their governess, the servants below stairs. If she moved quickly she could get away now. Her legs trembled under her—she was standing up for the first time in nearly a week—she felt that curious exhaustion which comes from lying a long time in bed. It was an effort to drag on her stockings.

By the time she was fully dressed she was shaking with fatigue, the palms of her hands were wet. She crammed a small hat down over her disordered hair and looked mechanically, without interest, in a mirror.

Her face was so white she was startled. She dabbed rouge hastily on her cheeks in round spots. Her feverish eyes were sunken, violet stains beneath them. She looked wild, almost grotesque, ugly. She didn't care in the least. In her hurried movements about the room, one of her stockings had caught on something and a long run appeared in the delicate silk. She wouldn't stop to change.

She rummaged among the clothes which Mrs. Grove had sent over to Alma's house for a pair of gloves and her purse. The first gloves she found were crumpled; once she would have rejected them with instant fastidious disdain. Now she didn't care. She tucked her bag under her arm, gave a final mockingly indifferent glance in the long mirror. It comforted Valeria strangely not to care how she looked. It gave her a sort of ironic strength, a new protection against the world. And yet it made more poignant than ever the feeling that the end of the world had come, the end of her own life.

In order to get out of the house unobserved, she developed a sudden clear-thinking cunning. On the almost empty suburban street, wide and sunny, bordered by smooth lawns, gay with waving trees, Valeria walked rapidly until she could hail a cab. She got inside, shrank back in a corner, drew down the blind. The sun hurt her eyes, even more painfully wounded her sense of the fitness of things. Her courage had ebbed, she was sick with fatigue.

"Where to, lady?"

The impatient voice brought her back to the demands of reality.

"Station—railway station," she whispered after a pause.

The taxicab jerked forward noisily, careened crazily around corners, in an obviously praiseworthy attempt to catch a train. Valeria allowed herself to be flung about unresistingly in the dark hot leather-smelling, cigar-reeking interior. It was as if she had no bones left in her body, no will in her mind. She felt the necessity to decide on a definite course. But she had no wish, no plan, could formulate none; only the desire—which was more than a desire; it was a necessity—to get away; clear

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KUPPENHEIMER SPIRITED NEW STYLES

These are two of the lively models for Spring. Robust expressions of youth, the style note every man wants. You'll get Kuppenheimer exact handcrafting and exclusive woolens. TIGERTWIST, famous for endurance, and TROJAN WEAVE, the extra-wear worsted - in new patterns and colors, the quarry-tone grays and beach-pebble tans.

QUALIFIED TO WIN EVERY YOUNG MAN

THE LAIRD is the Kuppenheimer all-weather topcoat, the practical companion on fickle Spring days. You'll get it in a skillfully constructed model with a studied air of youthful nonchalance. You'll get the choice fabrics from Scottish looms, in bright new designs. Right quality in every detail - quality by Kuppenheimer.

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away from everyone she knew -anywhere—it didn't matter. She would buy a ticket at the station and go away—anywhere—think what to do afterward.

She had come away from Alma's house without any luggage. She had brought nothing except her purse—deceptively opulent in appearance—a large silver-mounted bag of beige leather, which lay on the seat beside her. She picked it up now and in an attempt to force herself to practical considerations, reviewed her worldly possessions—two folded handkerchiefs, a green leather cigarette case, a green enamel powder-and-rouge compact and lipstick, a small leather change purse, a tiny perfume atomizer, a delightful, delicate and subtle odor—she snapped open the inner compartment, then gave a little frightened cry.

It was as if she had been brought out of a faint by having cold water slapped in her face. She was awake now, alive; her mind began to work frantically. There was no money in her purse!

When she had left home on the night of Edith's party, there had been in that purse—she remembered perfectly, since it was her month's allowance, quite untouched -three ten and five one dollar bills. Her mother must have taken out the money before she sent the bag over to Alma's house. How like her mother! Since it was she who had given—or rather handed over—the money to Valeria, she would argue that it did not really belong to her daughter—would feel at perfect liberty to appropriate the money again herself. Thirty-five dollars a month was called, in the family, Val's allowance. Mrs. Grove collected it regularly from her husband on the first of each month, always deploring the fact that so much was needed to pay only trifling, though necessary, expenses. Theoretically this amount was Val's personal pin money—quite aside from the heavier expense of clothes, which were always charged. As a matter of fact, Valeria had never possessed any money at all in her whole life! She either had to account for her petty expenditures, cent by cent—she had never bought so much as an ice-cream soda without having to take her mother into her confidence—or else her mother would calmly and quite without asking permission take the money out of Valeria's purse when she happened to need it herself. And if Valeria protested she was met by a flood of angry sarcasm:

"Your money! Well, where on earth do you get the idea that you have any money? I only wish you did have a private income! Perhaps you might if your grandfather hadn't been such a fool."

It was far easier for Valeria to give up the money than to endure scenes of this description. She really had gone through the experience often enough to be prepared for it now. But, unfortunately, she wasn't. And though the same thing had happened before, it had never before happened quite so disastrously, at a time so dramatically, absurdly inopportune.

She burst out laughing. She was still laughing as she rapped on the glass and signaled the driver to stop, as she met his surprised, his resentful and suspicious stare.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I've found I can't go to the station after all. I've forgotten my money."

"Could take you back home, lady."

She got out of the cab and emptied the contents of her change purse into the driver's grimy hand.

"I hope there's enough to pay you—it's all I have."

He regarded the small coins suspiciously, counted them over, examined his taximeter and declared that the results tallied. He drove away rapidly.

Valeria walked along the street in the direction he had taken, quite aimlessly for a moment; then she saw that she was near the park and headed in that direction with a more determined step. The emergency—the shock—had brought her out of her curious lassitude, had given her energy, determination.

She wanted, now, a quiet place where she might rest for a time and think out, undisturbed, what resources were left to her, if there was any avenue of escape, to decide on a definite plan. She struck into the pleasantly wooded springtime park.

On a bridle path two riders cantered toward her, and Valeria momentarily drew back, but they were not of her acquaintance.

In a closed car, long, low and befittingly splendid, the gift of her fiancé, Beth Randall passed by—but quite unseeingly—her Madonna profile rigid against the glass, in an attitude of ecstasy.

On a low round hillock two small ragged children were digging for dandelions while their young mother kept a lookout for the infrequent policeman. She started up, frightened, as Valeria approached -she had the bedraggled prettiness of a storm-beaten bird—then smiled a little, half defiantly, half wistfully, devouring Valeria's clothes with her patient and hungry eyes. The children, clutching their meager dandelions, started up, stared too, but solemnly. Valeria tried to force a smile for them, a greeting, but her lips locked tight, her throat clamped.

She quickened her walk to a run. The rebellious tears were overwhelming her. She was desperate with shame. If someone should come upon her now! She looked about for shelter. Its gray towers were discernible above the trees. There was only one place in all Midland where she would be sure to meet none of her friends—the Art Museum!

She fled to its chill comfort, across the wounding springtime of the park.

XVI

SHE had sat for so long on a hard highly varnished bench, staring at a Velasquez—which was almost certainly a Velasquez, unless the directors had made an expensive mistake—that an attendant became uneasy. She could read, in his nervous gaze, the recollection of the famous theft of the Mona Lisa. She moved on.

Self-satisfied mummies, in painted cases, smug with immortal youth; jewels that, displayed in a museum, seem less real than bits of colored glass; and the equally unauthentic-appearing humans who frequent public places—all gave Valeria neither comfort nor counsel.

She had at last made up her mind what she wanted to do. But it was not until she saw the girl behind the desk of the print collection that she could think of a way to accomplish her purpose. Then the sight of that familiar face led her, by a process of associative thought, to the obvious—the only solution. Not a very nice thing to do, perhaps, according to conventional standards. But she had passed beyond considerations of conventions—niceness. Besides, what else could she do? To whom else appeal?

She had reviewed her list of feminine friends in vain. No, other women didn't lend you money. At least, not unless they approved of what you were going to do with it. And not one of her women friends would think her plan anything short of insane. Valeria Grove—going to Chicago or New York, some large city, to earn her own living; no, first to learn how to make money, and to do that required money. How much hundreds -a thousand? She didn't know. But surely a larger sum than Alma, who had no private income, could coax from Howard—even if Val would let her. Surely a larger sum than Edith—not notoriously generous; but then why should she be so quixotically open-handed?—would give without security, or even a reasonable assurance that the project was not a mere whim.

Valeria's deep, abstracted gaze was mistaken by the girl at the desk. She smiled shyly. Plain and spectacled herself, it was obvious that she admired Valeria's clothes, her beauty.

"How do you do, Miss Grove?"

Valeria started.

"Why, what a wonderful memory!"

"Oh, no, it's part of our training I mean, if you can remember pictures." The girl blushed with pleasure. "You came in one day last winter with Mr. Chadwick, when he bought some reproductions for his little son."

"Really ——"

"Oh, it isn't as good as it seems. Because all of us know Mr. Chadwick -he's in so often -one of the directors, too, you know—and he brings his little son. And the way I happened to remember you, Miss Grove, was, at first, I thought you were Mrs. Chadwick" -Valeria colored slightly—"until I heard Mr. Chadwick's little boy call you Miss Grove."

"Oh, I see."

"I wonder if there's anything I could do for you, Miss Grove. I'd be so glad —— I wonder if you know about the beautiful new Whistler etching we've just got."

"No, I'm not the least bit interested in Whistler. But—there is something you could do for me." Valeria took the plunge.

"Oh, I'd be so glad ——"

"Though I hate to ask you."

"Oh, no. Miss Grove! Please ——"

"I'm really ashamed ——"

"No! Please let me!"

"Well, then—would you—my purse—you see, I forgot my purse—so stupid—just enough—to telephone ——"

"Why, of course, Miss Grove! I'll be so glad!"

She dived under the desk, came back with a flabby old pocketbook of worn black leather.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," Valeria stammered. "Tomorrow ——"

"Why, please don't mention it, Miss Grove! You don't know how glad —— Any friend of Mr. Chadwick —— Here! Please ——"

"Oh, no, that's too much. I only want to telephone—and take a cab—somewhere—afterward."

"Oh, please, Miss Grove, you'd better have more. I ——"

"No, no, really. Well, then—thank you! Thank you!"

"Don't men ——"

"Good-by. And thank you so much. Tomorrow ——"

She fled downstairs to the telephone booths in the basement. Even on dry days, there was an odor of umbrellas and overshoes here. She shut herself up in a stuffy booth, dropped a coin in the compartment.

"Number, please?" Her voice stuck in her throat. All at once she was frightened. "Num-ber, plee-yees!"—very sharply.

"Parkways, 8756," she shouted with defiant courage.

The painfully precise enunciation of a female private secretary. Her own feebly stammered request. Her voice sounded guilty. She felt hot all over—numb to her finger tips with shame.

"Who is speak-ing, please?"

"Miss Grove," she whispered, with the sensation of being on the witness stand at a murder trial.

"I beg your par-don?"

"Valeria Grove," she shouted, clearly and haughtily.

After all, why be a goose? There was nothing wrong in telephoning a lifelong friend at his office. That prissy private secretary couldn't possibly guess what she wanted of him.

"One mo-ment, please, Miss Grove."

A long wait. The temptation to hang up the receiver and run. Then a buzzing, an indistinct voice. Her heart leaped, choked her.

"Stan——"

"No, Miss Grove. I beg your par-don. This is Mr. Chad-wick's secretary."

"Oh!"

"I am sor-ry. Mr. Chadwick is not in."

"Oh! Oh, you mean—he's not there? He's not there!"

"No, Miss Grove. Would you like to leave a mes-sage?"

"No. No, I must speak to Mr. Chadwick myself. I mean—now!"

"I am sor-ry ——"

"You don't know where he's gone?"

"Mr. Chad-wick left no mes-sage."

"But don't you know—can't you find out—ask someone—it's very important—do you know when he will be back?"

"No, Miss Grove."

"Is it likely that he might not come back at all today? I mean—does he ever—has that ever happened ——"

"Yes, Miss Grove."

"Then you think —— Oh, listen! I—this is awfully important. I'm a personal friend—I mean, a personal friend—I -there's something important—a personal matter—it must be settled today. I must speak to Mr. Chadwick today!"

"I am sor——"

"Listen! Don't put me off with phrases. If Mr. Chadwick knew he would be awfully angry. I mean—isn't there any way—there must be some way you could find out for me where he's gone!"

The secretary's voice was now stiff with disapproval. "I might see if there is any memorandum for today in Mr. Chadwick's book of personal engagements."

"Oh, will you? Please!"

Another agonizing wait. If she couldn't find Stanley today, at once—secure his help at once—she would never be able to get away from Midland! Her absence from Alma's house would be discovered, she would be forced to go home, endure her mother's reproaches, begin the humiliating husband hunt all over again, Hugh's wedding -all the reminders of Hugh! No, she couldn't.

"But what are you doing instead, my dear?" A clear, insistent voice reproached her. "Stanley is married -you know he's in love with you. How do you expect all this to end?"

"Oh, Stan isn't like that! Besides, as soon as I can make some money I'll repay him. It's only a loan."

"Yes, my dear, but Stan is only human. He may not expect any return—he is chivalrous, I'll admit. But won't he want to come to see you—wherever you are? Just to find out how you are getting along, of course—help you a little more -wish you success! Do you want him to divorce Louise? Aren't you joining the husband hunt again, but under a disguise? Are you playing fair?"

"Well, why not! Why not? Has anyone ever played fair with me? Has life been so very fair—so good to me? Other women ——"

"Oh, Miss Grove, are you there? This is Mr. Chadwick's secretary speak-ing. I have found a memorandum of a luncheon engagement for today with Mr. Edward Pemberton."

"Oh, thank you! Thank you! Do you know where ——"

"No, Miss Grove. The place of the appointment was not noted.

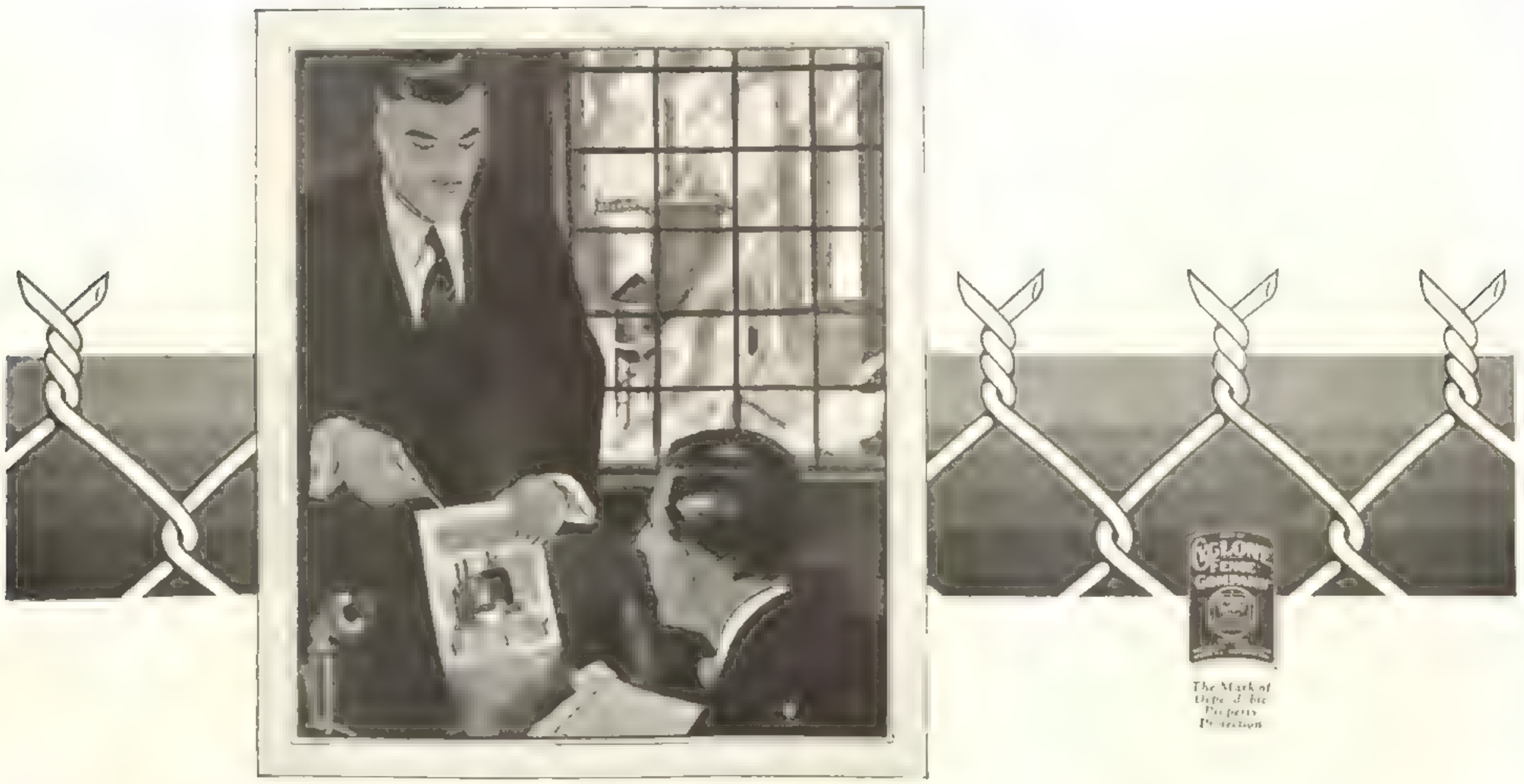
"Thank you. Good-by."

There were only two or three places in town which Ned would consider good enough. She would visit them all.

The sleepy old woman in charge of the dressing room at the Art Museum was suddenly startled wide awake. Neither she nor those damp gray walls nor that crazy old blurred mirror had ever before witnessed such a determined beauty campaign. Scenes of this description were more suitable to the frivolous dressing rooms of the Selkirk Hotel. The habitués of the Museum had their minds on higher things! But this dark, flushed, disheveled young lady flung off her hat, produced a small green comb from her bag, powder, rouge, lipstick, applied them all; peeled off one of her silk stockings, demanded that it be instantly mended; scrubbed her hands, called for a clean towel, sprayed herself with perfume out of a little green bottle; asked imperiously for her fine, fur-trimmed coat to be brushed, her small felt hat—and was even critical of the brushing!

The dressing-room attendant, who had lived down here as quietly as a little gray mouse for the last twenty-five years and

(Continued on Page 91)



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Though th

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rides with you wherever you go
Sitting with you, at the wheel, i
Confidence that your Buick will
want it to perform—
Confidence that it will carry you

WHEN BETTER
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e end of your road lie around the World!

ıe unseen passenger that
s CONFIDENCE!
l perform exactly as you
to your destination with

the same certainty as a majestic liner or a luxurious train—

Confidence that it will always be the same fine, trustworthy Buick. *Confidence!* Though you drive it for years—

—though you tour beyond civilization into out-of-the-way places of the earth—

—though the end of your road lie around the world!

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K WILL BUILD THEM

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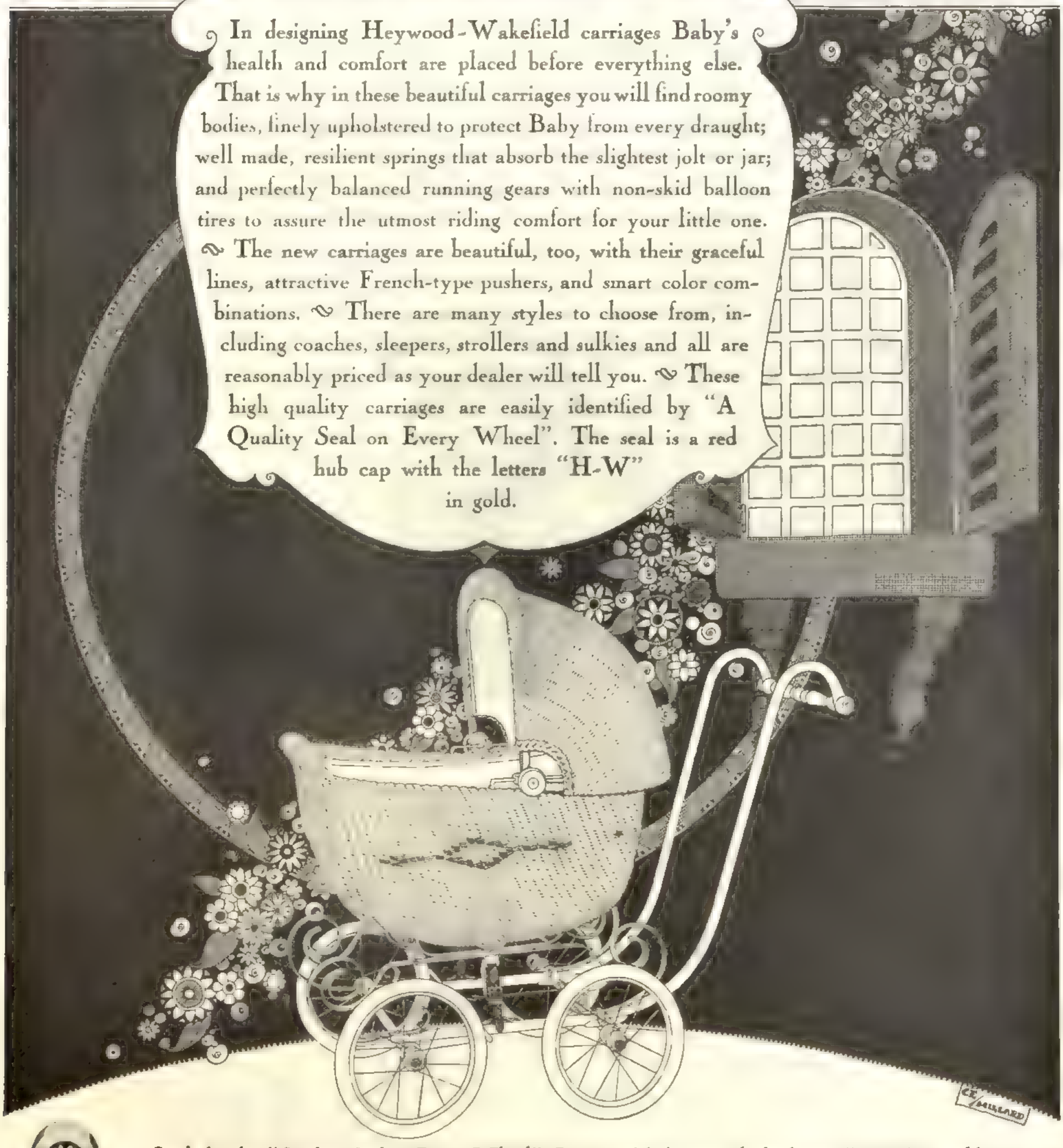
In designing Heywood-Wakefield carriages Baby's health and comfort are placed before everything else. That is why in these beautiful carriages you will find roomy bodies, finely upholstered to protect Baby from every draught; well made, resilient springs that absorb the slightest jolt or jar; and perfectly balanced running gears with non-skid balloon tires to assure the utmost riding comfort for your little one. ℘ The new carriages are beautiful, too, with their graceful lines, attractive French-type pushers, and smart color combinations. ℘ There are many styles to choose from, including coaches, sleepers, strollers and sulkies and all are reasonably priced as your dealer will tell you. ℘ These high quality carriages are easily identified by "A Quality Seal on Every Wheel". The seal is a red hub cap with the letters "H-W" in gold.



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(Continued from Page 86

never before "been spoke to," was on the verge of becoming seriously offended, when the young lady tipped her, and then, with a curious dry laugh, unfastened the pretty green beads from about her throat and dropped them, too, in the withered, dusty palm.

It was a string of jade that Hugh had given Valeria. In disposing of it thus she felt a triumphant severing of the last link that bound her to the past.

XVII

WHEN Beth Randall had finished her morning's shopping she was to meet her fiancé for luncheon at the Selkirk Hotel. But she lingered in the shops, fascinated by the new deference she found there, the almost servile flattery and obsequiousness. Heads of departments ran to serve her, foreign buyers were called upon to produce concealed treasures. Miss Randall was humbly implored just to spare one moment to look at a little import that came in only yesterday and had been saved especially for her eyes—no one else in town had been allowed to see it! Hortense, Jeanne, Yvette were called upon to corroborate statements that Miss Randall wore her clothes so well—that she had true French chic—that Paris frocks just suited her—that she had the face for hats—a feature which, it appeared, few women possessed.

"May we open an account for you, Miss Randall? Do allow us to charge it to your account, Miss Randall." They knew very well that, as Miss Randall, she would never pay. They called her Miss Randall, Miss Randall, but in their minds was the magic sesame of her fiancé's name. She was entirely happy. She had never been so happy in her whole life.

It was too horrid of Owen to spoil her day. Of course she didn't expect to see him. She'd understood that he had left town. He should have left town! It was the only proper—the only decent—thing for him to do, really! And yet there he stood, directly facing her, as she entered the Selkirk Hotel.

She came in through the revolving doors in a great hurry and found him standing there—right in front of her! The shock sent all the blood in her body to her cheeks. And in the nervous excitement—her nervous fear of a scene—she laughed.

She certainly had not intended to laugh. She was not cruel and she was never rude to anyone. She felt a little thrill of dismay, to find that a laugh was painted on her features. But, as it turned out, it was the very best thing she could have done! For Owen turned away at once.

He wheeled about, as white as if she had stabbed him, and plunged into the crowd. She was spared the scene she had for so long dreaded.

XVIII

"PAGE Mr. Chadwick, please."

She sank down in a deep chair in the Palm Room. The light was dim here, the green velours curtains were drawn, the long, wide, empty room was restful—hideous but restful. No one was here at this hour—everyone was lunching downstairs in the grillroom. The thought of food made Valeria sick.

How should she begin with Stan? Quickly, nervously, blurt out her request? Or must she go down in the grill and eat and laugh and chat a little while first? Yes, she supposed she must. For Stanley was a man, after all. And men hated for you to startle them, to be abrupt, and, above all, dramatic. That was why she had taken the trouble to make herself look presentable. Not that she cared, herself. But Stanley was a man. And this reflection, all at once, filled her with as much distaste as the thought of food.

If only she could be a disembodied spirit, not dependent on food, on clothes—on men!

Just over her head was the ballroom, where she had made her debut. How funny! And here, in this room, she would try to make her debut into another world—the world of self-support and self-respect—and of monotony and dinginess, too, she imagined! How funny! It was all very funny. She hoped she wasn't going to cry. That would be a blunder—to appear with a red nose to ask for a thousand dollars!

The bell boy came back to report that Mr. Chadwick could not be found.

"Wait a little while, and then page him again."

Half an hour passed, somehow. A few strangers, out-of-town people, wandered vaguely about the room. The boy came in again, and again reported failure.

Valeria went out in the lobby and down a long hall to the row of telephone booths at the end. There she called up all Stanley's clubs, his office once more, the two or three restaurants where it was just possible that he might be. The waits seemed interminable in the stuffy little cage. Restlessly moving from one foot to the other, she looked through the glass without interest at the people who were now passing by in a steadily increasing stream. The luncheon hour was over, people were coming up the stairs from the grillroom, passing into the lobby, hurrying in and out of the other telephone booths. For some time Valeria had been conscious that her monopoly was considered objectionable.

She had telephoned to the last possible place where Stanley might be found. She tried his office again. The answering voice was impatient now. No, Mr. Chadwick had not returned. There was nothing left, unless she would telephone his own house. And this she couldn't find courage to do, though at any other time, with any other purpose in mind, she would have considered it the most natural thing in the world. But all through her long search for Stan she had felt intolerably guilty.

She hesitated, reluctant to leave the telephone booth, since that meant giving up hope. Then, in that moment, as she gazed irresolutely out through the glass, she caught sight of a man who looked like Ned. His back was turned to her; he was at the other end of the long narrow hall, just turning into the lobby. She hastened after him. But a group of busily chattering women, coming up from the grill, stopped at the head of the stairs and blocked her way. She made an impatient detour around them and collided violently with a man who was striding along in the opposite direction.

"Oh, beg pardon."

"Pardon me."

"Oh!" She had raised her head, looked directly into his blue eyes. She felt for an instant as if she might faint from the flood of memory that swept over her. "But I—thought you were going away!"

"I'm so sorry. I should have explained—intended ——"

His voice died away in an inarticulate mumble. He was perfectly crimson. They stood and stared at each other, while people passed by. For the moment, in the shock of surprise, Valeria had forgotten her purpose.

But now she said breathlessly, "I'm looking for someone. I thought I saw Ned—Ned Pemberton. Perhaps you ——"

"We lunched together. But he's gone to the golf club now—about fifteen minutes ago."

"Oh, you lunched with him? Then—was Stan—Mr. Chadwick—was he with you?"

"No. Just Ned and I."

"Oh! But Stan—you don't know where—didn't Ned say—he had a luncheon engagement with Ned!"

"Yes, Ned did say something about another man—I'd forgotten his name—a friend he wanted me to meet—but it seems he was called out of town."

"I believe that secretary knew it all the time," cried Valeria Grove.

His stare of surprise changed to concern when he saw how pale she had become, and that she now began to laugh failed to reassure him. She looked wretchedly ill, Owen thought, desperate.

"I'm sorry if there's been a mix-up about an engagement," he said in a matter-of-fact tone. "Is there anything I can do, Miss Grove?"

She shook her head. She no longer laughed. An expression of ironic resignation had settled down over her features. It was as if she were saying, behind tightly pressed lips: "Well, I'm not responsible any longer."

He recognized that expression because it had appeared on his own features—he had felt, himself, the emotion that prompted it.

She took an irresolute step away. He followed her.

"At least, let me send you home in my car. Anywhere you'd like to go?"

She said a strange thing then, but very calmly: "I haven't anywhere to go."

He noticed several people staring at them curiously. He was at her side, and he now took her arm and guided her toward the door. He spoke in a low tone:

"Look here, Miss Grove, don't think me impertinent. But I can see there's something wrong. We can't talk here. My car's just outside. Come for a turn around the park, won't you?"

She waited for a second. Then, listlessly: "All right, I might as well."

They went out of the hotel and got in Owen's waiting car and he directed the chauffeur to drive round the park. When they were well inclosed in the green solitude, whirling smoothly along the road which Valeria had traversed only that morning, Owen began:

"I owe you an explanation, Miss Grove. I did intend to leave Midland when I told you. And as soon as I found I couldn't, I should have let you know. I'm afraid I startled you. I'm sorry. Naturally, you didn't expect to see me again—or want to."

She appeared not to have heard him, or not to be interested. Her gaze was remote. She did not turn her head; her profile was printed firmly on the air. Under the small dark hat, he noticed, with an impersonal attention, the fine line of her nose, the beautiful modeling of lips and chin. He thought that if Valeria Grove were well and happy she might prove a handsome girl. But her type did not attract him. And even in the midst of his pity for her, he found her irritating

Yet he continued stubbornly with his explanation. For he had the most curious desire to set himself right with this rather disagreeable girl—to force her to think well of him. He recognized an almost adolescent self-consciousness in his attitude toward Valeria Grove, wondered at it, yet could not check it. It seemed to him that, in her presence, he hovered continually on the verge of folly. He had observed that boys, when they feel absurd and awkward, behave in an even more extravagant and blundering manner to conceal their first confusion. And this was the effect that Valeria Grove produced on him.

His tone was stiff with annoyance—caused as much by himself as by her—as he told her something of his reasons for remaining in Midland. And when she still did not reply, he broke off abruptly:

"Not that all this is of the slightest interest to you, of course."

Then, sending an ironic glance at her, he was ashamed of his bad humor. For the girl was obviously ill. She drooped against the cushions, her whole body was limp. There was no natural color left in her cheeks and lips, the rouge stood out with ghastly clearness, and under her eyes were shadows like bruises from a blow. Yet he dared not question her, offer assistance, for there was something hard, steely, defiant, as well as desperate, in her expression.

He relapsed into silence. The car moved with swift, luxurious ease, the green springtime park fled away. Well, after all, it was none of his affair! Besides, there was nothing you could do for anyone who suffered from this malady.

All at once a memory flashed before him like the swift gleam of a murderous knife—Beth's laughing face. She had laughed at him! His heart stopped for an instant, then plunged—plunged madly—beat so fast that he was choked. He felt his face crimson, his whole body scorched with humiliation.

He heard a listless voice:

"There's something I ought to thank you for, I suppose. I mean—about Hugh. Doctor Gathney told me, but not the truth, of course. He said Hugh had been in a motor accident."

He turned his head quickly. He had forgotten Valeria Grove—was resentful of her presence now, the gleam of irony in her eyes.

"Very impertinent of me to interfere," he said stiffly.

"No, I asked you to. Didn't I? I can't remember—everything. Well, I've tried not to. But you might tell me now how it happened."

"Do you really want me to?" he asked unwillingly.

"Please."

He hardened his voice to careless indifference:

"There's not much to tell. I simply waited until he came outside. Then I didn't offer any explanation—just went up to him, and said 'Get ready to fight.' He was surprised, of course—never had seen me before. He said 'Why?' 'Because I'm going to punch your head.' 'You're drunk!' he said. That gave me my excuse."

"Well—then?"

"Then—that's all. A lot of other people pitched in—and pitched us out."

"I suppose they'll ask you to resign."

"Doesn't matter. I'm going away—as soon as I can."

"I hope they'll expel him too! I got him into that club!"

"Yes, I know. I mean ——"

"You heard, of course?"

"I can't tell you how sorry I am! I'd gone to sleep there—hadn't slept in two nights."

"It doesn't matter. Everyone in town knows all about me. I'm the latest morsel of gossip for everyone—and—and a sort of a joke."

"Just as I am," he said. "We're in the same boat, you know."

They looked at each other frankly, with wretched eyes. But each found a little comfort in the companionship.

"I've been a joke so long!" she cried bitterly. "And—you can go away!"

"But look here! Why don't you too? Why should you stay in this wretched little gossiping town? You're too good for it. There are places, you know, where people mind their own business."

A cynical line appeared at one corner of her mouth.

"You seem to forget—that I'm a woman."

"But what difference does that make? Unless you mean you haven't got the courage to break away."

"Courage!" She threw the word at him angrily. "Don't talk nonsense! It takes money, not courage, to travel!"

"Oh—oh, I say!" he stammered in his embarrassment. "I'm sorry. I mean to say sorry."

A smile was laid on her white face like a bright sword. Her head was held high and she looked at him steadily with eyes that now were shining. He saw with amazement that other men might even consider her beautiful. As for himself, he was at once fascinated and repelled by the strange glitter of her eyes and smile—their something ruthless, determined, even cruel. And yet he knew that only one who was desperately unhappy could look like that; and again he felt that queer, wounding pang of pity—pity mingled with a faint repulsion, a sort of anger. He spoke quietly:

"I know how this sounds, but I don't mean to be a beast. I wish you'd let me—help you to get away." And, as she didn't answer: "I wish you would, really! Since we're in the same boat, I mean. Don't be conventional! It's like a shipwreck. You can't afford to be too particular—oh, you know what I mean."

"Yes, I do," she said. "And I won't pretend to be shocked and ladylike and

Continued on Page 94

FOR MEN Brownbilt Shoes FOR WOMEN

SHOE HEALTH headquarters

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Unscientifically made and improperly fitted shoes worn in childhood may affect health for life. The comfort and correct fitting of Buster Browns, with their scientific foot shaping lasts and other definite health features, train growing feet to support strong, healthy bodies in adult life. At the same time, they are smart for all the occasions of childhood from infancy to college age—for school, for play and for party wear.

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Brown Shoe Company

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Fifteen Great Specialty Factories — Daily Capacity 70,000 Pairs

BODY FOR EVERY OCCASION"

Shoes for Everybody for Every Occasion
Look for Buster's Picture in every pair of Buster Brown Health Shoes
Buster Brown Health Shoes
The health features in Buster Brown Health Shoes are inbuilt. Made in all the smartest patterns that are in vogue for children.
Brownbilt Shoes for Women
Brownbilt Style Creations for women can be worn with utmost freedom and comfort.
Brownbilt Flexible Rigid Health Arch Shoes outwardly match in smartness the season's most popular models. Yet they have inbuilt scientific features for feet that need special care.
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Brownbilt Shoes make men feel more fit because their feet are properly supported in nature's own way.
Brownbilt Foot Science Health Arch Shoes will give immeasurable relief to men who need this type of footwear.

(Continued from Page 91)

how-dare-you. I'd love to take your money—simply love it. Or anyone else's money. But I can't, of course."

"Why not?"

"Well, for one thing, how should I explain my sudden wealth to my parents?"

"I'd forgotten them."

"Men can."

"It's a rotten shame. I wish I could think of some way ——"

"Don't bother. I'm not worth it."

Her voice rang out hard, metallic, perfectly composed. She sat up straight, perfectly composed now. She even opened a vanity case and applied powder carefully and slowly.

"I had some foolish idea once of going away to earn my own living," she said in a cold careless tone. "But of course I wouldn't have done it, really. I can see now it was absurd. I should probably loathe any sort of work. No, I'll go back home now—if you'll take me. And I shall let my mother tell me what a bungling fool I've been to manage all my affairs so badly. And she's right, of course. And then I shall go back on the husband hunt again. But this time—more successfully."

"How—more successfully?"

"Well, this time I shan't choose my weapons or respect anyone else's property or try to be fair to anyone. Isn't that the way for a woman to be successful?" The smile like a sword flashed again. "And of course I shan't be sentimental—this time."

"You don't mean to say you'd marry just anybody!" There was angry scorn in his voice. "Anyone who asks you?"

"Anyone who asks me?" Her laughter rang out on a hard single note. "Anyone I can make ask me! Of course I shall—anyone!"

He looked at her with an expression in which pity and contempt were mingled.

"Then—why don't you marry me?" he said.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE GRANDER CASUISTRY

(Continued from Page 9)

"Sunday—tomorrow night. We open in Syracuse on Monday afternoon."

It was completely silent in the Glendale Road. Houses were sometimes closed here, or masked in many awnings against the heat. Geoghan puffed along and mentioned names of owners. This was the Dentry house. That was the Hobart place, of dull brick, with the tennis court. And this was Judge Barth's, here.

"Pretty old place."

"Yeh. The judge's great-grandfather was a general with Washington. He was the only one of the 'ristocrats here that was friendly with old Shillito. They're a bunch of frosty snobs—the Van Dralens and Eustises and Hobarts and all them. They all been livin' here sincet the flood."

"How long have you been in this Judge Barth's office, Mr. Geoghan?"

"Twenty years this fall. . . . I better not be seen with you on Water Street. It ——"

"Thanks," said Fingers, "I understand."

The sun had cleared Water Street all the way down to the river. A white steamer came trundling past the foot of Water Street and there was no noise to fence away the sound of its engine. The old town had gone indoors to eat a meal or to hide from the sun. Empty cars baked at the curbs. The Rip Van Winkle Theater's red front smoldered and twinkled above the poster announcing Comesky's Navy Boys, the Kings of Jazz. A youth loitering by the metal screen of the box office looked surprisedly at Fingers, and a cat looked at him rudely from the white step of an office marked Smith and Smith, Architects and Contractors, and turned its back.

"Oh, go catch a rat," said Fingers. "You're probably as immoral as a taxicab! Don't sniff at me!"

The cat went into the office of Smith and Smith. Where did office cats get their meals? Someone ought to write a whimsical essay on that for a magazine. . . . I'm so tired I could yell. I'm so tired. Tired. Tired. Tired.

Lately it had been consoling to say one word over and over again without thinking what it meant. He thought "Tired," down to the corner of a narrow street, and then had to look for the telegraph office. It was on one side or the other of this shady way. Lucky a street had just two sides. More would be perplexing. Old brick houses, here, were painted blue and dim yellow, and some of the maples had corsets of iron rods. There was one hitching post left in front of the telegraph office. . . . Might as well telephone from the hotel. But he had started down here and his feet went ahead, under him. He walked past a very tall man leaning against a maple and came stumbling into the telegraph office. A female clerk whose hair was frizzed looked at him over a counter topped with dirty glass. Her eyes had become round and inviting before he shut the door of a booth.

"Carmelsville, nine, two, three."

Outside this coffin the clerk said to someone, "It's the fella plays the piano wi' the Navy Boys, Eddie!"

"What of it?"

"He's cute, I think."

"Aw, shut up," said Eddie.

"Yeh, but he's sweet lookin'. Kinda sad."

"Beef!" said Eddie.

Kinda sad lookin'. . . . At three o'clock Comesky's Navy Boys would be piling wet shirts and shoes all around the gasping dressing room and be pulling on white jumpers and pants. Bob Kimball would be swearing about his banjo, and Comesky would be bobbing in and out of the door in the seethe of his importance snapping orders about the tunes. He kept shifting his own tune, Bright Hours Under the Palms, back and forth on the list. Enough to make anybody kinda sad lookin'. At half-past three the silver curtain would go up. Up. Up. Up.

"Hello! Hello! Is anybody calling this number?"

He could not speak. Then he said, "H-hello. Is this Judge Barth's? . . . Is—is Kate—is Mrs. Eustis at home?"

"This is Mrs. Eustus."

Knew it was. She won't faint or anything.

"This is—Harmon John, Kate."

"Hello," she said. "How are you, Harmon John?"

He had just got home from school and was calling her up about a skating party at the lake. That was how it felt.

"I'm all right. H-how's the judge?"

"Having his nap."

"Yeh, but how's he been?"

"Oh, all right. Rather worried about you. Have you seen Doctor Henry or Shilly downtown anywhere? They've not been in to lunch yet."

"Is Doctor Henry staying at your place, Kate?"

"Been here since Tuesday. Dix Van Dralen phoned he'd seen you playing at the Rip Van Winkle. I had the doctor come up because dad rather champed his bit. Wanted to rush and press you to his stomach. The dear fossil's got fearfully fat, Harmon John. Remember to congratulate him on it."

"He is not a fossil!"

"Keep your temper, Harmon John. Let dogs delight to bark and bite."

Hang her! Two years younger than me too.

"How are you, Kate?"

"Oh, all right. Been a widow three years. Married Bill Eustis, you know."

"I'm sorry, Kate."

"It's so nice you've turned up."

"Thanks. . . . S-say, Kate."

"Yes?"

"Be over at our house at three, can't you? And break it to the judge."

"All right, Harmon John."

"I m goin' to fire myself ——"

"Don't drop your g's, Har."

"Aw, shut up!"

"Har!"

"Well, I'm rattled. G-got to fire myself out of my job. See you at three."

"Three o'clock."

Harmon pressed his thumbs to the corners of his eyes, resting his cheek against the mouthpiece of the telephone. He'd kicked shut the door of the booth and was standing buried in its heat, too tired to move, his legs trembling. But if she hadn't taken it like that, I'd ha' bawled. She's a good scout. She'll be grown up, of course. Married and all that. Ten years are ten years. Doctor Henry'll take the skin off me too. Better ask him what to do about Geoghan. Got to do something. Can't let that go on. . . . I'm so tired.

The frizzed clerk beamed at him when he struggled out of the booth, and a lank messenger boy stood up to glance and then sat down again. Harmon lighted a cigarette and walked through the door into so much sun that he sneezed twice. These sneezes produced a thought in his mind. It came from nowhere; he was now just the ghost of a pair of hands. He was nothing. And it soothed him to be nothing. A whole pyramid of things fell off his head—smells of dressing rooms, the noise of snarling arguments about women, tunes, underclothes, women, drink, women and the cost of shoes. He would not have to catch the train for Syracuse, or another train to Chicago the next week, or another train to St. Paul the next week. He was not Fingers of Comesky's Navy Boys any more. He was just nothing. Well!

"Put on your hat, Harmon John."

Harmon considered a very tall man leaning against a maple and was scared. He thought of trying to ignore Doctor Henry and of just running away. But he put on his hat.

"What were you doing in there?"

"Phoning Kate."

"About time. I heard you play the other night at the Rip Van Winkle. When you tacked the piece from Bach to the tail of that thing from Orphée aux Enfers and ended up in Tschaikovsky, I blushed for you."

"Vaudeville audiences love that kind of junk."

Doctor Henry wiped a drop from the arch of his majestic nose and said: "Don't like the sound of the word 'love' in that sentence. You're a good enough second-rate pianist to make the vaudevillians think you're first-rate. Don't sneer."

"Thanks."

"And don't waste that monosyllabic English manner on me. Keep it for kids. When my patients do it, I expect tears or hysterics next."

"Want me to cry?"

"Could you?"

"Any minute," said Harmon.

"You're a good kid," the tall doctor remarked. "By the way, d'you know a woman in vaudeville named Alma Delm?"

"That louse! Yeh, played on the same bill with her."

"Louse?"

"Good enough for her. Been written up in Europe some. The refined critics treat her with respect. Just a louse. Why?"

"It was a topic of conversation, Harmon John, to deflect your emotions. Feel better?"

"Some. I feel—tired. Been tryin' to make my mind up all week. I'm no good on a piano."

"You've naturally learned to play to the audience instead of playing for your own approval, and ——"

"Tell me some news!" Harmon snapped.

"Haven't got hold of your temper yet, sonny?"

"I'm sorry."

"No, you're not. And it was raw of me to lecture you just now. So you've made your mind up to come home and be a good boy."

"I'm home."

The doctor rubbed his close, pointed beard and placidly looked at Harmon. He seemed cool against his tree.

"The grander casuistry, Harmon John, is to deceive oneself about one's own emotions. Don't try it. Be honest."

"What's all that mean?"

Doctor Henry said slowly: "If you're coming home just because you think you're a failure—at twenty-six—you'd better run along. The judge can settle the estate. He and Kate dote on Shilly and they'll go on looking after her. It's no good coming home that way. But if you're coming home because—let's not be sentimental—because it gives you pleasure to come, all right."

"That's why, doc."

"Been fighting it off?"

"Uh-huh."

The messenger boy came languorously out of the office and got wearily on his bicycle. He looked at Harmon contemptuously and said "Beef!" as he rode away. Doctor Henry hung thumbs in the belt of his trousers, crossed his long legs and went drawling on:

"Your grandfather roared like a bull in a blizzard. You'd been gone two days when he sent for me. He had specimens from every detective bureau in the state. He couldn't understand any of it. You'd run off. You'd succeeded in masking your emotions from him by copying his reserve. He thought you weren't sensitive, because you didn't act so. But after we'd found you ——"

"Found me!"

"Of course," said the neurologist. "Caught up with you by way of the Navy Department in the spring of 1917. He was awfully proud of your pluck. Guts, I think, is the current synonym. It pleased the old man no end. Your career as a pianist he observed with pretty fair composure for a tone-deaf man who associated piano playing with embroidery and rouge. I found out that you were being paid decently, and that soothed him. There was money in it, so we persuaded him to regard it as a wild oat."

"Then you knew where I've been all the time?"

"Of course. Kept it to ourselves. You're a fine boy, Harmon John. They're all very fond of you. Shilly's the only person in the family who doesn't know. Be too exciting for her volatile intelligence, and a bad precedent. But I'm sorry you didn't see the old man before he went. He adored you."

"I ad-dored him. That's how he hurt me enough to make me run away. Silly, isn't it?"

"Oh, no. Just usual. He —— Get across the street! Fast!"

"Huh!"

"Get across the street!"

Harmon got across the street. He turned under the awning of Schreiber's Bakery and saw the lean giant reposing against his tree once more, but on the other side of it. There was nothing in the street to be scared of. A green and low car was jogging along a block away, with something gay inside it. Harmon pretended to look in Schreiber's window at some jelly rolls and a few cakes sweating pure sugar on their mats of laced paper. A green shadow came abreast and stopped. It stopped at the telegraph office.

"Had a good sulk?" asked Doctor Henry.

"Oh," an angry female said, "there you are!"

Harmon looked over his shoulder. A long girl in a big hat drew her legs—bare and

(Continued on Page 99)

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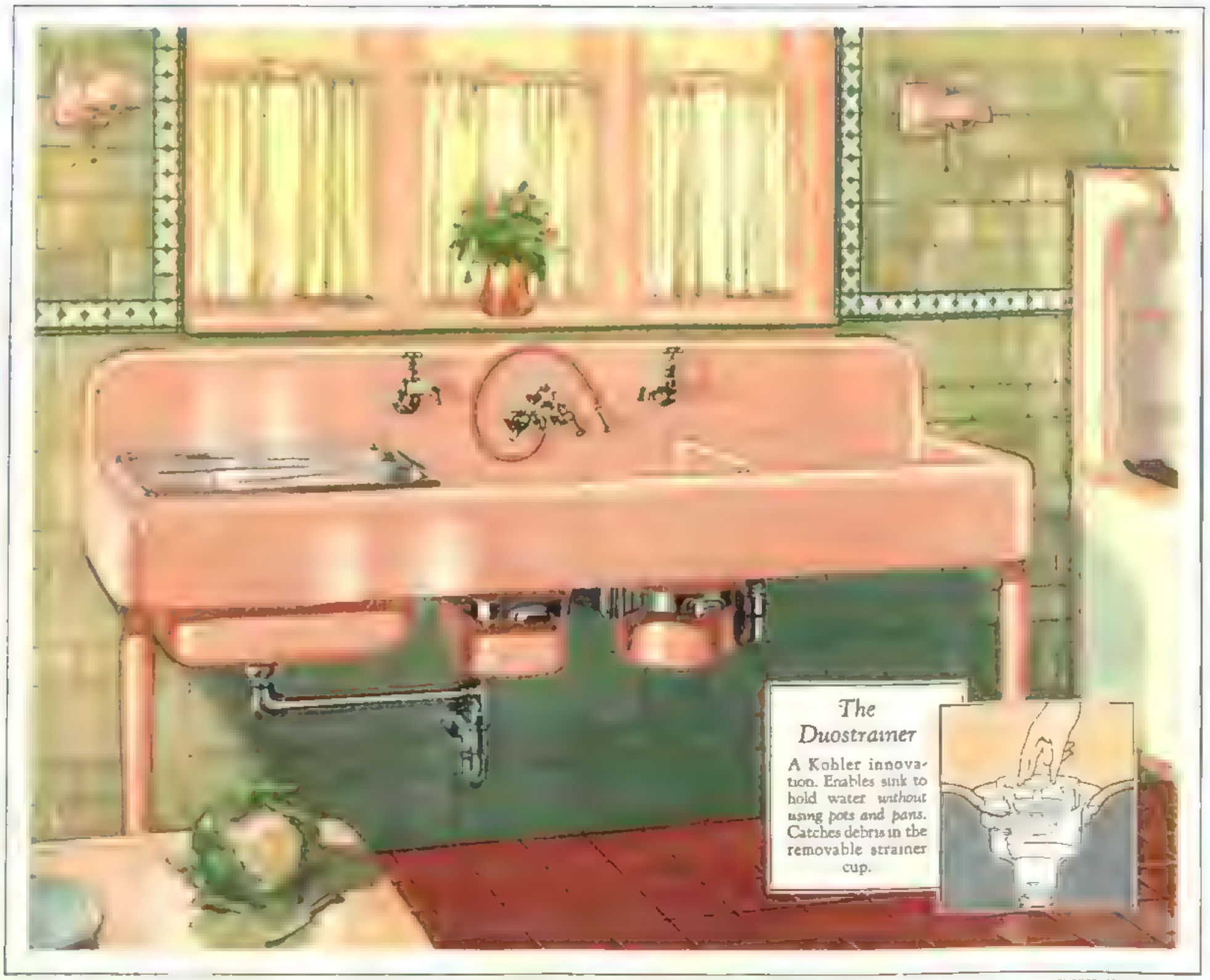
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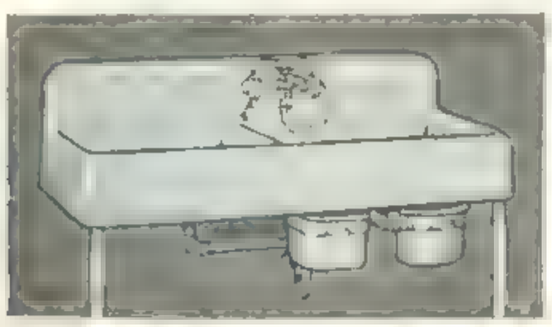

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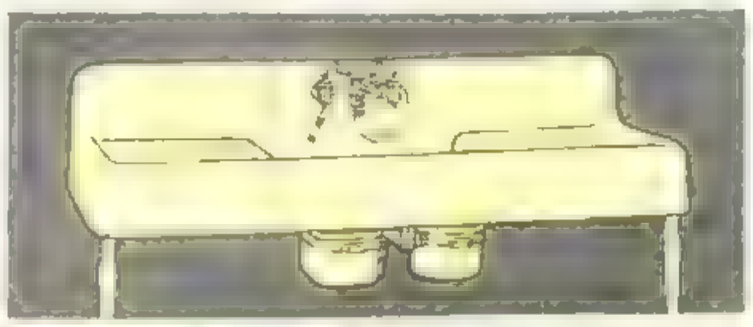

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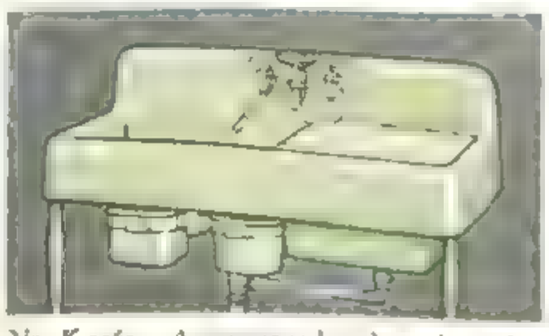

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Plumbing Fixtures

(Continued from Page 94)

brown—out of the little car's concealment and flashed silver sandals. She had a cigarette burning in a tube ten inches or so from her mouth and she seemed somehow more naked than most girls.

"I'm here. I'm a hard old dog, Bo-Peep, and I was born in 1869."

"The hell you were!"

"Oh, I really was, darling. And my experience of the adolescent mind told me to stay here and wait for you. You were just about due to send a telegram."

"Was I?"

"Yes, ravishing lamb."

"Don't call me lamb!"

"Tigress," said the doctor.

His drawl and the girl's shrill anger came across the little street in neat waves of noise.

"Well, I am going to send a telegram!"

"Yes, Bo-Peep."

"Don't call me that, either," she said. "I'm going to telegram—telegraph. Now."

"That gown's wasted on the telegraph office, sister. Nothing male in ——"

"I wonder why men think we dress to please "

"I know you don't, sister. Mere æsthetic satisfaction. The pleasure of the looking-glass."

"A woman," she said, "likes to be well turned out."

Harmon grinned. She was so young in her tunic of flimsy green stuff and the street was so old all around her.

"And now you're going to wire to Miss Orma De Lorma that you'll join her troupe—what do they call it?—the Dancing Dolls—the Doll Girl Gang?"

"Orma De Lorma!" she said. "Alma Delm!"

"I beg her pardon—Alma Delm. You're going to go and be a *coryphée* with Miss Delm?"

"She said I was the most promising amateur she'd ever seen!"

"You probably were the best item on the ship's concert list, lambkin. Your legs have unusual mobility and your writhe is entrancing. You're an admirable third-rate *danseuse* right now, with nothing but some amateur theatricals and school parties behind you. So now you're going to run away from home and get into vaudeville."

"I'm not running away. Let's understand that, doctor. Miss Delm told me on the Laurentic that if I ever cared to join her ——"

"You were scolded this morning and it's a cold, nasty, mean world. So you're accepting this worn nymph's invitation to join her. The point's not important. You're going into vaudeville under the wing of Miss Delm. She may have forgotten you since your meeting last summer on the steamer."

"Oh," the girl said, "rot!"

"Rot, of course. Well, you'll join her. Elfie and June and Bonnie and the rest of the girls will look you over in the dressing room and see that you're green. One or two of them will be nice—good sports. The rest will be trash. Harmless trash, but trash. Your infantile egoism will be soothed by a note in some cheap newspaper about a society girl—from Carmelsville, New York joining the Doll Girl Gang. You ——"

"Dozens of girls who've trained with Miss Delm have had terrific successes in musical comedy!"

"Ah, yes? Terrific successes—how nice that sounds when one's seventeen and a month old, sister. Terrific! . . . Well, send your wire."

"I'm going to."

Doctor Henry said, "There spoke the blood of the Shillitos—stubborn as a frosty brick! On to glory, Shilly! Send your wire and let's go home to lunch."

"All right," she said, and swaggered into the office.

Shilly! Oh, rot! Shilly was a kid! A kid in —— Harmon went across the street and his hat bounced from his head.

"Doc!"

"Eh? Isn't she pretty?"

"Shilly!"

"My dear boy," said the wise man, "time does go on flying. You'll be twenty-seven in December and your ward is seventeen."

"My what?"

"Your ward, Harmon John. One of the difficulties the judge has had about you not turning up is that he's had Shilly on his hands. You're her guardian, but he's had to act for you. It's rather exhausting."

A cold spray from a deep ocean washed around Harmon's neck.

"Guardian of—of that?"

"It is," said the doctor, "an alarming thought. You've never had responsibilities, have you, Harmon John? I don't suppose you can stop her from sending that wire. She's just as pig-headed as you were at her age."

Harmon John Shillito was now made of ice. Fright was juggling with his stomach. It bounced up and down dreadfully. He thought how safe and—dammit!—easy his job with the Navy Boys was. And he shouldn't desert Bobby Kimball. Friends ever since the recruiting station in 1917. No, he couldn't desert Bob. Good friend. Couldn't be disloyal.

"Pretty alarming," said the doctor.

"I—yeh—well—but ——"

"But you're responsible for her, old man."

"Me?"

"And go to work. Are you scared of her?"

Harmon John opened his mouth and got his tongue against his teeth to begin the letter N.

Then he said, "Scared to death, doc. All right. Watch me."

Miss Watson had taken off her hat and her hair showed flagrantly as the Shillito hair, paler than new butter. She looked up from the yellow blank on the glass slab of the desk and her blue eyes were drops of ice.

"Quit that!"

"I beg pardon?"

"Stop writin' that wire! I'm," said Harmon John, "your guardian and when I tell you to do a thing, you do it or I'll spank you, Shilly! You drop that! What d'you know about Alma Delm? Played on two bills with her. She's a crawlin' louse. She'd steal your last chemise and sell it for taxi money. Give me that blank, you little fool! Think you could stand vaudeville? Know what a dressin' room with ten people in it smells like in St. Louis in August? I say to ——"

"I think that ——"

"I don't care what you think! You can't think! Kids your age dunno how! And I've been in vaudeville six years and I'm a man. Want to share a room"—he was feeling safer now—"with two other fools and listen to 'em scrap about a John all night an' steal your stockings? You little idiot! Want to get packed and unpacked eight times a month. Eight towns in a month? Trains, trains, trains! And wait till you've had pneumonia in Des Moines once! And don't try to make me think you're doin' this for art or any of that. They scolded you and you're sore. You don't want to be a hoofer! You're just sore!"

"I think that ——"

"Shut up! Whatever you think," Harmon yelled, "is so unimportant you could write it on a snake's ear! You go get in your toy car an' roll home, or honest I'll spank you, Shilly!"

"I think that you're perfectly beautiful, Harmon John," she said, putting her pencil an inch up her nose, "and I'd forgotten you had green eyes. And you don't do anything to your hair, do you? It's so nice and floppy." She took the pencil out of her nose and said, "And you haven't any stomach, have you? I hate, loathe and abominate men with stomachs! There ought to be a law about it. And you're twenty-six, aren't you?"

"Yeh," said Harmon John.

His ward looked at him angelically. Her eyes shimmered, reverent blue flowers beside her rather freckled nose. She was appalling. He licked his lips.

"You go home, kid."

"All right, Harmon John."

But she might explode at any minute. She was terrible.

"Well, get goin'! Tell Kate I'll be at our house at three. Get along."

She got. Harmon John brushed his hair back on his head and did not look at the female clerk. By brushing his hair back he gained a whole minute. The toy car trundled off up Van Dralen Street. He panted and came out of the office.

"Pretty good, sonny."

"Wh-what'll I do with her now, doc?"

"Oh, just go on, Harmon John."

"Who gave her that car?"

Doctor Henry rubbed his beard.

"I did. It's the result of having no daughters. Elderly sentiment. She was staying with us in New York in May to shop, and she saw it in a window and that was all. You'll have to be profoundly conscienceless, boy, and pretend you're not scared of her."

"That's your grand casuistry, doc."

"Justifiable," said the wise man. "Now what?"

"Got to fire myself, Doc ——" Harmon stopped and then asked: "Who's that head clerk of the judge's—a fat man with some Irish kind of name?"

"The insufferable Geoghan?"

"Think he's insufferable?"

"He is to me. The judge keeps him on because he's too soft-hearted to fire him. You must try not to mind the old gentleman's sentiments, Harmon John. He's very proud of you."

"Why?"

"I've never found out. Because he's never been the father of sons, perhaps. He thinks you're a very remarkable person."

"Ouch!"

"I don't like the sound of that either. You've got to be a remarkable person, Harmon John. We," said the doctor, "expect it of you."

Harmon John went out into the street and picked up his hat. This gave him time to run a thumb over his eyes.

"Well, I'll have to fire myself. Y-you come to the house at three and see me through?"

"Wouldn't miss it for the world, Harmon John."

Harmon walked across Water Street with his chin up. Young Milton Hyman, substitute piano of the Navy Boys, was talking to a girl who chewed gum under the old hotel's chocolate portico, and he gave Harmon the kind of look he'd been giving him for six months. Inside the lobby some of the men were lounging on chairs and benches watching Comesky work himself up into the state of froth he achieved about half-past two every day—a mingling of self-importance and cruelty, Harmon thought, that had some fear of mockery in it. The fat, handsome man snapped at him directly.

"Tryin' to get sunstruck on me, Fingers?"

"No."

"Where you been?"

"Walking."

"You better be in the dressin' room at three! It's the rule of this gang you gotta be there to get dressed prompt. You was late last night. Next time you're late, Hyman ll go on 'stead of you. Got 'at?"

"All right. He can go on for me this afternoon."

"Hey! Who the hell are you? Ludwig Beethoven?"

"No. I'm firing myself, Comesky. Let Hyman have the job. I'm through."

He walked past the man. One of the saxophones pursed his lips and whistled slowly. There was no other sound except the bubbling of electric fans.

"Who's bought you—the Fireflies?"

"I'm just leavin', Comesky."

Some man said "Two in one day!" but Harmon did not listen or think of that. He was on the creaking stairs. He had got into the corridor of the second floor when Comesky grabbed his arm.

"Hey, Fingers, you ain't really quittin' me? Boy, after six ——"

(Continued on Page 102)

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(Continued from Page 99)

"It's my family, Comesky. They need *me*."

"I'll make it a hundred and ——"

"No, it's not money. I've got to be at home. Hyman'll do just as well for this kind of thing. I can't talk about it. Sorry. Good luck."

"It's Abe Murray's bought you for the Fireflies!" said Comesky.

"No."

He walked on and shut himself swiftly into the room where Bob Kimball was sitting on one of the beds making fluttery sounds on his gold-rimmed banjo. This was going to be bad. Harmon laid his hat on the dresser in a mess of cigarette stubs and dirty clothes, and saw Bob in the mirror hazily, and saw him with the eyes of Harmon John Shillito. He saw a long fellow chewing gum, sitting naked on a cheap bed with a gaudy banjo propped on his knees, plucking a cheap tune out of it with his tattooed hands.

"Pretty hot out, Bobby."

"Yeh. I'm roasted, bare nekkid."

Bob did not look up. He was industriously hunting some sound with water flowing on his arms and the grease on his smooth black hair speckled with drops where he was sweating through. Harmon began to pick up some books and some neckties.

"Hey, Johnny."

"Yeh?"

"Seen your folks?"

"Yes," said Harmon, "some of 'em."

"Yeh? Why don't you stay home, fella?"

"I—I've been thinkin' about it," said Harmon.

"You better."

He made the strings chirp and patter.

"Hey, Johnny."

"Yes?"

"I'm quittin' in Chicago. Told Comesky right now."

"Quitting!"

"Don't be sore on me. I gotta. Got a letter from mamma. Pop's lost his best hired man, and Henry's gonna get married next week, and Ed ain't been well a couple of years. Hurt his belly divin' in the creek. Sumpin wrong. . . . An' I'm sick of this racket. Nothin' to it. . . . Foster City, Michigan—that's the address."

He began playing the Swanee River. He had not looked up.

"All right, Bob. Just fired myself. I was—trying to get up the nerve to tell you. It's this way: I —I've got some responsibilities—got a kid cousin. Nearest thing to a brother she has. And there's this old man. I'm awfully fond of him—my grandfather's lawyer. He's always been a fool about me, and ——"

"Sure, they're fools about us. Help you pack?"

"No, thanks, Bobby. . . H. J. Shillito, 16 Glendale Road"

"Gimme a pencil" He wrote the address on the face of the banjo and went on playing loudly. Harmon chucked things into his suitcase. When he had locked it, he said, "Well, Bob."

"Write me once a month, fella?"

"Right. Good-by."

"G'-by, Johnny."

He did not look up and the banjo did not stop as Harmon went down the corridor. The banjo would go on for an hour, as it did when a bad letter came from the farm. Harmon thought of the banjo going on when he was turning into Glendale Road. . . . There must be thousands of men in the world who did not read books; who thought golden dining rooms of hotels beautiful and cried over songs about mother and moonlight; who were not chaste or tactful or subtle; but who, somehow, were very fine men. His grandfather had not been a lot of things, but he had been that—fine. And Bob had kept his silly secret for him. Bob was pretty fine. What makes one man cheap and common, when another man can be just as cheap and common, and not be common at all? Harmon swallowed some hot gravel and walked on. The tall iron staves of his grandfather's fence began. He saw Doctor Henry wandering the lawn. All the windows of the gray front were open and curtains shimmered inside. . . . This was going to be awful—oh, awful! And if that girl was hopping around! And if the judge cried! Kate wouldn't—and if I cry—oh, Lord!

Mr. Geoghan's linen suit detached itself from the huge left gatepost hung with woodbine. His face had the singular effect of not belonging to him at all. It seemed a peeled egg caught between his stomach and his straw hat, which needed cleaning.

"Now! The judge phoned down for all your papers. When'd you spring it?"

"I—I met Doctor Henry on the street, Mr. Geoghan."

"An' he fell? He took you for ——"

"Yes."

"See? It's safe as a church! But, be careful!"

"Yes."

"Now, Mrs Eustis is in there She's been openin' windows. The kid—Shilly Watson -just binged off in her car. She'll be back. She's a fluff in a green dress. Now, I been thinkin'. If they ask you -see?—what you and the old gentleman fought about, you better say it was a girl you was foolin' with, or somethin' like that, natural. What'll you say it was you and your grandfather had your scrap about? Get it straight."

Harmon John put down his suitcase joyously on the sidewalk. He stopped being scared. He had nothing to hide his emotions for, in this instance. He looked with a kind of love at Mr. Geoghan. "Of course I can't thrash him. I can tell him though."

"I'll tell you. Listen—listen a lot. On December 22, 1916, I came into Judge Barth's office with my grandfather."

"I seen you. I was there."

"Yes, an' I sat in the outside office while granddad was talking in with the judge. I'd never thought about you before and all I knew about you was that you'd been in jail once and that the judge had reformed you. Only, I hadn't anything to read, and so I sat and looked at you. And it struck me you were the meanest-looking human being I'd ever seen. And I had to tell my grandfather that after dinner. And he blew me up. Said I'd no right to question Judge Barth's judgment. And I lost my temper. He could always make me lose my temper, because I was so fond of him. And he told me to go to bed and stay there until I was ashamed of myself. An' that insulted me so I just walked out of the house. That's why I left home."

Mr. Geoghan said then: "I wasn't in no jail. It was the reformatory."

"Don't care. That's why I left home. Granddaddy was a gentleman, you see? He started as a bricklayer, but he was a gentleman. He never told the judge, because the judge was f-fond of me and he knew it would hurt him. You couldn't be a gentleman if you tried a century. . . . Look out or I'll slug you! Clear out ——"

"Hey," said Geoghan, "I knew it was you all the time! I just been foolin'! I ——"

"Oh, don't be so cheap!"

Harmon walked up the driveway. The man behind him dropped through the bottom of his mind. Only when he got to the last granite step of the twelve he looked back helplessly to see where Doctor Henry had gone, and the neurologist was talking placidly to Geoghan against the left gatepost. Geoghan had become a kind of pudding in a bag, something squashed and inconsiderable. . . . "I've got to go on in here. . . . Here I am."

The door was open. Harmon lifted a cold foot over the white stone sill and set down his suitcase on the naked floor of the big hall. Carved wooden women with gilt twinkling in passages of their foolish robes held up the ceiling, leaning on the white walls. A slim lady in white stopped fixing roses in a great bowl of clumsy glass and glanced at him—housekeeper or something. He looked beyond her at the turning stairs and a smell of new flowers blown from everywhere froze him in its sweetness.

"Well, Harmon John."

"Kate!"

"Don't yell," she said, and put another rose in place.

After a long time he said, "S-say something! I'm so ashamed I wish I —"

"Oh, rot!"

"Yes, I am, Kate. I'm so ashamed I can't ——"

"Don't be silly, Harmon John."

"That's right! Be superior! I'm two years older'n you and I'm goin' ——"

"Mind your g's, Harmon John!"

"Shut up! I know when I'm ashamed, don't I? I'd ha' come home any time, but I was ashamed."

"Rubbish. You've had a lot of roaring good times, Har, and you know it. Don't tell me you've been haunted morning, night and noon."

"That's it! Put somethin' in I didn't say! Girls always lie when you try to argue with them anyhow! Didn't say I never had any good times! Of course I did! But I'm ashamed! I've been ashamed all the time!"

"Don't be theatrical, Harmon John."

"I am not!"

"Of course you are. And don't bark at me."

A fat little man came, blinking behind yellow glasses, out of the huge drawing-room and said, "Kate! Daughter, don't be so ——"

"You make her stop, judge! She ——"

"Kate," said the judge, making time ripple backward, "you must not tease Harmon John! It's not fair. You're a girl and he can't lose his temper with you. Now, behave yourself. I'm ashamed of you."

"She always ——"

"I know, Harmon John. How big you are, my dear boy."

Harmon said furiously, "Have I got to be that awful kid's guardian? She s-scares me so I ——"

"We'll help you all we can, Harmon John. Don't be angry about it. How big you are, my dear boy."

"He's not angry, dad. The poor brute," Kate said, "is just trying not to be ashamed of himself. He's just trying to hide his emotions. He ——"

"Oh, shut up! I know it, don't I? Don't I know it?"

"My dear boy, don't mind her! Don't mind her! I'm so glad to ——"

Harmon John howled, "If you pet me, judge, I'll bawl like a kid!"

"Well, you're doing it anyhow," said Kate, "so why be so proud about it?"

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AN AMERICAN COMEDY

Continued from Page 7

The jitney shower was over, our eyes were bloodshot from staring under water and we had given up despondently when someone tossed in a white door knob. I dived for it out of habit, and right beside it on the tank bottom I saw a coin. It looked like a dollar to my eyes, though it proved to be only an overlooked five cents. I began yelling before I came to the top. My lungs were full of water when I reappeared, but I held the nickel high in one hand where all could see. We piled into our clothes and went out to spend it. Across the street was a store where it bought half a dozen sugar doughnuts. Sugar doughnuts, if you do not know, are as large as a pie; the joker is that, like cotton candy, they are mostly air. Six were a sound nickel's worth, at that, and the day was perfect.

Boys gather naturally in gangs. Not far away from one of our Denver homes was a tough bunch and no mistake about it, called the Colfax Gang, and gang fights with rocks and fists were no tea parties. The kids in our neighborhood called themselves the Tenth Avenue Gang in imitation of the Colfax clan, and liked to think they were bad actors. To prove it to themselves they crossed the dry bed of the Platte one day and took on another gang. I was too young for membership in the Tenth Avenues, but I tagged along as camp follower. Surprising and outnumbering the enemy two to one, the Tenth Avenues were winning a glorious victory, when out of nowhere swarmed the enemy's reserves.

My heroes fell back behind a string of moving vans and checked the first onslaught. I did not stay to see the outcome, but fled for home for all I was worth. When I got there no one was at home and I was so scared that I locked the doors and pulled down every blind, although I had put the battle far behind me. Later the running fight went by our house, I peeking gingerly out from behind a shade to watch. Victory went to the heads of the gang from across the river, and they made the tactical error of pressing the routed remnants of the Tenth Avenues into the territory of the Colfax Gang. At this effrontery the Colfax gorillas called out a corporal's guard and swept the invaders back across the river like chaff.

The first nickname to fasten on me was Yabble. No, it is not a typographical error. Moreover, it came about very naturally. A lost pup followed me home in Pawnee. By the time the owner was identified, the dog and I were so fond of each other that he refused to separate us. The pup's name was Bill, and when I called him it was: "Here, Bill! Yah, Bill. Yahbill! Yabble! Yabble!" Some boy with a keen ear pinned the name on me and it stuck as long as we lived in Pawnee.

The Hobby With a Capital H

The pup was a mastiff and grew up to be a whopper. I took him to Durango and there a dog hater fed Bill ground glass in meat. The dog moped for a few days, then toppled over dead. I don't hear of them any more, but twenty years ago it seemed to me that nearly every town included a man or woman with such an insane horror of dogs, any dog and all dogs, that periodically they set out poisoned food until the town was in an uproar, every house that did not harbor a dog was suspected and cat-owning spinsters were under special surveillance. Bill gave me a love of big dogs that has resulted nowadays in my breeding great Danes and St. Bernards, which are about as large as dogs come, and I am a little crazier about them than I was as a boy.

Another memory of Pawnee is of being baptized by immersion. It followed a revival conducted by a traveling evangelist which Gaylord and I attended regularly. On the appointed Sunday we came in our usual clothes, joined the baptismal party, walked down a flight of steps into a tank built into the church, bobbed under the water, and ascended another flight of steps, at the top of which we were wrapped in blankets.

One of the hobbies which raged violently was marbles. I did not tire of them until I had become the ward sharpshooter and had corralled all the prize agates for blocks around at keeps. My sentimental father, who always has put away and preserved my trophies as I tired of them, still has a collection of some seventy agates that I once led captive. Though I never played again, I can't resist a choice agate to this day and I buy them for Mildred's small brother. In the collection was an unusual blue agate with a white bull's eye. I still keep an eye out for its mate.

The capital-H hobby was tricks and magic. It began with an absorption in puzzles in Sunday papers and boys' magazines, then mechanical puzzles. Whether I first read of tricks in advertisements in these papers and sent away for them, or first saw them in the downtown novelty store in Denver while buying puzzles, I can't say; but I went at them with that whole-souled devotion that characterized all my enthusiasms, and didn't live them down completely until two years ago. Even after marriage I continued to carry a pocket stuffed with pocket tricks and was a parlor pest, likely to extract an egg from my hostess' mouth at any lull in the conversation. The tenacity with which the craze hung on can be explained, no doubt, by its close association with the theater; for, if I am not mistaken, I once thought of taking up magic professionally, and I continue to be a member of the Society of Magicians, though of strictly amateur status.

Little Harold Entertains

An early piece of apparatus, at a time when we lived near City Park, Denver, was what was called a plate mover. It consisted of a thin rubber tube with a squeeze bulb at one end and a smaller deflated bulb of thin rubber at the other. To test it out I invited another boy to dinner, first running the tube under the tablecloth and fixing the deflated bulb under the guest plate. Albert came, awkward with the double embarrassment of being in the company of strange grown-ups and his mother's warning to watch his table manners. We had chops, and every time Albert got his knife and fork into carving position I squeezed the bulb and the plate leaped up. With each buck his nervousness grew until tears of mortification came to his eyes. Little Harold could keep a poker face, and the rest of the family knew nothing of what was going on. When Albert's plate was changed I contrived to slip the bulb under his coffee cup, and when this, too, began to prance, it dawned on Albert that something was rotten in Denver. Knowing that, he knew all.

I had read Tom Sawyer. Whether the idea came from the book, or whether Tom's fence-whitewashing gag is the sort of thing that springs instinctively to boy minds, I don't know, but I worked a variation of it in Durango. I was paying a visit to Aunt Grace and had been told to clean up the back yard. It looked like a long job, a dirty one and uninteresting, so the kids of the neighborhood did it for me. They did it under a contract whereby I explained one trick for a given stint of work, and my repertoire of magic was a large one by then.

The paraphernalia included a marked deck of playing cards. There was a bicycle lamp in two of the corners and the gimmick, as magicians say, was that the shading of the lamps revealed the suit and number of each card. Sometime earlier I had seen Alias Jimmy Valentine, dramatization of the O. Henry story wherein the reformed crook sandpapers his fingers to a sensitiveness that permits him to feel the workings of the tumblers of the vault lock in which the child accidentally has been shut, thereby exposing his criminal past in

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order to save the child. "Is this quite clear? Well, no matter," as Charles Brackett says.

There was a new boy in the block and he pestered me to know the secret of seeing through the backs of cards. It was an exquisite sense of touch, I explained, a delicate perception which could be obtained only by sensitizing the fingertips—for example, by rubbing them to a fine edge on the sidewalk. In one lesson it was possible that he might be able to distinguish between the red and black cards; to equal my gift of calling the suits, even the exact numbers, naturally would require long application and possibly special aptitude.

We were sitting on the cement steps of my grandmother's home in Durango and the new boy began rubbing his fingers on the concrete. In calling the colors the odds were even, so he frequently got two, three, even four cards in succession right, only to fail as many times in a row. When successful, he glowed and commanded our admiration; when he failed, he gave his fingertips a further scouring on the steps until they were nearly as raw as Jimmy Valentine's were supposed to be, and we took pity on him. Pity did not include a true explanation, however; tricks were not given away for nothing.

A like trick of boyish cruelty was played on a youngster in Burchard, where I had gone to visit my father's mother. A hypnotist came to town, and I, as I shouldn't have to tell you by this time, was in the audience. Hypnotism still was a vogue and no opera-house season was complete without one. Burchard was a one-night stand, but where the show played a week the professor would put a man or a woman to sleep in a bed smack in the front window of the best furniture store, and boys lost sleep trying to catch the subject taking food or exercise. There was one hypnotist playing the Missouri Valley country who, instead of putting his subject to sleep in the show window, would bury him alive in a coffin at the conventional six-foot depth and dig him up after twenty-four hours, which, any fair-minded reader should admit, is a good trick if you can do it.

The Hypnotic Effect of a Dollar

Such troupes carried their own plants, but always hired a group of town boys for added comedy. Certainly any bright boy or girl need not be told that I was one of those boys. We were paid a dollar apiece and were cautioned by the professor:

"Now, boys, I may not hypnotize all of you; but remember I am paying you money and don't spoil my show." We understood.

When the curtain was up and the short opening lecture on mesmerism concluded, we were called to the stage as presumable volunteers. The professor stared us in the eyes, made his passes, then the monkey business began.

"Boys, you are in a strawberry patch," he said with a wink to the audience. "Now you are eating to your hearts' content. These are particularly fine berries and you haven't had any for a long time. Eat hearty! Ah, now you are getting the stomach ache."

We went through the pantomime of picking and gobbling the fruit and at the proper moment we doubled up in convincing distress.

We were told that we were monkeys—monkeys moreover that were troubled with fleas—that we were roosters at daybreak, and we scratched and crowed and flapped our hands. He gave us each a chair which he said was a horse and commanded us to race across the stage, and we raced. The audience enjoyed it, we enjoyed it and the professor enjoyed it.

The fact that none of us was quite sure whether the others really were hypnotized or were just play-acting as we were, made it more exciting.

The next day in my grandmother's yard I held court and told all comers all about it. To a small boy named Herrin I boasted that, what's more, the professor had imparted the secrets of the hypnotic art to me. The boy demanded that I prove it by hypnotizing him. For reasons of my own, I preferred to reverse the order.

"That wouldn't do you any good," I argued plausibly. "When you're hypnotized you don't know what you're doing and you wouldn't believe it when you came out. I'll teach you how to hypnotize me instead."

He was shown the mesmeric stare, the passes of the hands and, finally, the finger snapping that brought the subject out of his trance. He was an apt pupil and I a splendid subject, a trance resulting immediately. For half an hour he had me cavorting around the yard supposedly at his will, and how he enjoyed it! I was older and bigger, yet he was my master. When he no longer could think of anything more to order me to do he snapped his fingers to end the entertainment, but the subject failed to snap out of it. He snapped his fingers again, he experimented with other fingers, waved his hands, commanded, coaxed, pleaded, pretended to go home and leave me, to return again to more finger snapping. My Uncle John came home to luncheon to find all the snap gone out of Master Herrin's fingers and the boy nearly hysterical, but Uncle John had the family liking for horseplay and insisted that he was powerless. I was one to squeeze the last drop out of any joke, but when the boy broke into sobs his subject began to rub his eyes and manifest other signs of returning consciousness.

Man in the Making

One of my first jobs was in a branch milk depot in Denver. In the morning I rode on the delivery wagon as the driver's helper. From noon until three P. M. I substituted in the depot for the clerk. As a side line there was a soft-drink stand and candy case in the depot and that was the true explanation of why I was working there.

The milkman knew his boys. "Help yourself, bub, and don't be bashful," he told me. With a little time out for waiting on customers, I shook milk shakes and sampled the candy continuously from twelve to three for two days. The third day and thereafter I shuddered at the sight of "red hots" and at the mention of vanilla. Later I had a summer job in a neighborhood drug store in Omaha. I was errand boy, bottle washer, pill-box filler and self-appointed apprentice to the soda jerker. When the latter failed to come to work one day I was promoted to his white apron and it was the milk depot all over again for a short and sirupy spell; then the boss' ice creams and fruit juices were as safe with me as his castor oil.

Aside from jobs around theaters, of which I held many, my early contacts with big business included being a telegraph messenger boy in Omaha, apprentice in a blueprint shop, boy in a bird store, cleaning cages, filling the seed and water cups and contracting a permanent distaste for the society of our little feathered friends; stockroom boy in the chinaware department of Bennett's department store in Omaha; cash boy in Daniels & Fisher's big store in Denver; selling peanuts, pop corn and crackajack in both the Omaha and the Denver Western League baseball parks, and carrying paper routes in Omaha, Denver and Durango. I never formally took up elevator piloting, but Gaylord ran many of them, and when I had no job of my own he would let me sit in for him in slack hours. All were summer or part-time jobs.

There were only two jobs that gave me any sound business training. One was a paper route. In Omaha I carried the Bee, and at another time the World-Herald; in Denver it was an afternoon paper with a Sunday-morning edition—I am not clear which one. In Omaha the carrier was merely a delivery boy, but in Denver I owned the route and discovered responsibility and initiative. By the Denver system the route owner was a middleman between the publisher and the householder. I bought my papers outright at wholesale

(Continued on Page 108)

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(Continued from Page 106)

and sold them at retail just as the street newsboy does. The route was a piece of property, a franchise within a certain territory in the City Park region. If I built it up, the profit was mine; if I failed to collect the accounts, the loss was mine. I had to keep my own books, and if a customer did not pay promptly I stopped his paper without consulting anyone.

It is strange that there are men and women who would deliberately cheat a paper boy, yet there always were homes from the steps of which the paper vanished nightly but where the door never was answered on collection days. I used to come on odd hours and odd days, and when that failed I'd punch the front doorbell and run to the back door, but there is no stratagem that will make a dead beat pay a paper boy's bill if shame won't do it. The route was run down when I bought it. I built it up until I had two boys working for me, and sold it at a profit when we moved again. While I carried it I was going to the East Denver High School, taking care of neighbors' furnaces of winter mornings and cutting their lawns in summer.

The other job that returned me something more than a few dollars was of my own devising. We were living in Beatrice, where my mother had a millinery shop and I was going to school. From watching the news butchers on the trains I got the idea of selling pop corn on my own. I bought the corn, bought a stack of sacks at wholesale from a local paper house, made a cut-rate deal with the grocer for butter, and promised my mother a percentage on sales if she would pop the corn. At noon, with two loaded market baskets, I would make the Burlington station and a through train due at that hour. The train carried a news butcher who made forcible objection to my competition, but he never overtook me. After school I made the Rock Island and Union Pacific stations and a regular route that included the public library at one end of the social scale and eight saloons at the other, with an iron foundry in between. Regrettable to relate, the pop corn sold best in the saloons, where its saltiness made it a competitor of pretzels with the beer drinkers.

I had the sales sense to keep the merchandise and myself spick and span, and netted from twelve to fifteen dollars a week, with which I bought all my clothes and started several savings-bank accounts which never lasted until the first interest date. Another move ended the job.

Unbeatable Strategy

I really shouldn't tell this story; the man hasn't taken a drink in years and I wouldn't hurt his feelings for anything. No one will identify him, but unfortunately he may recognize himself. The only excuse for bringing it up after all these years, aside from the fact that it is funny, is that it contributes its bit to the pictures we are trying to draw of a boy growing into responsibilities.

To prevent confusion we shall have to invent a name for him and call him, say, Joe Morgan. He was an old family friend and had stopped in Denver on his way to Colorado Springs to build himself up physically after taking a cure. Colorado Springs is a pleasant place and he suggested that Harold come along as company. That being agreeable to all, especially Harold, we boarded a D. & R. G. train.

In Denver, Mr. Morgan had been militantly sober, but before the train stopped at Palmer Lake for luncheon he had bought a bottle of whisky from the train porter and soon was limp with liquor. There is nothing funny about a man's fight against such a disease, and I am not trying to make it so, but the consequences may be ridiculous. Though I was not more than thirteen, I think, I knew enough to go through his pockets and confiscate most of his money. Colorado Springs was strange to me, so I bundled my responsibility into a cab and told the driver to take us to a good hotel.

Undressing him, putting him to bed, locking the door, hiding his clothes in the floor linen closet and confiding in the clerk and bell boys, I went forth to see the city. The Seven Falls and Cheyenne Canyon trip was recommended highly. I rode a burro up the canyon and back in what was laughingly called a race with other tourists, and returned to the hotel to find that Morgan had waked, tried to force, cajole and bribe his way out of the locked room and had been ignored by the hotel staff. He was sober and docile when I unlocked the door, and he let me understand that I had acted with a wisdom beyond my years.

We went out to dinner. I ordered a steak and potatoes, he only a cup of coffee, apologizing that he was not feeling too robust.

He toyed with the coffee for a time, then said: "Harold, I think I need a little air; I'll just step out front and wait for you. Don't hurry."

Just Around the Bend

Harold's mind was not entirely free of doubts. I watched with one eye while my host strolled back and forth in front of the restaurant with an elaborate casualness. His beat carried him out of my sight momentarily at each end, but his reappearances were as regular as a pendulum, and Harold became engrossed in steak and potatoes. As the stopping of a clock to which your ear is used makes a louder noise than its ticking, so the fact that Mr. Morgan was overdue on his return trip penetrated to me. I dashed out the door, yelling to the cashier that I would return, and looked down the street to see Morgan just vanishing into a drug store. Following on the run, I found him in whispered consultation with the druggist.

Colorado was a wet state, but Colorado Springs was dry. Gen. W. J. Palmer, founder of the town and builder of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, had written into the city's charter and into the title to every foot of land a perpetual prohibition against the sale of liquor within the corporation limits. Probably I knew nothing of this, but I knew something of bluffs.

"If you sell whisky to this man I'll report you to the police," I warned the druggist. The latter assured me that he wouldn't think of such a thing, and I led Morgan, abashed but unprotesting, back to the restaurant and did not let him out of my sight that evening.

The next morning I woke with the sun, keen for more sight-seeing and unwilling to waste an hour of daylight. It is one thing to lock a drunken man in his room and hide his clothes, another so to outrage a sober man who only is to be suspected of an intention to get drunk. So I compromised. I hid his shoes, but hid them in the room, so that, if necessary, I could pretend that he had mislaid them himself. Then, distrusting the adequacy of this, I returned and tied the strings in a tangle of knots.

The Cave of the Winds was the objective this day. You rode a long way on a street car, then took a hack, or walked, as your pocket suggested. Walking was discouraged by those who made their living hauling tourists, and when the hot and dusty wayfarer stopped to ask how far the cave was it was a local joke to tell him "Just around the bend." The road had more bends than the famous Cripple Creek Short Line itself, and I had turned half a hundred of them afoot without making any appreciable progress, when a wagonette drawn by two plodding horses and driven by a weather-beaten old woman passed upbound.

"How much farther is the cave?" I asked again.

She grinned and said, "Jump in beside me, sonny, and ride; it's a long ways around the bend."

We were not yet halfway up the canyon, I discovered, and at the head of the canyon there was a long steep grade up the mountain. Then when we arrived there was a large sign reading "Admission $1." I had sixty cents, but the masterful old woman

browbeat the gatekeeper into letting me in at half rates.

After the stalactites and stalagmites and the long ride back, I found that Joe Morgan had risen, recovered his shoes, snapped the knotted strings and tossed them away, then gone out to drink without the let or hindrance of a meddling, impertinent young brat.

In the morning he was sober again and I proposed a trip to Manitou, with possibly an ascent of Pike's Peak.

"Sure, run along and enjoy yourself. Do you need any more money?" said my host, but I refused to go a step except in his company.

As the street car for Manitou approached Colorado City, which was wet, Morgan cleared his throat and remarked, "Harold, you know what I really need is just one drink. That would clear my head and fix me up. I don't believe I'm equal to the Pike's Peak trip without it."

It sounded plausible, and though Harold had his misgivings, we alighted. As a minor, I was not permitted inside a barroom. Mr. Morgan told me to wait outside, where he would rejoin me almost at once.

Once behind the swinging doors, he knew he was safe and he enjoyed his little joke up to the hilt. I did sentry duty outside, occasionally pushing back the doors just far enough to peer in, see him leaning gustily against the bar and call to him. When he did come out and I got a towline on him, he was roaring drunk. A street car was out of the question, so I looked for some secluded bench where we could park until he had partly sobered.

The spectacle of a strange boy, objectionably dressed up in knickers, white collar and other prissy apparel, leading a drunken man, invited the jeers of two Colorado City boys of practically no refinement. Their comments finally riled me so that I propped my charge against a dead wall and chased my defamers two blocks. I didn't catch them, neither did they come back, and later in the day I got Morgan back to the hotel.

Knowing when I had enough, I wired to Denver to come and get him. As a moral lesson it was worth ten thousand temperance tracts to a boy. It never was needful to warn me away from the flying hoofs of the Brewers' Big Horses.

Winner of the Barber-Shop Belt

Once I was headed for the prize ring, thought seriously of taking up fighting professionally, but my mother put her foot down. I always have been fast and shifty and seem not to remember a time when I was not familiar with boxing gloves. It may be that Gaylord had a pair and taught me a little or that an early Christmas brought me a pair.

The name Harold used to be—maybe is yet—in low repute with kids. It was supposed to be sissy and its possessors frequently had to defend it with their fists, though I recall no trouble on this score. I did pick up a few rudiments of boxing very early, however, and was several jumps ahead of the average boy my age.

Once I went to visit my cousin Ray at Wilcox, Nebraska. It was winter and the village hangout was the back of a barber shop, where a pot-bellied stove glowed red and a pair of gloves hung on a nail. The loafers would entice youngsters inside and match them in bouts.

A city kid normally is a shining mark in a country town; but as the owner of a straight left I won the barber-shop belt so quickly and easily that the sporting element looked about for sterner stuff to trip the city boy, and found him in a lad named Dave Wright. The bout was staged behind the grain elevator and drew a crowd. How long it went is not of record, but it was long enough. The decision was a draw and I was well satisfied.

Back in Denver, I decided to take boxing lessons and enrolled at Jacobs' gymnasium in Curtis Street. The teacher, a grizzled old pug, tall and slender, taught me the one-two, not to telegraph my blows, improved my left and was making a boxer of me. It was all in the day's work with him and he went through his part of it bored and mechanically.

Becoming excited, I got my routine mixed and struck out of turn. His guard was down, the blow caught him on the jaw and bowled him over. Retired pugs do not appreciate being smacked down by a green youth and he was furious. My apologies were profuse and sincere, however, and he let it pass.

Durango's White Hope

At another time I got my come-uppance, and inexcusably. A professional wrestler, a grown man, worked out at the gym. Seeing me shadow-boxing one afternoon, he asked "Want to put on the gloves with me, kid?" Anxious to learn wherever I could, I agreed eagerly. We sparred lightly for a time, then he deliberately uncorked one from his shoestrings that knocked me to the far wall of the gym and left me bruised for several days. The wrestler grinned, tossed off his gloves and went to the showers.

There were Sunday afternoon smokers at Jacobs', where I fought in four two-minute-round bouts with other pupils. Jacobs entered his students in the Denver Athletic Club city amateur championship tournaments and I was training for one of these when my mother intervened. I had sold her on the idea that it was well for a boy to know the manly art of self-defense, but this was getting too professional for her tastes. The boy who won the D. A. C. championship in my class I had whipped before and whipped afterward, so it is not unlikely to suppose that I would have been a Denver amateur champion, and had I gone that far, certainly I should have wanted to go farther.

A little later, when I went to Durango from Denver, a high-school freshman, I found that the school champ was a husky negro boy. There was a gym in the school basement and boxing gloves were part of the equipment. The colored boy had a weird and terrifying style that baffled his local opponents, but was just sound and fury to a run-of-the-mill boxer. He never laid a glove on me and I won another championship—my last. I had my eye on a different platform.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Lloyd and Mr. Stout. The second will appear next week

THE WALLOPS

[*No. 14 of a series. No. 15 will appear Mar. 31*]

When washing gets'em dirty

"Missus Wallop, will you-all please take a glance at Mista Wallop's unaweah?"

Arbutus held up George's woolens.

"Jest look at 'em stains, ma'am. They ah not dirt, 'cos ah wash 'em good. No, *ma'am*, they come from this y'ere rusty water. Evytime ah wring 'em out ah see these brown rus' places, and ah don' want no one blamin' Arbutus, foah it ain't her fault."

Clara Wallop looked at the rust stains on the freshly washed union suit and then down at the water that showed an orange color through the soapsuds.

"I know it isn't your fault, Arbutus," she sympathized. "It's the rusty water pipes in this house. They're just awful."

"Missus Wallop, ma'am, why don' you get Mista Wallop to put in some good clean water pipes so you get good clean water?"

"I know it, Arbutus. We ought to put in brass pipe that can't rust and then we would have clean water and good water pressure too. I'll talk to Mr. Wallop about it again when he comes home tonight."

Replace with brass pipe little by little, or all at once, and ask for Alpha Brass Pipe too, for all brass pipes are not the same. Alpha Brass Pipe is better because it contains more copper and lead. Plumbers prefer it because it cuts cleaner and sharper threads, making leak-proof joints. It positively *cannot rust*, and the Alpha trademark, stamped every 12 inches, guarantees it for soundness and satisfaction.

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ALPHA BRASS PIPE

made from a special kind of

Chase Brass

CHASE BRASS & COPPER CO., Incorporated, Waterbury, Conn.

No More "Out of Oil"

"In-Sight" Oil Measure Tells at a Glance the Quantity of Oil In the Crank Case

ON the dash of practically every make of car, you have probably noticed an indicator, commonly referred to as an oil gauge.

This gauge is an oil pressure gauge. It does not, and cannot, in any way tell the quantity of oil in your motor.

This pressure gauge will register so long as there is sufficient oil in the system to maintain pressure. According to it you have plenty of oil one second—and may have none the next.

But the New 1929 Flying Clouds end this constant danger of irreparably damaging your motor through lack of oil.

On the dash of each Cloud you will find a new instrument that tells you in a second's time the exact quantity of oil in the crank case.

You do not have to lift the hood and explore the territory beneath to determine when oil should be added.

Technical, perhaps, but very important if you want a 1929 automobile today.

Defeating the *Deadly* 2000 Miles

New Oil Cleaner Ends Bearing Scores and Scratches While Engine Is Being Broken In

THE first 2,000 miles are the dangerous ones for every automobile. They can be deadly unless, as in the new Flying Clouds, the dangers are eliminated.

Metal particles, molding sand, grinding particles, and similar stuff will slip through inspections even though they are as tight and careful as Reo's.

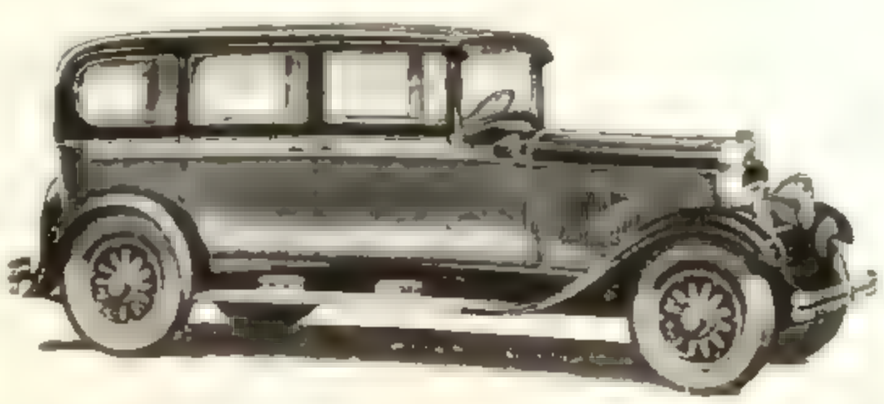
And it is these particles that play havoc with bearings of ordinary engines during the deadly first 2,000 miles of travel—in spite of ordinary oil cleaning methods.

It is these particles that you often hear of later as bearing knocks, even though you've broken in the engine most carefully.

The brand new oil cleaning system keeps such dirt, sand, and metal particles from the bearings of 1929 Flying Clouds—during the first 2,000 miles and ever after.

This new system cleans all oil before it goes to the bearings—not after. The common worries and dangers of breaking-in the motor are ended.

Technical, perhaps, but very important if you want a 1929 automobile today.



The 1929 REO

A Steady Front End at All Speeds

New Spring Silencers Plus Close Front End Balance End Shivering At High Speed

SINCE the advent of high speed automobiles, engineers have been puzzled by the strange action of front ends while the cars were being driven at high speeds.

Millions of dollars and countless hours have been devoted to the solution of the problem.

But very, very few practical answers have been found as yet. There seemed to be no general practice that could be applied with the definite assurance it will always cure front end shivering.

But the New 1929 Flying Clouds have the answer.

Springs mounted on silencers *plus other points of design and balance* keep the 1929 Flying Clouds sailing smoothly and surely —no matter what the speed or road.

Technical, perhaps, but very important, if you want a 1929 automobile today.

Technical Perhaps *but very, very important*

To everyone interested in getting a 1929 automobile in 1928

The New Reo Flying Clouds are announced as 1929 automobiles for the very simple reasons that they give you today—

The riding ease
The handling ease
The safety braking
The simple, vigorous lines
The carefully appointed interiors
The ability to get-up-and-go—

that many other cars will still be trying to equal—in 1929.

And you get the ahead-of-the-times engineering design that makes such astonishing, ahead-of-the-times performance.

This engineering design may be a technical subject, perhaps—but it is very, very important to you, if you are interested in getting a 1929 automobile today.

A few of many Flying Cloud 1929 technical advancements are listed to the left. With Reo's moderate production such design improvements change from blue prints into motor cars months sooner than they could in the huge plants which build most of America's automobiles.

So Reo can give you 1929 Flying Clouds in the very heart of the 1928 season.

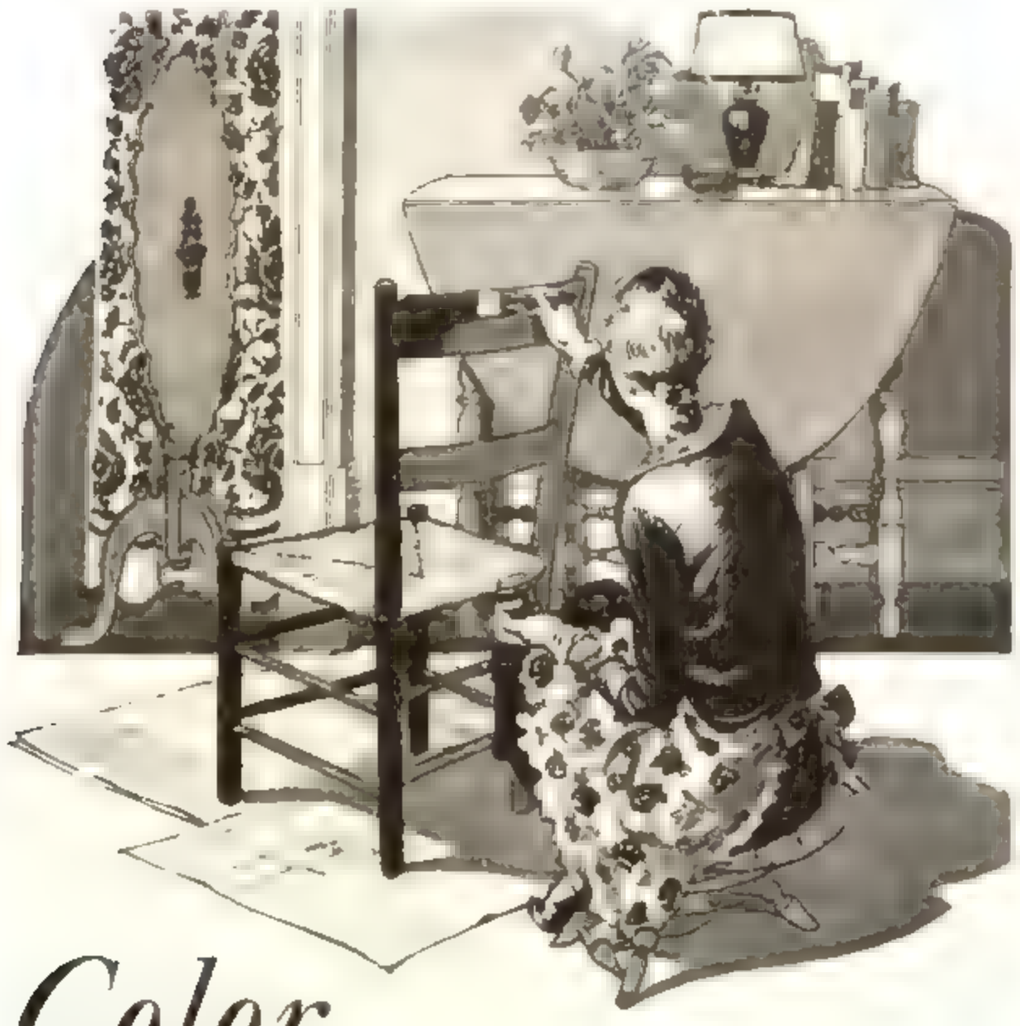
Try out a New Flying Cloud for yourself. The complete story of true 1929 motoring will be told you in a new, sweet-running way.

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Lansing, Michigan*

FLYING CLOUDS

MURPHY FINE FINISHES

Famous for 63 years among architects, master painters, and makers of products requiring a fine finish



Color

gives life and cheer to the home...

TO the man or woman who is truly a lover of home, color is a giver of gifts—gifts of brightness, of warmth and of cheer.

A single can of Murphy Da-Cote Enamel will spread its beauty far and bring more cheer and brightness than a can could seem to hold.

Murphy Da-Cote Enamel is the enamel famous for its wear-resisting qualities quite as much as for the great brilliance and deep lustre of its finish.

How would the woodwork, doors and windows in the living room look with a bright shining new dress of white? Or an odd chair done over or a bookcase brought to life again? There are so many things that will suggest themselves to you.

And your car—a sparkling coat of Da-Cote Enamel will give it a new lease on life, and to you a new pride of possession.

There is an especially selected Murphy dealer near you who is ready to help you with any of the Murphy Fine Finishes. Da-Cote Enamel, in many colors, is waiting on his shelves to bring new beauty and cheer to your home.

Send coupon for Instruction Book and Color Card.

INTRODUCTORY OFFER

40c sample can of Murphy Da-Cote Enamel for 25c. (Offer limited to 2 cans—only 1 can of each color.) Your choice of the following colors: Red, Light Red, Mandarin Red, Tangerine, Yellow, Green, Light Green, Spray Green, Jade Green, Navy Blue, Light Blue, Brown, Light Brown, Gray, Light Gray, Pearl Gray, Ivory, Cream, White, Black, Flat Black.

MURPHY VARNISH COMPANY
Newark Chicago San Francisco Montreal

Murphy Varnish Company, Newark, N. J.
☐ Send me Instruction Book and Color Card
☐ Send following 40¢ cans of Murphy Da-Cote Enamel at 25¢ each for which I enclose ____¢ (stamps or coin). Order colors by name.
1 _____
2 _____
Color 3 cans to a person
Name _____
Address _____
B

Murphy *Da-Cote* Enamel

DOVE'S NEST

Continued from Page 5

He answered immediately: "I figure that he understands his woman a whole lot better than most husbands does, lady. . . . And now I'll be wishin' you good night."

"Rupert," Diana began urgently, as soon as the guest was out of the door, "tell me something about Oliver."

Clytie obeyed the silver summons before Rupert's slow wit could move his slow lips to the beautiful framing of his own reply.

"He was born in California, brought up in a cow camp, struck gold in Oregon, gambled away his fortune, worked his way here, is foreman at the big J. D. outfit and now has taken up and stocked a dandy place of his own, about halfway to Millings."

"And how long, please, has he been in love with you, my dear?"

For the first time that evening Rupert really turned his eyes toward his wife. She was blushing.

"Wat—Wat really sort of brought me up. He's over forty. He—he was awfully good to my mother when she was teaching school in here at Ten Sleep."

"And hasn't he been so awfully good to you?"

"Yes," she said softly and very earnestly, "he has been wonderful."

"Why didn't you marry the poor fellow? You must know that he's worth ten of Rupert here." Up shot Clytie's little head in proud and angry defense, while Rupert, blushing, began to look dazed again. Diana laughed and laughed.

"You're too sweet," she said. "But it's all very hard on Oliver—I mean, to come here and sit with his might-have-beens and see you two happy together. Your Lochinvar-Rupert from the East who rode in and carried his girl right away from under his nose. It was thoughtless of you, Rupert."

And later, half an hour later, as he laid her down with that recognizable reluctance in arms and shoulders, she looked into his eyes with another of her best looks, laughter and sorrow and appeal.

"And oh, my poor Rupert, worse than thoughtless as far as it concerned yourself, tragically wasteful spendthrift." She lay and moved her hands as though she groped for resignation. "Spendthrift—of life—of love," she said.

Rupert stood staring like a boy outside a forbidden garden gate, his lips apart, his eyes hungrily orphaned. Whether he understood her words with all their implications is very doubtful, but there were other things, unspoken, which he understood. He plucked himself from her step by step. Just before he closed the door she lifted one lovely hand, her sleeve slipping back to the shoulder, and laid that shining arm across her eyes. She was really in all the luxury of self-inducted tears.

Rupert's eyes dilated, his muscles contracted; but, outside, Clytie laid her hand upon his arm and the door closed.

And now upon Diana fell the old sweet excitements of the chase. For her quarry was up, her hounds unleashed and her horn winded. Neither was there any wearisome assurance of a death. For this was a good young man, clean, simple and right-living, unconfused by moral or immoral or even by unmoral subtleties and greatly beloved by a fair young loyal wife. That he was now aware of a huntress she surmised, though certainly that would not be the title he would give her. She could hear in his breathing sometimes the laboring trouble of his heart, see in his beautiful dark eyes the quarry's thrilling fear. If he had been one degree more simple or one half degree more sophisticated, the issue would never have been in doubt, and even before this, the end of a fortnight's invalidism, Diana would have been bored. She would have turned cruel and have smitten Rupert with the whip she carried always in her nerves. She would have scarred him unforgettably and then gone on her way. But he was simple, not as a clown, but as a not too clever gentleman may be; and he was sophisticated really not at all, so that he did not understand her full awareness of his plight, did not understand that only a long experience could have given her such skill, did not realize in fact that she was using any skill. He was thus delivered from the usual masculine smirk of the pursued. Neither did he understand his own helplessness. He knew only that he did not like to hurt Clytie, nor soil his honor, nor insult his guest.

"Poor lamb!" she thought. "Poor lamb!"

And it was all she could do to refrain from an exchange of comprehending glances with the Farrs' other very constant visitor. For there now, Diana admitted, is a worldly man, sophisticated, incalculable and armed. If he had been the quarry, where would she stand? And she was conscious of another sort of thrill, a rarer and less pleasant one—a thrill of fear.

She had seen Oliver through her window, gentling an obstreperous colt with whose education Rupert had been unsuccessful. Gentling him? Yes. Now Clytie herself could ride that colt without any real tremor of uneasiness. And the newly tamed animal actually nuzzled that masterful tutor, followed him about. These animals of man—slaves! Diana despised the colt, despised, too, Wat's dog, a mastiff-collie-wolf creature that was his shadow, that dropped down instantly where he was bidden to drop, pointed his nose and his two bright eyes undeviatingly toward his man.

"What a pity," said Diana—"what a pity, Mr. Wat Oliver, that you have not a woman to bully!"

Between him and herself a silent enmity had grown with startling swiftness, and this was not the first time she had deliberately taunted him. It was the first time, however, that she had had the satisfaction of striking home. With genuine delight she saw the dark unwilling blood of him crawl up painfully into his face.

"I ain't never bullied a woman yet," he answered more quickly and simply than she had ever heard him speak.

"Likely you ain't never had the chancet to bully one."

This was crude and frankly impolite, restoring him instantly to his composure. Standing in the doorway, his dog at his feet, he straightened, turned his eyes coolly across her and away and spoke to Clytie.

"Will you come out," he said in the gentle voice he always used to her, "and look over this machine of—hers? I've got it pretty near in running order. It's about ready now," he added, looking at Diana with detached serenity, "to carry you—'vaguely on to Californy.'"

"Thank you so much, Mr. Oliver. You have taken a great deal of trouble. I hope you'll tell me how much I owe you."

He smiled a smile, fine, deep and subtle, and he bowed. Astonishingly graceful was this weather-beaten horseman when he so pleased.

"I will tell you that later, ma'am." He stood aside to let Clytie go past him out of the door. As she went by she looked swiftly up at him. Diana saw the look and it troubled her—a child asking dumbly for help.

"Poor little imbecile! How much better for her to be rid of Rupert and married to this other man, one of her own kind, who so profoundly loves her."

What man, Diana found herself thinking with a queer deep pang, had ever looked down at herself with just that serviceable, patient, shining look? Long ago—Joel, perhaps. But Joel's eyes had changed. No man to whom she had refused her gifts, as this child had refused them to this man, had ever stood beside her and held her up in the faithful hands of his chivalrous spirit, asking—so apparently asking for no personal reward.

Diana whistled to the dog. "Come back here, Cowboy, come and speak to me."

Cowboy ducked his head, wagged courteously and followed his master out, just looking back at her over his shaggy shoulder.

"Excuse me, lady," Cowboy's eye and tail replied.

Curiously, as a consequence of this small rebuff from a lower order of creation, Diana went to her room and wept. Weeping, she thought of Joel. He had warned her once to beware of humiliations—why had her little passage at arms with this Oliver creature so humiliated her?—and of punishments: "Some day, you know, Di, you'll get yourself into a situation where you'll need my help and then your pride'll get hurt, for I shall laugh at you—believe me, I shall laugh."

Rather than face that laughter in Joel's disillusioned eyes, Diana thought, she would go out and hang herself. Now what in the name of common sense had brought her for no reason into the grip of this, her one most abject fear, to incur the pitying contempt of Joel, to be forced, naked of pride, into the arms of his amused protection? Cowboy's look? The expression in Wat Oliver's tall eyes? "Tall eyes"—that was a nice figure; it painted the owner of the eyes. Diana laughed, shrugged, and going over to the washstand with its blue enameled basin, its bucket and its tin dipper, she elaborately washed her hands. This was a symbolic ceremony to which she often resorted with no awareness of its meaning or the wish which it disguised. Cleansed of responsibility and of fear, she was now ready for her usual delicate handiwork.

"There's only one thing, you know, my patient dears, that's holding me here like a cog in your hospitable home machinery."

Rupert turned white at this speech and Clytie flushed. They were all three at table together. Both pairs of eyes were set upon the speaker, eloquent as the eyes of children are

Said Diana, looking from one to the other of them, perfectly aware of what she did: "I'm not strong enough to run that great machine of mine myself, can't trust my right foot or my right side. I was an idiot, if you like, to leave my chauffeur back at Salt Lake. I can wire him at Ten Sleep, but it will take him days to get here. I wonder if I could get as far as Millings, say, and wait there—if there were anyone here I could trust to run my car."

"I could take you as far as Millings," said Rupert softly. He raised his eyes to hers and for an instant light flashed to and fro between their brains.

Clytie moistened her lips, but said nothing.

"I wonder if your wife would lend you to me for—how long would it be, Rupert? Only a day's run, surely. He'd be back to Ten Sleep next evening by train, wouldn't he, Clytie?"

"I—I ——"

"How I do wish there would be room for you," Diana mourned, "but my stupid luggage fills up all the back seat and overflows."

Clytie gasped, "Wat can drive a car."

"Not for me." Diana laughed with one of her gestures, comic and wholly graceful. "I'd as lief take a grizzly bear on my front seat. No, it's Rupert or no one, and that means I'll have to trespass on your hospitality until my chauffeur can get to Ten Sleep. I'll have to forward him some money. . . . Oh, an age—and I really ought to be on my way."

"Yes, Rupert, you must drive her to Millings, of course," said Clytie, pale to her sweet lip edges.

Diana touched her hand. "You don't mind, do you? Please be frank."

"Why should I mind?" asked Clytie.

"Being alone forty-eight hours—or more." Clytie laughed.

Diana made her gesture of admiration, the tribute she paid to all the gallant wives whose pride and magnanimity she had tested. Rupert's face glowed like a lantern, which he strove in vain to make a dark one. Forty-eight hours—or more—or more of Diana, in a changeful, swinging world, a world of sun, of moon, of gold and silver

That night he played for the first time with real ecstasy, with that emotion which confesses both pain and joy; his fingers drew from the keys something that hurt the heart. Clytie went to the door, flung it wide open and stood there, looking out and up at the star-crowded sky. Diana knew that her hands were at her breast, that the keen air hurt her lungs. For a moment there came to Diana a flash of something like compunction. Rupert happened to look up and—it passed. The boy, with his chin lifted and his eyes alight, was simply beautiful.

"Good night," she said, rather abruptly for Diana; "your music makes me sad too. It makes me want to be alone—with stars."

She walked over with her slightly halting step and went into her room. Just as she closed the door she fancied that she heard Clytie cry aloud in a smothered voice and run out among the trees—fancied a masculine protest, an exclamation.

"Poor child!" Diana murmured motherly. "It will be over soon. I'll send him back to you and then you will have all the rapture of forgiving him. What is more beautiful," Diana mused, "than such emotions as those that are now tearing your heart?—love and pain, anger and jealousy—and always, through it all, love, love and love. I wish," she murmured, honestly envious, "that I could feel now even a little part of what you are feeling, Clytie, for any man."

For hours against the darkness, she looked cynically into the summoned faces of many men, and among them all there was not one she did not either pity or despise—not one.

"And I suppose she will despise him after this. So much the better for her. I shall have set free another slave."

At this point Diana was able at last to sleep.

Three mornings later Mrs. Joel Coventry said good-by to Mrs. Rupert Farr at the foot of Crazy Woman's Hill and sat thereafter waiting in the powerful, already throbbing car for Rupert to join her. At the last moment, his wife, in a quick smothered voice, had called him back into the house, leaving Diana to an unwelcome tête-à-tête with Oliver, who had also come to say farewell.

As soon as the door closed on Rupert's loathful reentrance into his home, Wat rippled into the empty driver's seat, and before Diana's startled senses were able to telegraph any intelligible message to her brain the great machine leaped forward and went rocking down the open gray-green land.

Diana involuntarily cried out "Stop!" But she knew, as he just glanced down sideways at her, that he was neither drunk nor mad, but coolly smiling.

"Don't try to jump," he said, "nor don't lay holt of me unless you want to kill yourself."

Diana's accident was very recent, very fresh in her memory. She sat still.

For five minutes they ran forward, while in front of them the jumbled rocks which formed the opening of a pass through which they were to travel out of the valley began to shift and grow, standing up taller as though the earth fell away from about their bases.

"What is your game, Mr. Oliver?"

"I am not callin' it that, ma'am."

"May I ask what you are calling it?"

"I aim to tell you just so soon as we are out of sight of Farr's house." The rocks ran up to them and built a wall about them in the whirling dust. "In this here country," Wat Oliver began, not slackening his speed, "the law, until recent, was necessary left in the hands of the community."

"Very interesting but of folklore," said Diana. "Will you turn back now?"

"I hev been a member of such a posse several times myself and 'twas grim unpleasant work. We'd ketch our man, killer or thief, and judge him and sentence him,

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solemn-like, accordin' to our idee of what was owin' to him."

"I'm afraid, after all, that I'm not interested."

"You will be. Hoss stealin', cattle liftin', has been punished in my day with death." His eyes turned toward her and she forgot the streaming roadside and the rocking horizons. "Husband stealin', man liftin'," he said—"I'm tryin' to figger out in my own mind what might be the fittin' punishment for that."

"So you imagine ——" she began icily.

"I don't imagine nothin'," he interrupted in a tone steel to her ice. "I'm speakin' strictly accordin' to what I know. You hev been eatin' Clytie's food, sleepin' under her roof, lettin' her wait upon you, smilin' at her and kissin' her good-by—and you knowed right well, the while, what was the treasure of her house, what was the ——"

"Wait a minute, Mr. Oliver! Have you never perhaps indulged in an impulse toward wife stealing yourself? It seems to me that I have detected in your eyes at certain moments a look directed toward the wife of Mr. Rupert Farr—well, let's call it a hawk's look, shall we?"

"You don't know what you speak of, lady. You don't rightly know what it means to care for a person. I could tell you if I thought 'twas worth my while. You hev a hawk look, yourself, but there's hawks—and there is eagles and, if I am by nature a bird of prey, my prey has never been a dove. 'Tis hawks I'm after."

"Ah!"

"Yes, ma'am. I've got the habit of watchin' out fer Clytie's nest. You didn't think, did you, that I would let you get away with the gel's happiness, after the years I've spent in lookin' after her?" He spoke very softly then for an instant through his teeth. She could not distinguish the words.

After he had been silent again—"My husband," said Diana, "although you may not realize it, is a man of considerable importance, of considerable power. I must warn you before you indulge your love of domination, your eagle instincts, in adjudging sentences to fit my case, that you may very well find yourself better acquainted than you now seem to be with the law of the land. A jury of your peers, in short, may be necessary to decide on what penalties have been appointed for middle-aged outlaws who give themselves the pleasure of abduction and assault."

He did not answer. They swung abruptly from the highroad and began to mount a wagon trail among the trees.

A range of mountains seemed to have come forward to stand up all round them in climbing regiments of pine. There were gray rocks, a sound of swift water and a smell of snow.

"I am carrying you," said Oliver, "up to my place. It's kind of private-like. I want to take my time thinkin' out your case. I don't want to do nothin' in haste, nor anger, no, nor yet in dis-gust."

"When Rupert follows you—when my husband hears of this ——"

"Rupert is not a-goin' to follow you. By this time Rupert is beginnin' to be glad that you are bein' took to Millings by me instead of by him. And as fer your husband, lady, you know him better than I do, but I've a notion that what he is a-goin' to say when he hears what has been done to you and for what reason will run somethin' like this: 'You hev got just what was comin' to you, Diany—blame yourself.'"

Diana felt her eyes prick and her throat burn. He had found and read a letter from Joel and he had not forgotten it.

They climbed.

"In the old days they used to swing a thief," said Oliver. "I've had a hand in such a job myself. 'Twas rough, 'twas hard, but the feller knowed when he done his stealin' what he had to look forrad to, if ketched. Once, though, to my knowledge, they let a hoss thief off with his life. They tied him up instead and flogged him." He studied Diana carefully, as though trying to calculate her powers of endurance under judicial whipping, and Diana found it easy to look delicate.

"In France," her imperturbable captor continued, "they branded a thief with the *fleur-de-lis*. That was a punishment and a warnin' and a reminder and a sort of police record all to oncet."

The dramatic scenery shifted and turned about them as they zigzagged up the mountain road.

"This here en-gine of yours is a dandy climber, lady; we'll get there easy afore dark."

If she threw herself out and landed without injury it would be only a few minutes before he could recapture her, and then not only freedom but dignity would be sacrificed to his bitter determination for her punishment. Rupert, of course, would fancy her on her way to Millings. There would be no hope of help or rescue, no hope except through one channel—the mercy of Oliver himself. Earnestly she studied his aquiline bronze face.

"Once," she said, "I heard you say you had never yet bullied a woman."

"What I said was, 'I ain't never bullied a woman yet,' and what you said was, mockin' my akkard way of speech, 'Likely you ain't never had the chancet to bully one.'"

She swallowed audibly. "So now you think you have the chance?"

"Lady," he answered, "if you are tellin' yourself I like this job I hev took upon my hands, you are tellin' yourself a falsehood. I am not takin' pleasure in it. But I figure it out like this: You are a dangerous criminal. You are sure plumb lawless, selfish and dangerous. You hev your beauty, your freedom and your wits, and you hev that sort of unwholesome appetite for the jam that stands on another feller's shelf what thieves are born with. Now if I'd been your husband, I'd hev tried to train you out of such feelin's, such doin's, or else I'd hev turned you loose with some sort of mark upon you that'd serve as warnin' to other folks. But I am not your husband and your husband has seen fit to give you rope. If you had not fixed your eye on just this particular piece of property, Clytie's Rupert ——"

"Do you think he is good enough for her?" cried Diana.

"No, ma'am. He ain't even good enough for you. To my mind he's a pore piece of goods. But he's Clytie's choice, and before you come he was makin' her as happy as the angels is."

"You don't see, though, that if he went away with me your Clytie's eyes might be opened to his weakness; she would lose her good opinion of him, her feeling for him would change; she might even be able to see that you—that your love ——"

"You don't rightly savvy Clytie, ma'am," he said gently; but he had turned pale during this speech of hers. "Not yet you don't rightly savvy me. No, ma'am; she has got one of these here unchangin' natures and Rupert Farr is jest the one man she'll ever love. Get offen that trail, lady, it don't lead nowheres and it ain't a safe one for you, nor yet for me."

They traveled thereafter in almost total silence. After sunset they came to a high gate, which he opened, dismounting casually as though he knew by what reasoning she had decided against the folly of any attempt at flight; and to the empty well-built cabin picturesquely placed amongst the pines, they came, acquiescent, weary, silent, as a pair of runaway lovers or escaping thieves.

In the wide pleasant living room, well-curtained, with Navajo rugs and handsome skins along its floor, Oliver lighted a fire and into one of his long easy-chairs Diana let herself drop down and there fell anew to studying her situation carefully. She took off her small traveling hat, loosened her dark tweed coat and leaned back her head, stretching forth both her long lovely hands upon the arms of the big chair.

"Will you force me to cook supper?" she inquired in her most singing voice.

(Continued on Page 116)

What Cost To Paint This House?
1st. Grade Paint vs. 2nd. Grade
300 painters and dealers fr
ical cities give figures resu
these averages and com
1st. Grade Paint
2nd. Gr
Average Price per Gallon $3.91
$2.70
Average Coverage per Gallon 40 Square Yards 2 COATS
30 Square Yards 2 COATS
Required for 500 yd. house (500-40) 12½ Gallons
16⅔ Gallons
Required 500 yd. hou (500-30)
12½ X 3.91 = $48.87
$45.00 = 16⅔ X 2.70
Labor moving moved as Two thirds of the job $97.74
$97.74 Labor figured same with both grades of paint
Total $146.61
$142.74 Total
2nd. Grade Paint saves average of only $3.87 first cost
But–how long will each job last?
These same painters and dealers state
1st Grade Paint 5 Years
2 Years 2nd Grade Paint
Quality Paint lasts 2½ Times longer
1 X $146.61 = $146.61
2½ X $142.74 = $356.85
$356.85
146.61
$210.24
Greater 5 Year Cost of 2nd Grade
Forget "gallons"–figure in years of economy and protection!
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No. 76
Your Town Sept 18th 1927
Pay to the Order of Cheap Paint $210 24/100 Dollars
Two Hundred Ten and 24/100 Dollars
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Address

City *State*

(Continued from Page 114)

"No, ma'am. I reckon I'm the cook of this outfit."

"Thank the Lord! I'm terribly tired. I'm not so strong yet as I thought I was. The road we came over was not exactly easy on cracked ribs and fractured bones."

"Ain't that the truth," he said.

She smiled uncertainly, looking up with one of her wonderful looks, trying to catch his eyes. They met hers, but they were not to be caught nor held. Without effort they freed themselves, letting her power slip off as a skilled defensive rapier slips the danger of antagonistic steel.

This man, she told herself, is invulnerable. Clytie is wrapped all about his senses like a coat of mail. "And yet," she thought, "how lovely I must look, stretched out here by his bitter, monastic, disappointed hearth, so entirely helpless, gentle and resigned!"

She watched him as he moved about his incongruous occupations and there was something in his cool, graceful detachment that drew a tightening wire of terror round her heart. This was man, her natural prey, the animal whose weakness experience had taught her to despise; but she knew not at all just now when knowledge was appallingly desirable—how to approach him, how to soften him, how to unravel the fibers of his mood. He seemed, to her instincts, a rod of iron rather than a man.

She looked about the room, trying to distract her mind from fear. Fishing tackle, snowshoes, guns, heads of elk, of deer, of mountain sheep, a riding quirt—her flesh chilled and shrank. To be flogged—unspeakable! The pain, the humiliation! She snatched her eyes back to the fire. Beside it leaned a long iron, its head shaped into letters upside down.

"That is my cattle brand," he told her so suddenly that she jumped. "Them letters—W-Bar-O."

Had she not read a story once of some Western savage—or was it a Chinaman?—who had set his brand upon a woman? Then there was milady with her *fleur-de-lis*. Oliver had already referred to branding as an appropriate punishment for a thief. She must not let her imagination get control of her will.

"Supper's ready now," he said.

Diana forced herself to eat, sitting opposite him at the plain clean table with hot food, well cooked, placed by his own dark hands before her. Her throat suffered from spasms of contraction and her heart labored. She drank down his strong coffee in anguished gulps. Afterward she tried to help him clear away the dishes, but he took them from her and she went weakly back to her former place, conscious now of a trembling in all her limbs.

He finished washing and came to stand before her at the hearth. He rolled and lighted a cigarette. The trees talked above the roof, a coyote began to wail and cry. Through the windows Diana saw that it was a moonlight night, a night of full moon, whiter than the day. She laid her hands across her eyes.

"Have you decided yet," she asked faintly, "what you will do to me to avenge your Clytie? I'm very tired."

"Get you to bed then," he said. "There's a room yonder with a bed. Lay down. There ain't no hurry. I don't aim to do anything in any haste."

Actually she laughed, a breathless and uncertain sound which she had to stop by an effort of her will.

She walked, limping, to the door that he had pointed out. If he would only be moved to help her, if she could once bring him to hold the weight and gentleness of her within his arms! She swayed a little, but he stood like bronze beside his shelf, smoking. She made an uncertain sound, plaintive and appealing. No help, no ripple of yielding. Iron or adamant. She went in then quickly, found a candle, lighted it and shut her door.

She was in a small bedroom, very plainly furnished and very rarely used, she surmised, for its windows were nailed shut. She dragged over a chair and set it against the door, which had neither bolt nor lock. Of course he could force an entrance, but at least the noise would give her warning. She need not be awakened suddenly to an extreme of fear.

She took off her jacket and shoes and lay down on her bed. She was now entirely a prey to panic and bit her fingers to keep from wailing and crying out aloud. The suspense was horrible. Against the bare log walls her mind painted a thousand torments, degradations. She could hear Oliver walking to and fro with a slow swinging step. For hours he walked, considering her fate. At last she heard him drop into a big chair. Perhaps he would go to sleep. He must be tired himself.

Tiptoeing, she opened her door to a slit of observation. She could see his eagle profile, stern, wakeful, brooding. He was still smoking, still analyzing her crime, still searching for the most appropriate punishment. The long delay, though it made her suffer, was perhaps a hopeful sign. Certainly it meant reluctance. But hope only added to the torture of her nerves. It was more than they could bear. Hurrying back to her bed, she hid her face and writhed and wept.

At intervals during the long hours of that night she crept over to her chink of observation, hoping for some change. The candle flame had burned down to its socket and showed wan in a gray morning light when, her pulses all leaping together at the sight, she saw that his head had dropped forward on his chest. He was, please God, asleep! The chair now had to be moved away with infinite precautions. Holding her breath, controlling the chattering of her teeth, she stole out, stocking-footed, carrying her jacket and her shoes. Fear and hope filled the room with wandering fogs which crept up toward her from the dim outlying corners. A board cracked. Had she seen the glitter of his terrible hawk eyes? No—still deep breathing, still asleep.

Past him she crept and, weak as watered wine, flowed out of the unfastened door. Once on the dewy ground, she ran. Her car stood where he had left it, but the noise of its starting, she thought, would certainly be enough to waken her ogre, and she could hardly believe it possible for her powers to coax the engine up to the safety of high speed before he sprang upon her with all his supple strength. Nevertheless, what other hope could she entertain of escape? On foot, he could so easily overtake her. He had his horses; no doubt he had his knowledge of the woods, the trails. Not anywhere in this tumbled wilderness could she hide herself from those deep-set eagle eyes of his. No, she must risk everything and start the car.

Praying, her eyes wild, she got into the driver's place and worked with shaking hands and icy feet. Never had engine so roared nor gears so ground nor the great rising mounting call of power so pulsed through a wan silence of aspens, rocks and dawn.

But she had turned the big machine, she was sliding down the road, trees rose behind her, and still there was no shout, no shot.

A Road in Wisconsin

She was away, free, victorious. Diana stood up from her front seat and cried aloud.

"You fool!" she shouted. "I've beaten you, you fool!"

She looked back once and thought she saw a tall gray figure standing in the doorway. She kissed her hand to it, she waved. There was no answering cry, no gesture of rage or thwarted will. It must have been, after all, not a dumfounded man but one of those quiet pale aspen trees.

At 11:55 of that same morning, Diana, white with dust, reeling with weariness, aching in every limb, staggered into the Millings station and approached the station master's cage.

"I want," she began—"I want ——" And the man looked curiously from her shaking hands to her pale face.

"Is your name Diana Coventry?" he asked astoundingly.

"Yes"

"Well, ma'am, I've been lookin' for you. The train is due here in about five minutes. I got your wire off all right and the answer has been waitin' for you to call for it. The man that sent yer message fer you told me you'd likely be here on train time, Friday." He glanced back at the calendar. "Friday the thirteenth," he said.

"Please show me—let me see—my wire—the answer."

Two slips were handed to her. Mr. Joel Coventry and the address:

Terrified out of my senses. Made bad break handling Western man. Need you terribly. Please come. Train gets in Millings, Montana, noon Friday thirteenth. Will be there. Don't fail me. DIANA.

And the other said simply:

Will be there. JOEL.

Diana moved slowly over from the station master's cage to one of the dingy station windows. The thing she dreaded most in all the world had now befallen her. In five minutes Joel would be there and she would be forced to look into the bitter and contemptuous laughter of his eyes. Acidly chosen had been Wat Oliver's punishment—chosen with a comprehension of her weakness so shrewd that it made her shrink. He had read a letter from Joel and had stolen from it not only an address but an extraordinary intuition as to the character of the writer and of her own proud, selfish heart. How, in all these past days at the Farrs' ranch house, in his silence, he must have studied her; how he must have drawn out information from her with those unsparing, all-seeing eyes. That long slow anguish of suspense up in the mountain cabin, that bitter excitement of escape—these had all been a planned part of his sentence upon her. And days before, when he had first heard of her purpose, he had come over here to Millings, had sent the wire, making her sure of this final humiliation. He had foreseen for her these slow minutes while she waited, exhausted, trembling and ashamed, for the scorching amusement of Joel's eyes.

The train was coming in. She waited at the window. The first passengers seemed to go by her in a mist, then it cleared and she distinguished Joel.

He was looking this way and that way, but came swiftly enough in spite of this preoccupation along the platform, and just beside her window, he glanced up and saw her standing with her hand at her throat. Their looks encountered. But—there was no laughter in his eyes. There was a serviceable, patient look, a look almost of happiness, because at last she had called to him for help, had wanted him even to the extent of sacrificing her pride. He seemed, for a flash, to stand there beyond the thick and dusty glass, holding her up in the faithful hands of his chivalrous spirit, not expecting—oh, so tragically unable to expect!—any personal reward.

Her eyes filled. During the instant of his passage from the station window to the station door, Diana, hungry at last for a sweetness legally her own, decided that she would never tell Joel that she had not sent that preposterous telegram herself.

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THE LAST OF THE TORIES

(Continued from Page 13)

"That's all right, mister," he said; "you don't need to explain. I get it, and I know why you wanna be alone, mister, but don't mind me."

The old gent took his glass from his eye and wiped it on a high-grade silk handkerchief. His whole voice changed. He began to smile behind his white mustache.

"You'll excuse my rudeness," he said "I simply thought you were one of my own countrymen. I didn't understand."

"Nix," said Willie. "Don't let it worry you, mister. That'll be all right. I'm wise to every word you say."

"It couldn't be," said the old gent, "you're a Tory too?" Willie sighed. There was an element of pathos in the situation which made him very gentle.

"Nix, mister, it hasn't got me that way yet," he said; "but I lead a hard life, mister. I may be one any time."

"You know," said the old gent, "I find you very interesting."

"And me, you," said Willie. "That's the kind of a guy I am."

Willie seated himself upon one of the soft benches. The old gent kept giving him the eye through that round piece of glass, but Willie no longer minded. He smiled genially. The gold glittered warmly, pleasantly upon his teeth.

"Would you mind telling me?" said the old gent. "Do you always hold a cigar in the corner of your mouth with the end tilted upward?"

"Sure, mister," said Willie. "Why not?"

"You don't mind," said the old gent, "my asking you these rather personal questions?"

"Ask your head off," said Willie. "I'll tell the world I'm used to questionnaires."

"Your teeth," said the old gent—"people in America rather go in for goldwork, don't they?"

"Mister," said Willie, "these snappers of mine are my bank account when things ain't rolling right."

"My word!" said the old gent. It pleased Willie to see the wild look leave that old gent's eyes. When folks had weak minds Willie knew it was better that they should be interested. "My word," said the old gent, "you don't mean to say ——"

"You guessed it, mister," said Willie frankly. "I can pull it off in pieces with a pair of pliers."

"My word!" said the old gent. "And tell me one thing more. Do you really chew tobacco? The best people do, don't they?"

"You win, mister," said Willie. "The best people can chew tobacco and spit it right across the room."

"Dear me!" said the old gent. "Can you do that?"

"Mister," said Willie, "you see that light on the ceiling? If it was a candle, mister, I could spit it out"

"Really now," said the old gent, "this is most extraordinarily interesting. I never believed such things were true. Do you—you're sure you don't mind my being personal—but do you carry firearms?"

Willie smiled kindly and very, very gently. "Don't let it alarm you, mister," he said; "I never pull 'em on my friends. But back home all the best guys always pack a rod."

"Dear, dear!" said the old gent. "I'd always heard they did."

"Personally," said Willie, "I carry two along; just in case of accident, that's all."

The old gent might be nutty, but it was clear he knew he was confronted by no ordinary man. Willie felt a genial kindly glow steal over him, such as one sometimes feels toward an admiring inferior. He smiled confidentially and his gold teeth glinted merrily.

"You wanna see?" he said. "Well, look, mister!"

With an adroit flip of his slender hand, much as a conjuror produces a rabbit from his hat, Willie evolved a neat pearl-handled contrivance from inside his vest, and with another flip of the fingers, so adroit and rapid that the eye could scarcely follow, a similar weapon seemed to leap to meet his hand from his back hip pocket.

The old gent made a choking sound. "My eye!" he said. "I say, this is most extraordinary!"

"Cheest, mister," said Willie modestly, "it isn't nothing. Where I come from a guy needs to be quick when he steps out with the boy." And Willie grinned again. It was beautiful to see him. There was a magnificent element in his generous kindliness.

The old gent removed that round piece of glass from his eye and sighed. "I would never have believed it," he said. "Positively, I never would. I'm an old man now, and I see I've missed much in never visiting your country. Might I, if it doesn't seem too sudden—might I introduce myself?"

"Sure," said Willie, and gave his hand a negligent easy wave, "introduce your head off, mister; I can stand it if you can."

"It must be pleasant," said the old gent, "not always to be standing on formality—destructive to order perhaps, but somehow pleasant."

The old gent pulled a wallet from his pocket—a handsome high-grade wallet—and opened it slowly. From the way he did it you might have thought he was going to pull a thousand-dollar bill, but instead, with his thumb and forefinger, took out a little piece of cardboard and slipped it across to Willie with a little nod, and Willie gave it the eye. Written in large letters across it were two words, "Cuthbert Chiseley," followed by a string of letters which made no sense, and underneath in the corner in smaller letters: "Rookmoor Hall." Willie put that piece of cardboard carefully in his pocket.

"Tell me straight," said Willie, and there was real wonder in his voice, "is that real, mister, or did you make it up?"

"Naturally!" The old gent's eyes began to look red again. "Naturally, it's my real name."

A generous impulse came over Willie that made his spirit glow.

"Then, I'll tell you mine, mister," he said—"which ain't usual with common train acquaintances for purely business reasons. My name is Lipp—William Lipp—and I'm pleased to meet you socially. Will you excuse my glove?"

The old gent was pleased—there was no doubt he was pleased in his own simple way.

"The pleasure is all mine," he said. "Would you care to read a portion of my paper, sir? And pray, light your cigar; I do not mind the smoke."

Willie gave his pants a twist to save the creases and put his legs on that cushioned bench. Then, puffing leisurely at his cigar, he gave the paper the eye. He knew those newspapers, and they were all phony. They never bring up pictures like the papers back at home, and all the words were hard. But Willie could read—naturally he could read. Suddenly he gave a little jump and flicked his beady eyes. Right on the page in front of him was written in big letters: AUDACIOUS JEWEL THEFT. And underneath in smaller letters: Dinner Party Robbery of Lady Twombleigh's Pearls at Grosvenor Square. But it was the next line, in still smaller type, that made Willie feel a little queer.

"Cheest!" gasped Willie and blinked behind his glasses.

The next line read: Quick Work by Scotland Yard. Though Willie was never much on small print, owing to a premature departure from institutions of learning, he bestirred himself to read what followed.

"Close upon the news of the theft at Lord Twombleigh's residence at Grosvenor Square of the famous rope of Twombleigh pearls, frequently mentioned in the social notes of the press, and conservatively valued at 30,000 pounds, comes word from Scotland Yard that one of the 'mob' engaged in this robbery was apprehended this morning at Paddington Station while waiting, it is believed, for a confederate. Although the robbery was executed with the daring and skill of a modern Raffles, apparently by a scheme operating from the second story while the family was at dinner, detectives announce that they anticipate, shortly, a further arrest."

Willie pulled a handkerchief from his sleeve and mopped his brow before he continued farther: "In crawling from a rain spout into a second-story window a valuable clew was left by the thief in the shape of a button, apparently from his coat sleeve. The button, inspectors say, is of an elaborate and flashy design, frequently furnished by a West End tailor to oversea patrons."

Willie's forehead felt very cold and damp. He wiped it with his handkerchief and allowed the paper to slip to the floor, for he felt a trifle ill. It wasn't often that Willie pulled a bone like that, and it made him feel still worse. He puffed hastily on his cigar. He glanced out of the window, but the train was going too fast to jump. The sun was shining on green fields which went up and down like the waves of the ocean, and the waviness of the fields also made him ill.

"Say, mister," he said, "those wires ain't telegraph wires—do you have 'em here?"

The old gent chuckled softly. "My dear sir," he said, "we may be behind the times, but hardly as far as that! Yes, those are telegraph wires."

"Wouldn't you know it?" said Willie.

Willie took a pocket mirror and a comb from his vest and began arranging his hair over his forehead in an unaccustomed way.

"By Jove!" said the old gent. "I'd always heard, but really I've never believed, that you do that sort of thing in public."

"What sort of thing, for the love of Mike?" said Willie. He began to wish that he had not been quite so frank and that the old gent was not quite so interested.

"You know," said the old gent; "comb your hair and that sort of thing."

"For the love of Mike," said Willie, "doesn't it save time?"

"But may I ask you one thing more?" said the old gent: "When you eat eggs, now, is it true—is it actually true—that you break them in a glass?"

Even then Willie was patient with the gentleness of a great and busy man.

"Listen, mister, get wise to yourself," said Willie. "How else could you eat eggs—chew 'em, shells and all?" There was a moment's silence.

"I beg pardon," said the old gent suddenly.

And Willie always was a soft-hearted guy. Even then he actually smiled. "That's all right mister," he said—"that's all right. Don't mind if I acted sore just now. It is because I've got business worries. Ask me anything at all, mister."

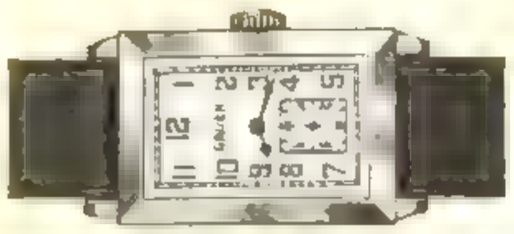
"I beg pardon," said the old gent, and he seemed to stammer and his face grew pink, like high-grade coral, "but I wonder, would you do me a favor—a great personal favor?"

"Spill it, mister," said Willie kindly. "You tell me and I'll tell you. That's fifty-fifty, ain't it?"

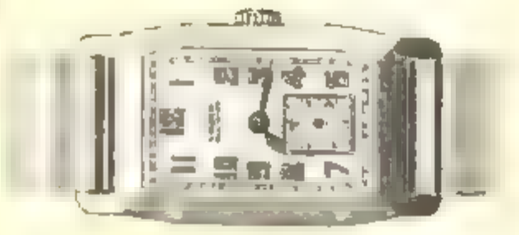
The old gent coughed and blew his nose. "My dear sir," he said at length, "I'm very much perplexed about something. You'll pardon me, I hope, for troubling you with my own affairs. As I was saying, I know little about your extraordinary country. As I was saying, I have striven to know little about it, though I begin to be sorry now. But the fact is, my daughter is in love with an American."

"Muster," said Willie, "lots of dames is in love with Americans."

(Continued on Page 120)



Gruen Quadron, $50
With 17-jewel PRECISION
movement, $60



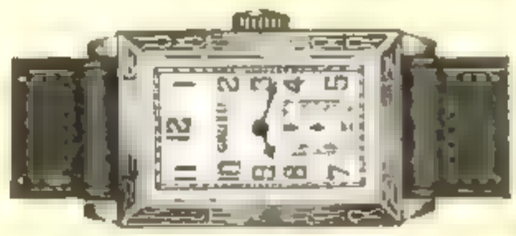
Gruen Quadron, $62 50
14 kt. solid gold case, gold-filled wrist band. With 17-jewel PRECISION
movement, $75

Gruen Quadron, 17-jewel PRECISION
movement, 14 kt. plain solid gold case, $85. Hand engraved, antique finish, as illustrated, $100

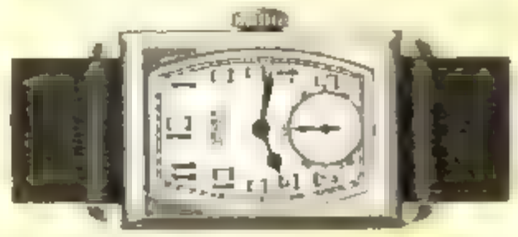
In a rectangular case, a round movement is limited in size by the width, or shortest case dimension Necessarily smaller, it can not give the same service as a movement specially built for the rectangular case

The New Gruen Quadron

An oblong movement in the same case is larger. Its parts are stronger. With the same workmanship and materials, such a movement will give better service



Gruen Quadron, $50
With 17-jewel PRECISION
movement, $60



Gruen Doctor's Quadron
17-jewel PRECISION *movement, large second dial, Gruen Expanding Buckle and Strap, $60*

Gruen Quadron, 17-jewel PRECISION
movement, new Crown-Guard *case, 14 kt. solid gold, $150. In 18 kt. gold case, $175. Others in platinum to $425*

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A watch movement not intended for a rectangular case must be small, as shown in the diagram above.

An oblong movement, utilizing all the space in the rectangular case, is larger, stronger, more reliable. There is every reason why it should give greater timekeeping satisfaction, and continue to give such satisfaction over a longer period.

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Some of the Gruen Quadrons are pictured on this page. They are among the finest creations of the Gruen Guild—a celebrated organization pledged to maintain in modern times the same fine traditions of craftsmanship for which were famous the watchmakers' guilds of centuries ago. As such, they carry with them a prestige unique among fine watches in America.

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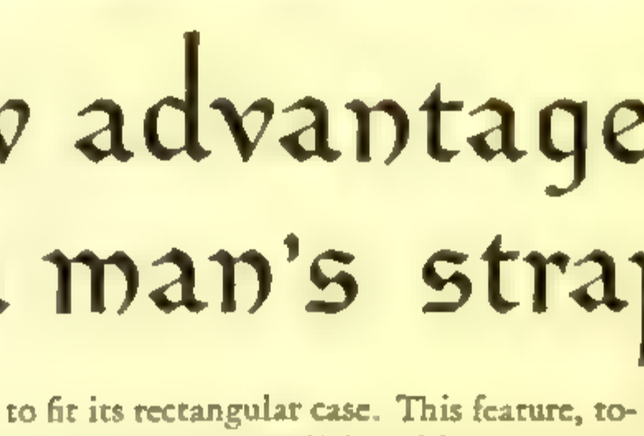
The watches shown on this page are made by the Gruen Watch Makers Guild, a company of craftsmen expressly pledged to maintain the old guild traditions of fine watchmaking



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(Continued from Page 118)

The old gentleman coughed again. "My dear sir," he said—"not to beat about the bush—I presume you are simply touring here. Would you have the time—I know it seems a strange thing to ask on such short acquaintance—but would you have the time to stop a day or two with me at the Hall? I should make you very comfortable."

"Hall?" said Willie. "Which Hall?"

"Why," said the old gent, "my Hall, to be sure." Willie got it then. All the boys always marveled how quick he was to get things. The old gent was asking him to stay with him, and it didn't seem so strange, for no doubt the old gent was lonely.

"Mister," he said, "this joint of yours, is it quiet? That's what I need, mister—peace and quiet."

"It is very quiet," said the old gent. "And will you really come? Oh, capital! I did so hope you'd come."

"Cheest, mister," said Willie. "I know how you feel. You want cheering up. Sure, I'll be there. That's me—big-hearted, see? But, say, the train's slowing down. Is it going to stop?"

The old gent seemed surprised by Willie's eagerness. "Surely. Why not?" he said. "We're coming to a station."

Rapidly, yet coolly Willie lay down upon that padded bench and slapped the open newspaper across his face, and he was glad the old gent was simple in the head.

"Mister," said Willie, "I'm gonna take a snooze. Sleep while you can, is my motto, mister, and if anybody opens that door, be wise and keep away. It makes me jumpy—see?—when anyone's in my way."

"A snooze?" said the old gent. "My word, what are you doing now?" Willie had flicked out one of his pearl-handled weapons and was sliding it beneath his coat.

"Cheest," said Willie, "don't mind me. I always keep a rod in my hand when I go to sleep."

"Fancy that now," said the old gent. "Dear me, does everyone in your country do so?"

"If they're wise they do," said Willie—"that is, the best ones, mister. Is any button showing on my coat?"

"My word," said the old gent; "buttons! Oh, dear me, now."

"Cover them up with another piece of paper," said Willie, "like a good old guy. It gives me the willies to take a snooze with me buttons showing, see?"

"My word," said the old gent, "fancy that now! Hi!"

With the last word the old gent's voice again sounded like a horn. Someone had yanked the outside door of their compartment open, as Willie could see through a crack in the paper. A big bird with a red face had opened the door, and you had to hand it to that old gent. When he wanted, he certainly had the makings. You might have thought someone had stuck a pin in him, that old gent was so sore.

"Hi!" he yelled at the red-faced bird. "Hi, my man! This is my private carriage. How dare you burst in like this?"

The red-faced guy gave a sort of jump and gave a pull at the front of his hat.

"Oh, Your Lordship, sir!" he said. "I didn't know it was you, sir."

"Well, you know it now," said the old gent. "Be off with you and shut that door! The draft is giving me a devilish chill."

"I beg pardon, sir," said the red-faced bird. "I had no idea, sir—it was simply in line with my duty. I'm a constable, you know, and we had orders to look ——"

"Why, you booby!" said the old gent. "Will you stand here talking and giving me the gout? Be off with you and look elsewhere."

The red-faced bird slammed the door quick. Willie looked up from the newspaper; his face was a trifle moist.

"Mister," he said, "I gotta hand it to you. That's what I call service."

The old gent was snorting through his nose and his eyes were very red.

"Service be damned, sir," he said. "I'm glad I'm old and will be dead before there's a complete social upheaval. The lower classes are getting more insolent every day!"

"You said it, mister," said Willie—"insolent—that's them. Mister, when do you and me hop off this here rattler?"

"Hop off?" said the old gent.

"Get off," said Willie.

"Oh!" said the old gent. "I understand. The next station."

"Mister," said Willie, and his voice was warm and vibrant, "that's what I call service, I'll tell the world."

It took a lot of things to give Willie a shaking up, but he got a shake at that next station—yes, he got a shake. He never thought there was anything phony about a simple party like that old gent until they hopped off the train, because, of course, the old gent was soft in the head—nutty, but big-hearted—even a bull could have seen that much. But when they hopped off at the station two phony-looking boys were waiting for them, and they weren't keepers either; although Willie thought they were at first. They had on long pants and sky-blue coats with brass buttons on them, and when they saw that old gent they gave a hop like chickens that see corn, and they snapped a hold of his bags like dogs a hold of a bunch of rats. It was dark, but Willie could see all right, and what he saw showed him everything was phony. There was a big wagon standing in front of them, red and yellow and all shiny, with a string of horses in front that kept jumping up and down. The two boys in the coats and buttons were piling the bags into it, and another boy with short pants was standing behind with a long brass horn.

"Cheest," gasped Willie, "are we going to go in that?"

"I warned you," said the old gent, "I was a bit old-fashioned. I'm the last of the Tories, you see. After you, sir."

Willie took another cigar and put it in the corner of his mouth. One of those boys in buttons was putting a coat around him—a high-class coat that had a high-class smell. And then one of those boys was giving him a hand and pushing him up a sort of step-ladder.

"All right, mister," said Willie; "I'm game if you are. I once was in a circus."

Of course it all was phony, of course the old guy was a nut, but Willie could always enter into things. That was what the boys at home used to say—he could enter into anything, even if the doors were locked. And Willie could get along anywhere—that was what the boys always said—and he was a great little kidder too. He got right into the spirit of the thing at once. The horses were jumping up and down, the carriage began to move, and the guy in the short pants in the back gave a long blow on that horn. Willie stood upon the back seat and gave a loud short yell.

"My word!" said the old gent. "I know what that is. It's a war whoop."

Yes, Willie had got into the spirit of the thing.

"Whoop-ee!" yelled Willie. "Step on the gas! Let's go!"

"Upon my word!" said the old gent. "Now that's sporting of you, I say."

"Mister," said Willie, "there's just one thing I want to say. I can take things as they come and I'm a hot sport every time."

But it was phony all the same, because of course the old gent was nutty. Willie had heard about old gents like that. He was nutty, but he certainly had the jack. That house—that Hall that the old gent lived in—was enough to show it. Willie knew what was what when it came to houses. Although it was getting dark, he still could see, because his eyes were good. Though the wagon was going along like a runaway hearse, with the boy in back tooting at the horn, it took them five minutes to get up the drive to the house; and that house was like a swell inn in the country where Willie did some work once. It stretched all over the lot, with vines over it, and balconies outside the windows, so any guy could get up easily to the second story. And in front there was a door as big as the door to

a bank, and as soon as the door opened, four boys came hopping out as snappy as chorus men in a comedy, and they looked like chorus men. They had on blue coats with tails to them, and brass buttons the size of silver dollars, and short white pants and white silk stockings! Man of the world though he was, Willie was astonished for a moment.

"Now what do you know?" he murmured. "What do you know?"

Like dogs after rats, those boys went after the bags and shawls and canes, and some of them helped him down and some of them helped down the old gent. And then, at the open door, Willie saw a nice old boy, dressed like a head waiter, but you could see he wasn't a head waiter. He was more like a bank president, or a nice old judge, say, in the district court, with woolly whiskers on him.

"Welcome," he was saying, in a high piping voice, "Your Lordship! Welcome home!" For a moment it all got to Willie, but only for a moment, and then he entered again right into the spirit of things.

"Ah, good evening, Meadows," the old gent was saying. "This is Mr. Lipp, Meadows. He'll have King Henry's room."

"Yes, sir," said the old boy. "Thank you, sir."

Yes, Willie was in the spirit of the thing, and he was big-hearted too. He waltzed right up those steps just as though he were used to them, and gripped the old boy by the hand.

"Happy to make your acquaintance, kid," he said.

Now that old boy must have had a shy streak in him, for when Willie got hold of his hand he gave a little hop into the air, but one of the boys in short pants was good-humored and began to laugh, and the old gent also laughed in a perfectly nice way.

"It's quite all right, Meadows," he said. "Mr. Lipp is from America."

"Oh, quite, sir," said Meadows. "Very happy to meet you, I'm sure, sir."

Willie put his hand in his pocket and pulled forth a piece of paper as big as a handkerchief, with numbers and pictures on it.

"Here, kid," said Willie, "get yourself a shave and shine, but don't let them touch those whiskers. Big-hearted, that's me when things is rollin' right."

And somehow Willie knew that things were rolling right. The old gent was smiling and polishing that round piece of glass.

"Come in!" said the old gent. "Let's not stand waiting on the steps, I say."

For a moment Willie's eyes felt queer, for he knew what was what. He had been in many houses, but never in one like that. It was old, antique. Everything was antique, but just the same it was grand. They were in a hall, big almost as a police court, with a great staircase in it that looked like a waterfall, and a fire burning in a fireplace big enough to put a house in; and on the floor were rugs fit to take away, if you had a motortruck to do it. All around the walls were tin suits, like the suits that divers wear, only more antique. Up above near the ceiling was a sort of walk, like a painter's scaffold, only grander than that, and along the wall by that walk and along the wall of those stairs were pictures of old dames and old gents, like folks in a costume party. It was a handsome sight.

In the middle of the Hall a young dame was standing, giving them the eye, and she was handsome as a picture, though she had an upstagy look. Her hair was yellow. Her nose was thin, like the old gent's, and her eyes were blue as saucers in a Chinese dinner set. Beside the young dame a bird was standing who looked something like a cabaret manager back home, or one of the high-class bootleggers who never do the dirty work, but simply manicure their nails. He had on one of those open-front suits such as high-class bootleggers wear, with pearl studs in it—fake pearl studs. But Willie was quick at seeing things, and just as soon as he got an eye on that boy, Willie had a feeling in his stomach which told him things were phony. It was the way that boy was giving him the eye. Though Willie was big-hearted, that boy was not the same. He had a mean and dirty look, and that wasn't all—no, it wasn't all. That kid was the sort to make trouble, and Willie knew it.

What was more, that kid was going to make trouble. Trouble was sticking out all over him. Willie thought fast and blew softly on his fingers.

Somehow that young dame didn't look so jolly either. She stood there giving them the eye, as a harnessed bull might do who has been assigned to look for phony stuff.

"I say, father," said that young dame, and her voice sounded like ice beneath the pick in a soft-drink joint. "Really, where on earth did you ever ——"

"That will do, Agatha," said the old gent. "I thought Mr. Delaney might be homesick, so I've brought him a compatriot. My daughter, Mr. Lipp." Willie always had nice manners. He walked right up and made a grab at the young dame's hand.

"Lady," he said, "don't feel it on your mind. There ain't no trouble doing your old man a favor. I got his number, but he and me are pals." The young dame gave a kind of squawk.

"But I say, father ——" she began, and it hurt Willie the way she said it, for he was popular with the ladies, and he wanted to be popular.

"Damnation, Agatha," the old gent yelled, "don't be so provincial! Mr. Delaney, here's a countryman of yours."

Willie gave that young guy the once-over and that young guy gave it back. Just as though he amounted to something, the young guy gave an upstagy sort of cough and twisted a small black mustache he was wearing.

"Charmed," he said. "Er—what's the news from Sing Sing?"

"Buddy," said Willie, "if this was anywhere else I'd slap you down for that. But you're safe, buddy; I don't start no monkey business in residences of personal friends."

The old gent rubbed his hands as though he had a cake of soap between them.

"Dinner is in half an hour," he said. "Shall we dress? The gong has gone." Now that was enough to shake you.

"Mister," said Willie, "are you nutty, or me? Ain't I dressed already?"

"Upon my word," said the old gent. "I beg your pardon. That's what I've heard—one seldom dresses there, do they?"

Willie slapped him on the shoulder genially. "Mister," said Willie, "I don't get you, but I know you mean all right," and his gold teeth shone nicely in the firelight.

"But I'm sure," said the old gent, "you'd like to see your room now. Meadows, show the gentleman his room."

But Willie knew that things were phony. It was that boy in the open-faced clothes. Even as Willie waltzed up those stairs, he could feel him giving him the eye.

"Agatha," he heard him saying, "who is that?"

And that young dame wasn't so mean after all.

"Now don't be disagreeable, Norman," she said. "Remember, he's a guest as long as he's in the house."

"Oh, he is, is he?" That kid gave a mean kind of laugh. "Well, all I can say is you don't understand this sort of thing. Agatha, may I use the telephone?"

"Why?" asked the young dame. "Is it important?"

"Yes," said that young kid, "I rather think it is important. I want to ask a question, but don't worry. You'll be glad I'm here."

"Cheest," murmured Willie, and drew out his handkerchief to mop his brow.

It was worth looking at, that room. Willie had never been in a joint like it, save in a professional way. It was big as a ballroom, that bedroom was, and completely filled with rare antiques. There was a bed in it so high that it had a stepladder right beside it, and handsome clocks, and a silver-back dressing set on a table.

(Continued on Page 124)

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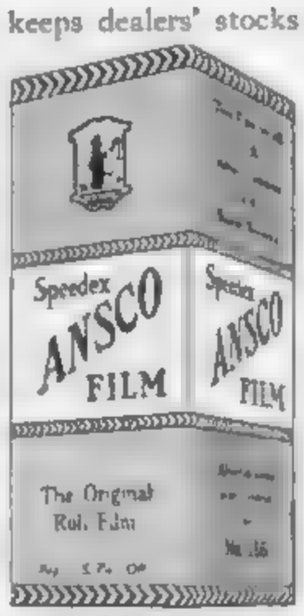

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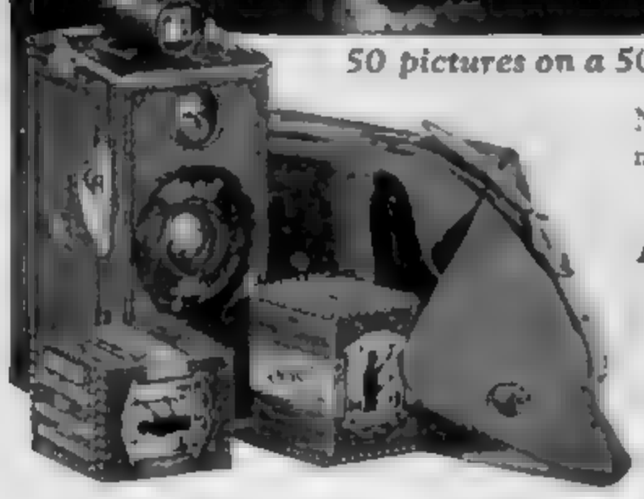

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(Continued from Page 121

"We couldn't unpack you, sir," said the old boy with the whiskers, "because your bag was locked."

"Cheest, kid," said Willie, "that's all hinky-dink with me."

"Is there anything you wish, then, sir?" said the old boy with whiskers.

Willie put his hand down in his pocket and pulled out another piece of paper the size of a handkerchief.

"Here, kid," he said; "get yourself a shave and a shine. Who's got the room next door?"

"The other gentleman—Mr. Delaney, sir," the old boy said. "Is that all?"

"Nix," said Willie, "it ain't all quite. Buddy, like a good sport, get me a needle and thread—the kind for sewing buttons—and a pair of scissors, buddy, and leave me rest."

"Very good, sir," said the old boy. "The gong will ring for dinner."

Now Willie had been to a lot of grand parties in his time. All the boys always said that Willie was generous, and he did things in a big way and had it done for him, but he'd never been to a party like that. The place they tied the feed bag on in was like a swell museum. There was wood on the walls right up to the ceiling—dark wood—and a lot of tables along the side, covered with high-grade silverware, and most of it antique at that. And the table—Willie was used to beautiful things in a professional way, but he had never seen anything so grand; that table was so big you might have done the marathon around its edge. It was all covered with white cloth, and on that cloth were silver articles so heavy you couldn't put them up your sleeve. There was glassware, lots of different sorts—some on stems and some like imitation fountains. There were two big candlesticks with branches on them like a tree, all in antique solid silver.

And the boys to pass things around—you might have thought there was a house to move, or elephants to feed, from the number that were there, all in short pants and silk stockings, except the kind old one with the whiskers.

Yet after all there were only four of them—the young dame and the young boy and the old gent and Willie. Willie had fixed himself up, too, because he had an idea the occasion might be grand. He had discarded his dark-colored coat for that other purple coat of a fuzzy texture. He had glossed his hair with an oily mixture from a bottle, which caused it to shine like highly polished wood, and which gave more of the pleasing odor of overcultivated flowers.

Willie was in a gay mood. At big parties Willie was always gay. The young dame looked as though she had eaten something bad for her, and the young boy with the black mustache looked almost mad, but Willie didn't mind. He knew the old boy needed cheering up, as soft-minded folks so often did. Willie had a line of stories fit to make you burst with laughing, and those boys in short pants kept pouring stuff into those glasses beside him, which made the stories sound better than they ever had before. At first the old gent looked confused, as folks sometimes do when they are soft in the head, but pretty soon he got it. Pretty soon he began to smile and rub his white mustache and put that round glass in his eye. After all, he was a jolly old boy, once you got him right. By the time those boys in short pants had cleaned away the place half a dozen times that old bird was laughing.

"Ha!" the old gent kept saying. "Ha-ha! Upon my word, really now, this is most extraordinary!"

Once the young boy with the black mustache piped in, but it was the only chance he had. It was after Willie had balanced a knife upon his nose and made a coin disappear behind his ear.

"Ha!" said the old gent. "Bravo, ha-ha!"

And then the young boy spoke up. "I suppose it is amusing," he said, "if you care for that sort of thing."

There was a pause. That young boy didn't say it in a nice way. It made Willie sore, but it made the old gent sore too.

"Ah!" said the old gent, looking through that round glass. "In America, I take it, you're not used to such society?"

"No, sir," said the young boy, and twisted his mustache. "I should say no, most emphatically not!"

"Of course not," the young dame piped in. "Really, father, this is perfectly preposterous."

"Meadows," said the old gent, "bring out some of the 1880 claret. . . . It's exactly what I thought, Mr. Delhanty—"

"Delaney, sir," said the young boy.

"Ah," said the old gent, "pardon, Mr. Delaney—"

"Delaney, please, sir," said the young boy, and began to look red around the gills.

"Ah, yes! Pardon," said the old gent. "I keep forgetting. It's exactly what I thought. Mr. Delaney would hardly move in such society."

"Mister," said Willie, "I'll tell the world he wouldn't—he wouldn't move and live."

"What's that?" said the young gent in a high, piping voice. "Why, you infernal little bounder!"

"Don't, Norman," said the young dame. "Really, Norman, do sit down!"

Now Willie had his code of ethics. Great as the provocation was, he simply looked at that young guy coldly and turned to the old gent with a sigh.

"Mister," he said, "don't be alarmed; I won't start anything here now—honest, mister. I ain't the kind of a guy to make a rough-house of the party. But listen, you little piece of cheese!" For a moment honest indignation choked his voice. "Just keep your trap shut after this when gentlemen are talking. Hey, see that candle over there? If I had a mind to I could shoot it out."

He pointed gracefully toward the wall where the candle was burning in a high antique socket.

"By Jove," said the old gent, "can you now? Can you shoot it out?"

"Shoot it out?" Willie was very grand just then, and he knew that he was grand. He lounged back in his chair and put his thumbs within the armholes of his vest. "Mister, I'm not a boy who ever bluffed."

"By Jove!" said the old gent. "Not that I doubt you, but would you mind showing us? Don't mind the wall."

"Sure, mister," said Willie; "since you ask me I don't mind." With an easy grace he arose and drank the liquor in his glass. "Out she goes," he said.

His hand fluttered nervously to his waistcoat and fluttered out again. The young dame screamed. There was a sharp report and the candle on the wall was out.

For a moment everyone gave him the eye, but Willie didn't mind. The boys in short pants had their mouths open, and the old boy with woolly whiskers had dropped the bottle on the floor. The young dame had put her napkin before her eyes, and the young boy looked like a figure in the waxworks. The old gent was the one who was game. He just sat polishing that round glass.

"Capital!" said the old gent. "Capital! Exactly what I thought, sir. I know blood when I see it, though it may be different blood than mine. A glass of wine with you, sir! Meadows, bring the claret. I'm an old man. I know the times are changing, and for the first time in twenty years I'm glad I've lived to see the change."

Gracefully, delicately, Willie replaced his pearl-handled pistol within his vest.

"Cheest, mister," he said, "I was always good at parlor tricks. Hey, lady, you ain't puilin' out? I won't shoot up your boy friend, honest, lady."

It did seem, however, as though the young dame was going to pull out. She pushed back her chair.

"There's no reason for Norman to be insulted here. Come, Norman," she said.

And the boy in short pants opened the door for them and they both walked out.

(Continued on Page 127)

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Continued from Page 124

It made Willie feel badly, because up to then all the dames had liked him.

"Honest, mister," said Willie, "I didn't mean to act rough."

"Rough?" said the old gent. "Don't give it a thought, my boy. You've done me a service—a very great service. I've always known that fellow was a bounder, simply masquerading under the assumption of something to which he never can attain."

"You said it, mister," said Willie. "Guys like that don't never amount to much. They don't somehow get experience."

"A glass of wine with you, sir," said the old gent, and the way he said it made Willie feel good inside. "I always suspected that young bounder was sailing beneath false colors. One of the first families of America he said he was. Ha-ha!"

Just the way that old guy said it was enough to make you die with laughing. Willie burst into peal upon peal of merry laughter, and slapped the old boy on the back until he began to cough, whereupon Willie slapped him again.

"Yes," said the old gent, "thank goodness I have a little discrimination! Thank the Lord, someone in our family knows the world! Here—what the devil's the matter?" One of those boys in short pants had entered the dining-room door. He had a funny look. "What the devil do you mean breaking in like this?"

"Pardon, sir," said the boy in the short pants, "but they said it was most important."

"They?" hollered the old gent. "Who the devil are 'They'?"

The boy stammered. His knees began to wabble.

"T-two persons, sir," he said. "They want to see you at once."

"And since when," said the old gent, "do two persons think they can interrupt me when I'm having my wine? Tell them to be off and about their business."

"But," said the boy with the short pants, "they won't be off, sir. They're—they're two persons from Scotland Yard."

"Hey?" cried Willie. He gave a quick jump up from the table and glanced around that swell museum of a room. The old gent's face had grown pink as a winter's sunset.

"Now what the devil ——" he roared, but that was as far as he got. Two guys were standing in the door by then, behind that boy in the short pants—a big one in a dip hat and a mustache, and a little one with quick shifty eyes. They stepped right in with guns held in their hands.

"Hands up!" said the one in the dip. "No nonsense now, my man!"

Behind the two, hurrying in also, were that young dame and the boy with the black mustache.

"Cheese!" said Willie. He was always a sport in any situation, and he took it like a sport. "Now what do you know? Is this a pinch?"

But the old guy didn't take it in a nice way. He brought his hand down on the table so hard that two glasses jumped right off it and went smashing to the floor.

"Now what the devil is the meaning of this?" he yelled. "Since when do police burst into a gentleman's house and disturb his guests? Be off, or I'll have my servants evict you!"

You had to hand it to that old boy. Even those two bulls looked scared when they heard his voice.

"Beg pardon, Your Lordship," said the little bull. "It's quite in the line of duty, sir, I assure you. This man is a jewel thief. We've been after him over three counties. He has stolen the Twombleigh pearls."

"The what?" roared the old gent.

"Stolen the Twombleigh pearls, sir," said the little bull. "And a very nice bit of work, too, it would have been, except for a single clew. He's one of a mob from the City. We've been trailing him all day."

The old gent's face looked the color of the wine in his glass. For a moment he swallowed; he gulped.

Everybody in that room was giving Willie the eye. The boy in the black mustache was smiling in an upstagy way, and the old boy with the white whiskers had dropped another bottle on the floor.

"The Twombleigh pearls!" said the old boy. Suddenly he had grown quiet, and looked at the bulls through that round glass of his. "The Twombleigh pearls?" said the old gent. "Why, you're an infernal liar! He never took the Twombleigh pearls."

It was the young boy who put his oar in then, and not in a nice way either.

"Your Lordship"—he said—"really now, Your Lordship, I don't blame your being shocked. Not being an American, you don't understand our countrymen as well perhaps as I do. Of course you don't perceive the types. Just as soon as I saw him, I knew that the man came from the criminal classes. He was deluding Your Lordship. Just as soon as he went upstairs I took the liberty of summoning the police."

Then, before anyone could answer, the young dame piped up, and it certainly made Willie feel queer to hear her. He had to hand it to that young dame then for what she said.

"So that's what you did!" she said. "A guest comes to our house—my father's guest—and you call up the police. Do you call that a sporting thing?"

Yes, she was a hot sport, like her old man.

"My dear!" That young boy looked as though someone had given him a paste on the jaw. "But, Agatha, surely, under the circumstances, you wouldn't expect me to stay still?"

The young dame stamped her foot, no longer like a cold proposition, but a handsome sight.

"Yes," she said, "it's just what I should have expected. You assumed something you had no business to assume."

"But, my dear," said the young boy with a sort of choke, "I don't see ——"

"Of course you don't see!" The young dame stamped her foot again. "It's useless to expect you to see, if you don't. I declare, Norman, I don't believe he'd have done such a thing to you!"

"Lady," said Willie, and even then he was grand when he said it—"thank you kindly, lady, but you can't tell where a guy may be driven professionally sometimes."

"Agatha!" said that young boy with a kind of a squawk. "What are you doing, Agatha?"

"Giving you back your ring, of course," the young dame said. "There's some amenities one must live up to, and hospitality's one of them."

She ripped a handsome solitaire off her finger and gave a sort of sob.

"Lady," said Willie, and it hurt him to see her cry—"don't take it so hard, lady. You ain't missing so much, because it's a fake ring anyhow."

"Is that true?" The young dame was looking at him. "Is that really true?"

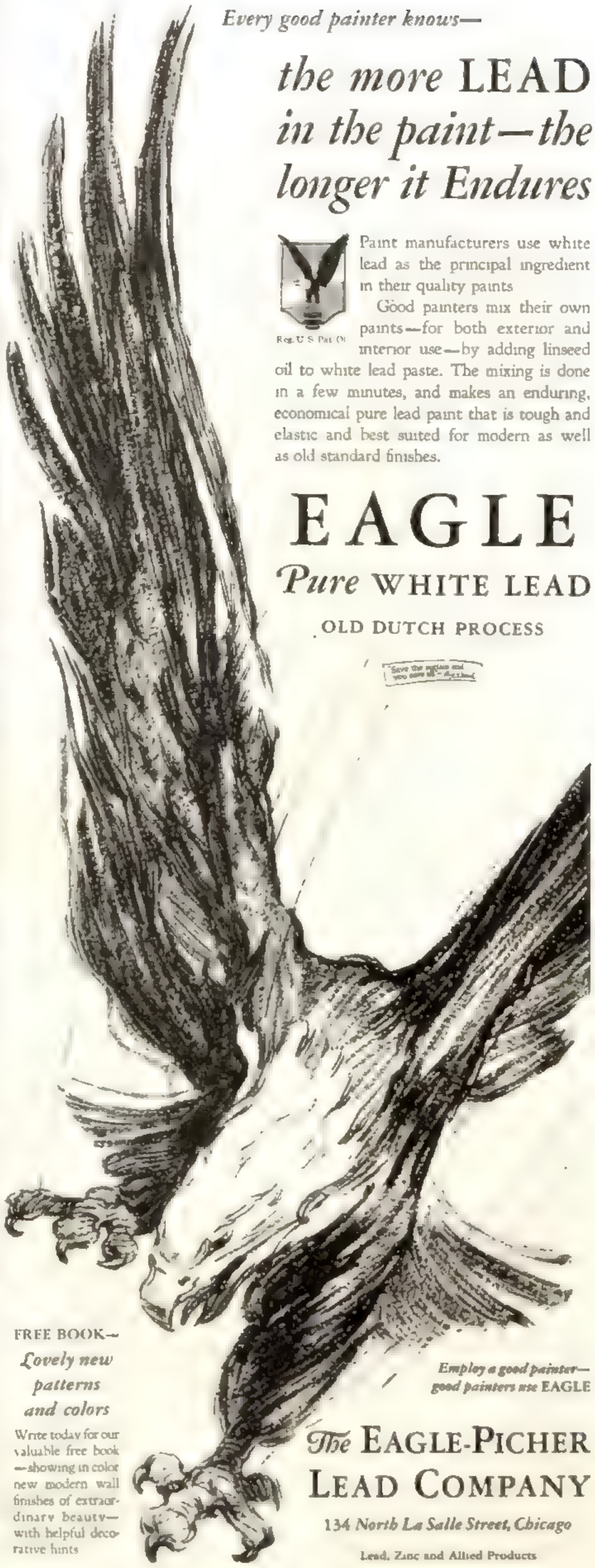
"Lady," said Willie, "I wouldn't kid you. Look at the way it shines. Another time take it to a hock shop. That's always safest."

"You can't believe him!" The young boy gave another squawk. "He's a thief, I tell you—just a crook!"

And then the old gent piped in. He had been wanting to pipe in all the while.

"Put up those pistols!" he hollered. "Now listen to me!" And somehow the way that old gent said it made you know you just had to listen. Even those two bulls knew it. "Now listen to me," the old gent said. "I wish to straighten out a misapprehension under which you are laboring, and which you'll indubitably pay for if you continue your present course." He stood up straighter. He raised his voice. "This guest of mine is a gentleman. Don't you know an American gentleman when you see one?"

It was funny the way those two bulls looked at him. They gave Willie the eye, and then one made a strange noise inside his throat. Willie had to hand it to the old



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boy. He might have been soft in the head, but he had sense down below it.

"A gentleman, sir?" said the big bull. "Surely I was mistaken. Did you say a gentleman, Your Lordship?"

The old boy gave the table another hit. "Yes!" he roared, and you could see that he meant it, if only from the noise he made. "Yes, you two blithering idiots, an American gentleman! Don't you know one when you see one? Look at him!"

He raised his hand, and Willie let them look.

"Look at him! Haven't you seen the better-class Americans depicted in our periodicals? Look at those bone-rimmed spectacles. Don't they make him characteristic of his caste? See that cigar in the corner of his mouth. You have only to look at the way he chews the end. If that isn't enough look at the gold in his teeth. Listen to the forceful simple vernacular he speaks. Look at the clothes he wears. Do you think anyone but a man of importance would dare to be seen in them? Why, you two egregious asses, do you see that candle on the wall? He shot it out not two minutes before you came. Now don't bore me with your arguments. I'm old enough and, I think, in a better position than you to know a gentleman when I see one, no matter what his nationality."

Yes, there was no doubt that the old gent had a streak of sanity. Willie drew himself up a trifle straighter. Although the things that the old gent had said were only natural, none the less they made him feel good inside, like a drink, only more than a drink. He nodded in simple, proud acknowledgment and waved his slender hand.

"Mister," he said, "I gotta hand it to you, mister. You certainly have an eye, I'll tell the world." He turned toward those bulls kindly, wearily almost. "Yes, boys," said Willie, "tuck away them rods. And don't think I hold it against you. Don't everyone pull a bone?"

And it did seem perfectly all right, though the two bulls still looked queer.

"But I say, sir," one of them had turned to the old gent, "are—are you perfectly sure?"

"Damnation!" hollered the old gent. "Do you doubt my word?"

"Not at all, sir," said the bull, very fast, "but it's uncommonly puzzling, sir. We had notice to be on the lookout for an American in the neighborhood. I beg pardon for asking, but can you vouch for this other gentleman also?"

The young boy gave another squawk and his face grew red.

"What?" he yelled. "Are you referring to me? Why, I'm the one who telephoned."

"Don't be indignant, sir." It was the little bull who spoke up. "It's all easily proved. It's all a matter of those buttons."

"Buttons?" said the old gent in a puzzled way. "What buttons?"

"Buttons on a lounge suit, sir. Fortunately we have one button, and only have to match it."

Willie was grand. He waved his hand lightly toward his coat.

"Look," he said. "Look 'em over, boys—frank, that's me."

The little bull looked and shook his head. "Chief," he said, "we're wrong again."

But the big bull was not listening. Instead he was looking at the young boy, in a hard mean way at that.

"Here!" yelled the young boy. "What are you doing!"

The big bull had made a funny noise. He had stepped right across the room. He had grabbed that young boy by the shoulder. He was taking something from that young boy's pocket.

"Ha," he shouted, "done indeed! We've got him, Griggson!"

There was something in his hand—something white and lustrous.

"Right in his side pocket!" yelled the big bull. "I saw the bulge!"

"By Jove!" said the old gent. "How uncommonly extraordinary!" and put the round glass in his eye.

"Norman!" said the young dame, with a little squeal. "Norman, you couldn't ——"

Willie also turned and looked.

"Now what do you know?" said Willie, his eyes starry in their wonderment. "What do you know?"

Curiously enough, out of that young boy's pockets the bull had pulled a string of pearls. Willie sighed and picked up a glass.

"What do you know?" he said. Simply, eloquently, he said it: "What do you know?"

The young boy didn't seem to know. He was trying to speak, though no one listened. The big bull had dropped the pearls into the side pocket of his coat, and when he spoke his voice sounded a little queer, as though he didn't know either.

"Put the bracelets on him, Griggson," he said, "and take him to the motor." And then he looked at the old gent in a funny way. "Sir," he said, "you're right—you're absolutely right. It only shows we all can learn by experience, does it not? The old adage is right indeed. It takes a gentleman to pick a gentleman." And then he looked at Willie in a strange way, but Willie did not mind, used as he was to being given the once-over. "You'll excuse me, I do hope, sir?" said that big bull. "I positively don't know what came over me. Why I should have happened to think, even for a moment now ——"

Willie was big-hearted and he never stayed sore long. His teeth shone gayly in the candlelight. He stepped lightly across the room, holding in his hand one of those pieces of paper the size of a pocket handkerchief, and patted the big bull lightly on the shoulder, at the same time slipping that bit of paper where it did most good, with his nervous, gentle fingers, which hovered affectionately over that big bull's coat.

"Take this," he said, "and buy yourself a shave and a shine, and forget it—forget it, kid. We all go wrong sometimes, mister. Ain't it the truth—and how? And I might add—it ain't none of my game—and I might add, if you was to go upstairs—pain me though it does to say it—and look at that guy's clothes you'd see them buttons on 'em."

"How," said the big bull—"how do you know that?"

Willie sighed. "I lamped 'em," he said. "I got into his room by mistake, just when I was coming this way to tie the feed bag on. The buttons is just like the one you got. Can you beat it, mister—can you beat it?"

A minute later they were alone—just that old gent and the young dame and Willie. The young dame was beginning to cry, and it hurt Willie, for he was big-hearted, as the boys always said at home. Yes, it hurt him. He walked right up to her, carried by the wave of his emotion, in a nice way.

"Lady," he said—"don't take it so hard, lady. I got a hunch it will all turn out all right, and my hunches always win. Only don't forget this, lady. That ring was a fake just the same, and I ought to know fakes when I see 'em."

The old gent was wiping that round piece of glass. He kept looking around the room in a queer way too.

"By Jove," he kept saying, "it's incredible! Do you know, I seem positively to be just a little bit dumfounded?"

Willie finished the rest of that red liquor in his glass and sighed, as a gentleman should who is weary with the comedy of life.

"Don't let it get you, mister," he said. "It's the life, that's all, and, mister, I wanna thank you kindly—honest, mister—very kindly for all you've said and done, and I'll remember it. It's comical what guys appreciate the real stuff and which guys don't, and how. Cheest!" On the wave of a new emotion, his voice became high and trembling. "What's that? Now what do you know?"

Willie was pointing at the table. There was a string of pearls upon it, right beside a napkin.

"My word now!" said the old gent. "Now how did that happen? How came he to leave them there? I declare I was positive he put them in his pocket. I could declare I saw him!"

Willie sighed again and picked them quickly up, balanced them deftly in his hand and thrust them into his coat.

"Them bulls," said Willie—"mister, somehow they're always dumb, just like the bulls at home. Think of that for dumbness. He left 'em here. Now what do you know?"

It did seem odd, though Willie appeared to have conquered his surprise.

"Upon my word, I can't understand it," said the old gent. "Now positively I can't. We must inform them. Meadows—have they gone, Meadows?"

"Yes, sir," said the old boy with the whiskers. He, too, looked as though he could not understand. "They all left, sir, not three minutes ago."

Willie moved hastily to the door of that handsome big museum of a room. For a moment he stood framed in it, small, alert and handsome.

"Can you beat it?" said Willie. "I'll just step to the door and yell for 'em, mister. No, that's all right. Don't bother. I know the way, but thank you kindly just the same."

And he must have known it, for before anyone could answer the door was closed behind him.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Continued from Page 30.

wives died from horse bites. Lucretius Peacock beat me on that one. I produced a set of horse teeth mounted on a pair of ice tongs; I got two columns on page two. But Lucretius Peacock wrote not only his own confession but one for his horse, and that horse, being specially trained, bit two reporters and a chief of police. The tabloids put him on the first page, with a faked photograph of his horse biting a lady member of the staff.

Then came the famous Concrete Mixer case. Mrs. Emma Wimmel and her paramour had, apparently, run Mr. Wimmel through a concrete mixer. I confessed that I too was a paramour and had helped run the machine.

So many other fellows got the idea that more than sixty people made the same confession, which made the whole business a joke and pretty nearly ruined Mrs. Wimmel's disposition. But Lucretius Peacock, by producing samples, was the leading suspect for a week, and the agitation forced the city to bury publicly a mile of sidewalk.

By this time I had got to be pretty sick of Lucretius Peacock. He would confess to anything, and he had such a cursed convincing way that people would believe him. I was lucky if I could get anything more than space under Other Confessions Received. When I confessed to the Maggs Hammer Murder, the Ptomaine Club Holocaust, and the Tweezer Fiend Affair, my letters were not even printed, while Lucretius Peacock got as much as a syndicated Sunday magazine page. I would go to the police station and the detectives would merely laugh at me. After a while they would not even laugh at me. Quite the contrary, I am sorry to say.

Then one day I murdered Lucretius Peacock. I did it very simply. I rang the doorbell and when he came to the door I shot him.

Next day I went to the police station to give myself up. I explained the crime and displayed the death-dealing revolver. And all the police would do was to curse and swear and tell me that if I ever came around there again they would lock me up.

Mr. Editor, this is my confession of a dastardly crime. The newspapers have all refused to print it. I desire only to expiate my wrongdoing on the scaffold, and yet I go free! Is there no justice left?

I have been getting ready to murder that devil, Lucretius Peacock, for years, and now, thank heaven, I've got him!

—Morris Bishop.

What More Could Anyone Ask?

"WHEN my daughter Graycie came home from college and told us that she wanted to drop out of school and get married to the winner of a one-act-play contest, I naturally opposed her as far as a modern father dares go," said Grover Cleveland Smith, President of the First, Second and Third National Bank and Union Trust Company, of Jonesville.

"But after she had sulked two or three weeks and had practically stopped going to drug stores and staying out after midnight, I got worried about her condition. I decided I had better try to find out something about the fellow who was on her mind. Having five children of my own of the kind who require individual roadsters, I had no desire to take on another liability in the person of a husband for Graycie. Our bank already has five decorative vice presidents and four assistant cashiers related to directors, so I knew I couldn't work him in there, even as a lobby ornament. I had to be convinced.

"So we asked him down for a week-end, and right away we began to notice things in his favor. The first evening at dinner he spoke to my wife and me twice, and when he met me around the house he always remembered my name. His appearance was favorable, too; not at all what you'd expect of a college one-act-play writer. He was a tall blond, slender in the prevailing mode, but with only a trace of sofa curvature.

"What I wanted to know most was whether he had thought anything of the future and what his ideas were about supporting a wife. When he didn't say anything about the 'bond game,' the 'automobile game,' or the 'advertising game,' I commenced to have hope. It was Graycie herself who clinched it. I had called her in for a little talk and had told her her young man seemed all right and that I could see nothing that a good business man's barber could not correct.

"'But, Gracie,' I went on, 'you know him better than I do. Does he ever think of the future and make plans for meeting emergencies?'

"'I should say he does, daddy!' she responded. 'Why, Rupert already has his seats on the fifty-yard line reserved for every big football game next fall!'

"That settled it. I went right downstairs and told Rupert I was proud to have such an admirable young man for a son-in-law."

—McCready Huston.

To One (or Two) I Love

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**Publishers' Sworn Statement.*

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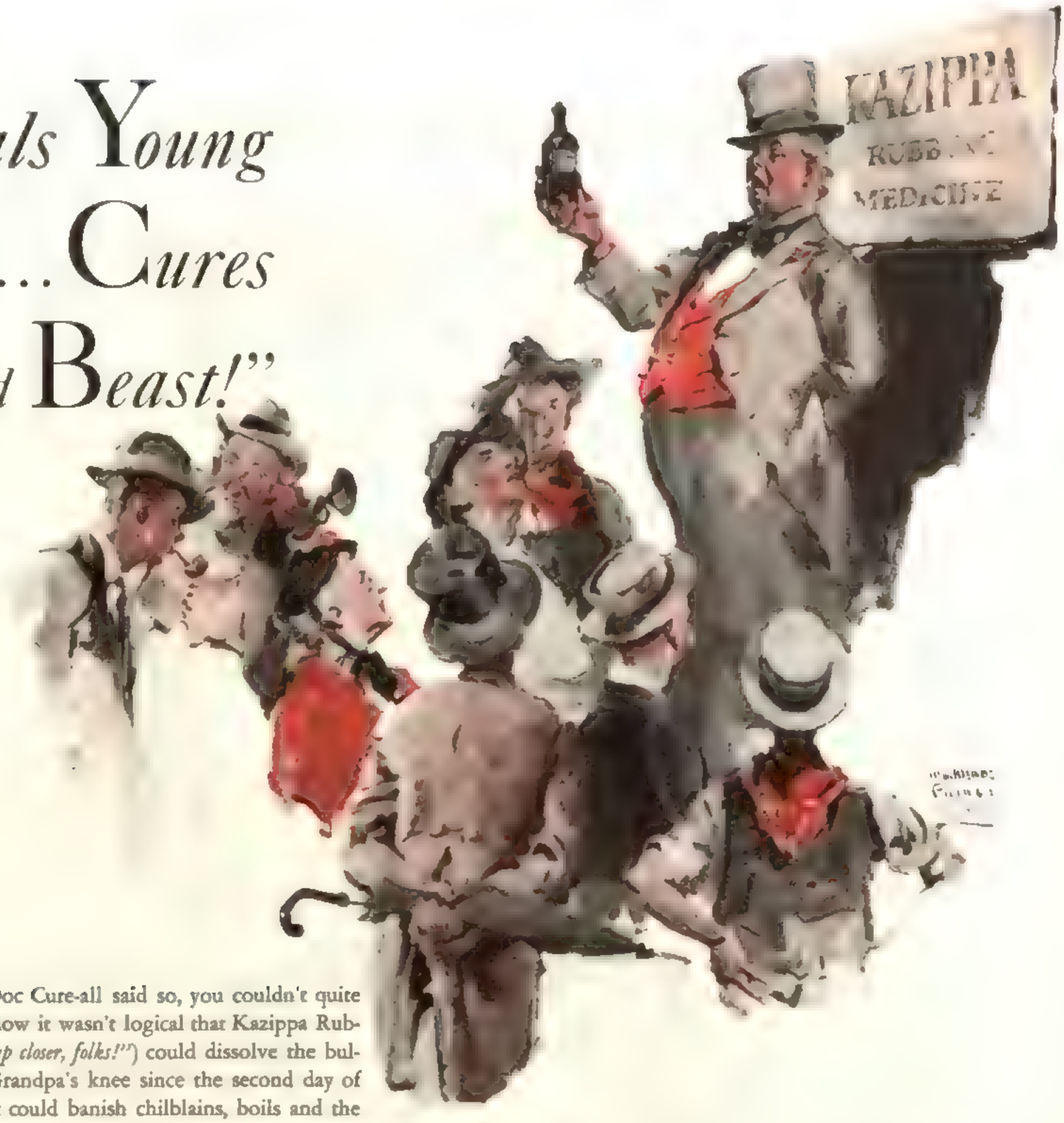

EVEN when old Doc Cure-all said so, you couldn't quite believe it. Somehow it wasn't logical that Kazippa Rubbing Medicine (*"Step up closer, folks!"*) could dissolve the bullet that had been in Grandpa's knee since the second day of Gettysburg. Or that it could banish chilblains, boils and the pernicious epizootic . . .

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MUSSOLINI NOW

(Continued from Page 28

prize for the best essay showing insight into the mystery of the man. Mussolini, so the story goes, stopped the contest by writing to the paper that such a competition was absurd, because he himself could give no insight into his own personality.

In spite of quick, firm decisions, in spite of grim determination, in spite of a well-ordered diagramed pattern and plan of action fitted to any moment of time, Mussolini, first of all, above all and after all, is a personality always in a state of flux, adjusting its leadership to a world eternally in a state of flux.

Change the facts upon which Mussolini has acted and he will change his action. Change the hypotheses and he will change his conclusions.

And this perhaps is an attribute of greatness seldom recognized. Most of us are forever hoping to put our world in order and finish the job. Statesmen with some idea to make over into reality hope for a day when they can say "Well, that's done!" And when it is done, often enough it is nothing. The bridges they have built are now useless, because the rivers have all changed their courses and humanity is already shrieking for new bridges. This is not an unhappy thought, says Mussolini. A finished world would be a stupid place—intolerably stupid.

The imagination of mere statesmen covers a static world.

The imagination of true greatness covers a dynamic world. Mussolini conceives a dynamic world. He is ready to go on the march with it, though it overturns all his structures, upsets all his theories, destroys all of yesterday and creates a screaming dawn of a tomorrow.

Opportunist is a term of reproach used to brand men who fit themselves to conditions for reasons of self-interest. Mussolini, as I have learned to know him, is an opportunist in the sense that he believes that mankind itself must be fitted to changing conditions rather than to fixed theories, no matter how many hopes and prayers have been expended on theories and programs.

Up the Hill and Down Again

He has marched up several hills with the thousands and then marched down again. This strange creature of strange life and strange thoughts, with that almost psychopathic fire which was in saints and villains, in Napoleons, in Jeanne d'Arcs and in Tolstoys, in religious prophets and in Ingersolls, has been up the Socialist, the international, the liberal and the conservative hills and down again. Now he says, "The sanctity of an ism is not in the ism; it has no sanctity beyond its power to do, to work, to succeed in practice. It may have succeeded yesterday and fail tomorrow. Failed yesterday and succeed tomorrow. The machine first of all must run!"

The conventional foreign attitude toward Mussolini and his Fascism is this:

Mussolini suppressed communism and came at a time when so much was needed in Italy that improvement was not difficult. That he has done much to put things in order—to improve finance and industry and labor and agriculture and railways and brighten things up—cannot be denied. But no one knows what he will do next and everyone knows that chaos might return if he were to be wiped out. He is an enemy of liberalism and perhaps of democracy. There is some possibility that the people will not remain behind him.

This summary of the current notion of Mussolini and of Fascismo contains a mixture of misconceptions. The world in the end will free itself from some of these absurdities. The misconceptions arise from failure to know how completely an original ideal for a new state, and then actuality in creating a wholly new state, have come into existence under the Mussolini leadership. It arises also from an almost complete failure to realize that not only a new state but a new people have been created. It arises from an almost complete failure to know anything whatever of a man who does not know himself.

As Mussolini walked with me in the gardens of the Villa Torlonia, I watched, with a curiosity that has never failed to creep in on me, the marked peculiarities, physical and mental, of a man who at that moment was quite relaxed, at ease, and yet over whom the unknown gusts of his own personality played eternally. One saw in his eyes, or in a quick movement of his body, or in a sentence suddenly ejaculated, the effect of these gusts, just as one sees wind playing on the surface of water.

Then, as now, his health was more assured than I have ever seen it before. He has not aged. He is alive, alert, ready to go.

A Man With No Alliances

After the march on Rome, when, as ambassador, I saw him, and also during those first months of administrative superlabor, he was powerful, but taut, tense, drawn. Not now. If three years ago he had any one of the serious and mysterious illnesses over which his enemies poured blessings or told silly tales, these disorders have gone. Mentally he may be slightly more cynical, but physically he is vastly more comfortable and content. He even allows himself and his manner and his movements a new leisurely method nowise inconsistent with the power of his thrust.

There is still in his walk something of the prowl, a faint suggestion of the tread of the cat. He likes cats—their independence, their decision, their sense of justice and their appreciation of the sanctity of the individual. He even likes lions and lionesses, and plays with them until those who guard his life protest against this social set. His principal pet now is a Persian feline which, being of aristocratic lineage, nevertheless exhibits a pride not only of ancestry but, condescendingly, of belonging to Mussolini. And yet, in spite of his own prowl, as he walks along in his riding boots, springy, active, ready to leap, it seems, there is little else feline about him. One quality is feline, however—it is the sense of his complete isolation.

One feels that he must always have had this isolation—isolation as a boy, isolation as a young radical, adventurer, lover, worker, thinker. Of this isolation he is not fully conscious. The instinct for it creeps out when there arises any suggestion that he can be influenced so that, in any degree, no matter how slight, it may be said that his thought, his word, his act is the expression of someone outside himself. Partly because of this instinct and partly because he knows that he must not yield to those who desire to propagate the idea that he can be forced, he will retain in high office men who are under fire, but kick into the cold those who are gossiped about as his favorites or his pets. In the first he is like Coolidge, who, perhaps for those who know both at close quarters, is, with Mussolini, the most individual of all the characters any observer can analyze and report in the world today.

There is no understudy of Mussolini. There is no man, woman or child who stands anywhere in the inner orbit of his personality. No one. The only possible exception is his daughter Edda. All the tales of his alliances, his obligations, his ties, his predilections are arrant nonsense. There are none—no ties, no predilections, no alliances, no obligations unpaid.

Financially? Lying voices said that he had been personally financed and backed by the industrialists of Italy. This is ridiculous to those who know. His salary is almost nothing. His own family—wife, children and even the beloved Edda—are all so poor, so unprovided for today and for the future, that from month to month the newspaper crowd of the newspaper Popolo d'Italia, which he created and owned and built, have to assist in order to provide the going.

Politically? Whom could he owe? He has made and can unmake them all. He is free to test every officeholder in the whole of Italy by the yardstick of service and fitness. Beyond that I know not one political debt that he owes. He has tried to pay those of the past; I believe that the cynicism in him at this time is based upon the failure of those who have been rewarded to live up to the trust put in them.

"But I take the responsibility for all," says he. He says it publicly with jaws firm; he says it privately with eyes somewhat saddened.

He takes responsibility for everything—for discipline, for censorship, for measures which, were less rigor required, would appear repressive and cruel. "Mine!" says he, and stands or falls on that. It is an admirable courage. I could, if I wished, quote instance after instance of this acceptance—sometimes when he is not to blame—of the whole responsibility of the machine. "Mine!" says he.

And in spite of the disillusionment he has suffered since I knew him before, he has retained his laugh—often, one is bound to say, a scornful laugh—and he has kept his faith in an ability to build up a machine—the machine of Fascism—the machine built not on any fixed theory but one intended by Mussolini to run—above all, to run, to function, to do, to accomplish, to fill the bottles with wine first, unlike the other isms, and put the labels on after.

Work and Discipline

Mussolini has an almost superstitious faith in himself. He has said it. Not a faith in himself to make a personal gain. An assassin's bullet might wipe him out and leave his family in poverty. That would be that. His faith is in a kind of destiny which will allow him, before the last chapter, to finish the building of this new state, this new machine—"the machine which will run."

Said I to him, "What, in your opinion, is the greatest achievement you have made in these last five years?"

His achievement is the permanent institution of the programs adopted by every intelligent modern nation in a state of war. First, the attempt to awaken the spiritual realization of the proper subservience of the individual to the whole. The first example of that realization comes from religion. Expressed in terms of the state, we learned it fully only as a war measure. Second, the doctrine of centralized and absolute responsibility for loyalty and labor. Third, the suppression of all wasteful internal struggles, particularly of the class struggle, by any required measure of discipline.

Mussolini's program is the application to the efficiency of peace of that common sense and wholly radical organization that we, Great Britain, France and other nations swallowed whole when that type of organization was called for by the emergency of war.

He repeats over and over: "You, in America, may never need this. Some democracies may not need this. Fascism was built for Italy—for our need, our emergency, our character, our growth, our soil, our chemical contents—for the physical properties of Italy and Italians."

The first time I ever saw him he came to my residence sometime before the march on Rome and I asked him what would be his program for Italy. His answer was immediate: "Work and discipline."

I remember I thought at that moment that the phrase sounded a little evangelical, a phrase of exhortation. But a mere demagogue would never choose it. Wilson's slogans of Rights and Peace and Freedom are much more popular and gain easier currency than sterner phrases. It is easier,

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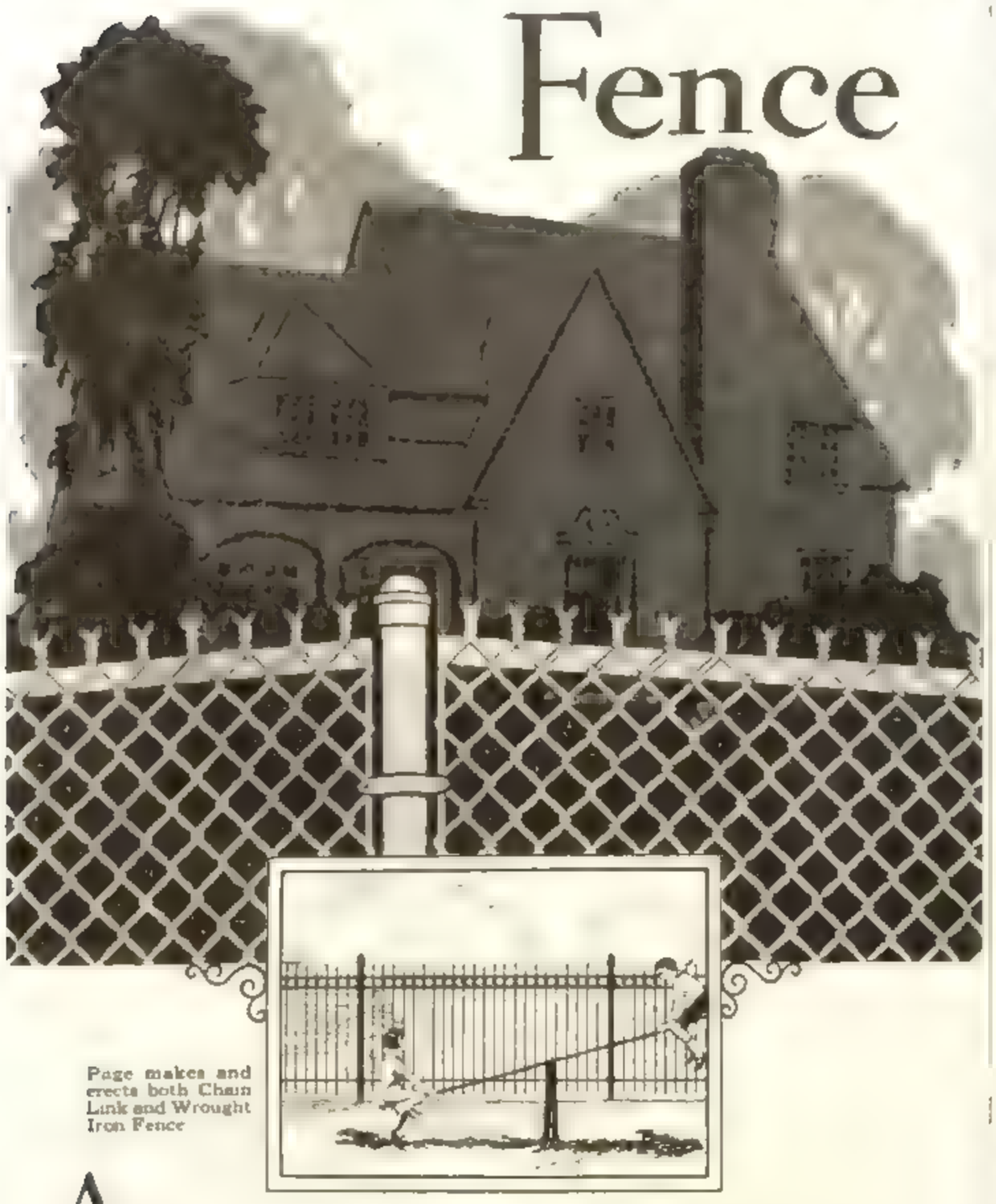

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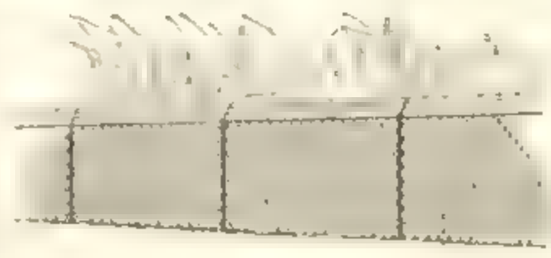

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CHAIN LINK — ORNAMENTAL WROUGHT IRON

even for a sincere preacher, to offer soft nests to one's followers: it is more difficult to excite enthusiasm for stand-up doctrines. Any analysis and weighing of Mussolini's greatness must include recognition that he has made popular throughout a race of people, and perhaps for others, a standard of obligation of the individual not only exacting but one which in the end will be accepted voluntarily. Not only is it accepted voluntarily but with an almost spiritual ecstasy which has held up miraculously in Italy during five and more years, when all the so-called liberals in the world were hovering over it like vultures, croaking that if it were not dead it was about to die.

"It is difficult," thought I to myself, as I sat late one December afternoon watching the Duce reading, "to lead men at all. It is still more difficult to lead them away from self-indulgence. It is still more difficult to lead them so that a new generation, so that youth itself, appears as if born with a new spirit, a new virility appearing as if bred in the bones. It is difficult to govern a state and difficult to deal cleanly and strongly with a static program applied to a static world; but it is more difficult to build a new state and deal cleanly and strongly with a dynamic program applied to a dynamic world."

This man who looked up with that peculiar nodding of his head and raising of the eyebrows had done it, thought I. There are few in the world's history who have. I had considered the phrase "Work and discipline" as a worthy slogan, as a good label for an empty bottle. Within six years this man, with a professional opposition which first barked like Pomeranians at his heels and then ran away to bark abroad, has made the label good, has filled the bottle, has turned concept into reality.

It is quite possible for those who oppose the concept to say that the reality of the new spirit of Italy and its extent of full acceptance by the people may exist in the mind of Mussolini, but does not spring out of the people themselves.

I once said to Mussolini, "Are you the expression of the Italian people or are they the expression of you?"

He replied, "You have only stated a question involved in every problem of leadership which has arisen since the world began. I would say that I was an expression of the newborn Italy."

"And the crowd shouts back that it wishes to express you."

Italy Under a New Sun

He threw up his somewhat stubby, meaty, short-fingered hands, strong and yet rather ghostlike when one touches them, and laughed like a boy. No one can see him at these moments without remembering Roosevelt and Lloyd George, and no one can spend much time with him without thinking that after all there are two kinds of leaders—outdoor and indoor leaders—and that the first are somewhat more magnetic, more lasting and more boyish and likable for their power than are the indoor kind.

At these moments Mussolini, like Roosevelt and Lloyd George, gives the impression of an energy which cannot be bottled, which bubbles up and over like an eternally effervescent, irrepressible fluid. At these moments one remembers his playing of the violin, his fencing, his playful, mischievous humor, the dash of his courage, his contact with animals, his success in making gay marching songs for the old drab struggles of mankind with the soil, with the elements, with ores in the earth, and on the pathways of the seas. In the somber conclusions of the student statesman and in the sweetness of the sentimentalist statesman there is little joy; unexpected joy is found in the leadership of a Mussolini. Battle becomes a game. The game becomes a romp. It is absurd to say that Italy groans under discipline. Italy chortles with it!

An English diplomat said to me, "This is not the sunny Italy we used to know."

And I replied, "Aren't we Anglo-Saxons always a little resentful when any people deprive us of our pleasure to call them childlike and picturesque? How can we say that a people who sing a nation-wide Giovanezza and Piave are less happy than a nation in which shepherds piped on the Tyrol hillsides, boatmen sang on the Grand Canal in Venice or pleasure parties screamed Lucia over moonlit Neapolitan waters? The Campagna di Roma may not be quite so pretty where it is plowed, or the roads quite so lovely when they are straightened, but who is to say that the Italians do not find a greater pleasure in the tonic of disciplined restraints than in the sweet lethargies of yesterdays?"

The critics of Mussolini outside of Italy and far away have pictured a people repressed by a minority, intimidated by strict discipline and censorship. Everyone knows that there are some who have been repressed and some who have been intimidated. But there again the mind of Mussolini works in applying efficiency to the emergencies of peace just as our minds worked when we were applying efficiency to the emergencies of war.

Mussolini is the first to admit it. I have had opportunity for close observation of his attitude, not only just after the march on Rome but after the Matteotti murder, and now, when his hold upon the people, upon their sense of admiration and awakened pride and security of life and progress, is more completely evidenced than I have ever seen it.

A State With One Party

His program as to repression is quite frank. He is against ruffianism and reprisals. There is little of anything brutal in Mussolini. See him with children or with animals to learn that. But as for discipline within a state, his attitude is exactly as it is toward war outside the state. I have often been amused at his distaste for war, because these fundamental distastes of a man who has suffered himself from bullying discipline and from wastes and horrors of war, who wears on his skin the scars of a police club and of Austrian bullets, clash with his unshakable philosophy that discipline may be necessary and war may be unavoidable.

His measure for discipline is always that degree of discipline which serves to preserve the welfare of the whole. A Nitti or a Salvemini, preaching against the welfare and security of the new Italian Fascist state, no doubt, within the borders of Italy, would be considered as we considered subversive agitators during the war or even in our own times of peace. Italy is no longer a government in which there is a Fascist party; whether we approve or not, Italy has become a Fascist state.

Make no mistake about that. The transition from the old parliamentary constitutional government to a complete Fascist state has been full and complete.

There is no foreign observer of any note who, having been in Italy, will say today that anti-Fascist forces amount to anything. Even the remnants of the opposition have almost completely disappeared. Beyond the border in France a few malcontents publish antigovernment journals and endeavor to stir up French-Italian quarrels. Even the French Government has now come to look upon this remnant fringe of opposition trying to sprout on alien soil as a confounded nuisance.

The real danger to Fascism is Fascism. As is common enough, the child of complete success is the menace of conflict within. Fascism is Italy today, but there is no full assurance that Fascism itself may not split into left and right wings. The discipline of the future, as Mussolini himself knows, will probably be directed at groups of Fascists who may attempt to encroach upon or seize the power now held by Mussolini and those who follow him. Complete victory, whether it be that of a Harding in a democracy with an avalanche of votes, or whether it be the building of a new state on top of a revolution, is filled with dangers. Mussolini is far

too close a student of history and of the essential nature of mankind not to observe this danger. Completed power, as I have seen it in various places and times, almost invariably leads either to a gathering of worthless flies around the honey of privilege, or to attempts, on the part of some adherents of a cause, to snatch at the jam pot of power.

There is no way to prevent this except by discipline. A year or two ago, when anyone whispered that Mussolini was losing his grip, the meaning intended was that the old parliamentary professionals, dislodged from power by the revolution, together with some disgruntled titled malcontents, were gnawing at the Duce's foundations; today the meaning, having gradually changed, is that Mussolini is weary, that he is tired of power, of eternal watchfulness, and that headway is being made against him by conspirators in his own garden.

After weeks of observation I am of the opinion that these rumors are as baseless in the latter sense as they were in the former. No leader is ever able to maintain his prestige at concert pitch.

I talked with a Fascist who, I suspect, dreams of power himself. I tried to remind him that all men who are essentially dangerous opponents have periods of relaxation.

What would happen if Mussolini's power were challenged? There would appear, I believe, perhaps to the astonishment of those who hope that he is slipping, a stronger Mussolini than they have ever known. For this prophecy I have evidences which cannot be mistaken. Mussolini himself realizes that his work is not done; that before it is done he may have to crush other forces under his heel.

The Duce is not out of energy; he is storing it. He is not out of discipline; he has more in his cupboard. Let corrupt finance, even big finance, try him if it dares. We shall see, at least, the dust of a political buzz saw without a parallel.

For Mussolini has been learning lessons. One of his great interests now is directed toward the real hidden springs behind the world's corrupt financial forces or its corrupt secret-society forces or its corrupt internationalist forces. They have fed upon false liberalism and all its doctrines. They thrive under weak governments. They sometimes throw bricks through the show windows of organized society so that they may grab loot out of the dark and run back into the dark. The only way to crush secret societies dedicated to political intrigue, or the Mafia in Sicily, is to crush them. They were fairly well crushed in Italy. No one had ever dreamed of crushing them completely before!

Repressing the Untrue

I am fully aware of the distaste we have at home for repression. Even the repression of a Mussolini bringing his country through a progressive revolution. It shocks me now at times to find that spies are everywhere, that private lives are watched, that the movements of certain persons and their families are restricted, that a censorship appears oppressive.

If I were to be a critic of the new state in Italy, my criticism would be founded upon my belief that the first right of man is to think as he pleases, to have access to all facts, whether truth be beautiful or ugly, and to have full freedom to self-development.

But there are two offsetting considerations under the Fascist régime: One is that a discipline approaching that used in the emergency of war must be used in a country which has gone through an emergency of peace. The period of an internal revolution and the building of a new state is not ever the time when sentimental solicitudes for the individual as against the whole may be allowed to nod flowery heads in the vegetable garden of practicality. Your revolution either succeeds or it fails. Discipline or indulgence? One does the work and the other spells chaos.

The second consideration is that repression in Italy has been grossly exaggerated. It always is; that is one of repression's greatest evils. We have heard much of the suppression of the press in Italy; many of our ideas about it are founded upon our complete ignorance that most of that suppression was aimed at subversive or communist organs which might have been suppressed also in New York or in London, and a great deal of it was aimed at newspapers which could be bought for propaganda even by foreign propagandists, which were blackmailing sheets or were personal organs used principally to further some personal political ambition. As Primo di Rivera in Spain said on one occasion: "It is quite true that certain newspapers have been wiped out. They say that I have thus suppressed the truth. But since these papers were corrupt and sowed the seeds of lies, their extinction does not mean that truth has been injured, but rather that untruth has been driven to obscurity."

The Heir Apparent

In any case the position and the feeling of Mussolini today are quite clear. No mere revenge, no mere reprisals. A relaxation of strict measures just as fast as results of relaxation justify indulgence. A pardon for political offenders who will not menace the welfare of the whole. But a certain determination to hold to strict account those who plot against the state.

The secret enemies of Mussolini believe that he has found the eternal lesson of the bitterness of power. I believe they are quite right. If there was intoxication in power, it has gone. It goes from them all—except those drunk with luxury or kept giddy by vices. Mussolini is neither. He is abstemious, almost ascetic; money he has not and money he wants not, and money and all questions as to his personal pocketbook are today for him as much of a petty persistent nuisance as they were when he was working on house walls during exile in Switzerland. He hates the stuff almost as much as he hates men who pretend with a beard or pretend with words or pretend with a monocle—almost as much as he hates cowards and bootlickers. Luxury means nothing to him, and vice which whips up the nerves means less. This is the bare fact. Accordingly he has no narcotic for the bitterness of power.

And power sits astride of him now and will not let him go. I do not mean that he would relinquish power. The power to remake Italy, to finish the new state, to carry on and to see it through is his passion. He is not above superstitions and his chief superstition is that he will finish the work to which destiny has pointed her lean muscular finger. But there is bitterness in power when one has no narcotic for it.

One of his daily draughts of pure wormwood and gall must come from the constant disappointments in men. There is nothing indigenous to Italy in that fact. The experiment of Mussolini in building a new state is one of amazing proportions and of speed, terrible or inspiring. Drivers for little slow wagons are easy to find, but dependable men at the wheels of great fast machines are not so common. The crop of men raised by Mussolini has not been surprisingly bad; they have been, in the light of their preparedness, astonishingly good. But they have been winnowed out of a mass which, as always, produces much chaff and dust and worms in the wheat. Such was the explanation of the Matteotti murder, an incident which no sane person could believe was anything but an unwelcome tragedy and danger to Mussolini, to his patriotic hope or to his personal interest. Such was the reason for the disappearance of various stars of the early revolution who could not keep away from the night clubs or who considered that the old days when some officials were tipped like waiters still would go on. Most of them have gone noiselessly. Some of those who have puffed up too much in the warmth of power have been called in by

(Continued on Page 137)

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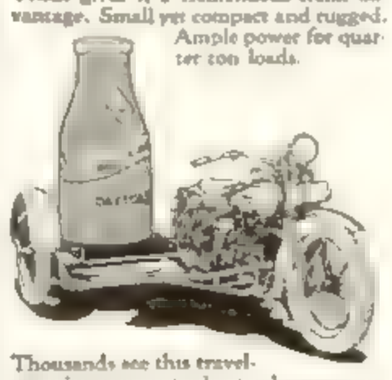
The 60 inch wheel base of the Package Truck gives it a tremendous traffic advantage. Small yet compact and rugged. Ample power for quarter ton loads.



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Safety—in its fullest meaning—the protection of life itself—depends on the brakes and brake lining of your motor car. This is true every time you drive.

Johns-Manville, pioneer developer of asbestos, has made safe the control of heat, of fire, of vast power—through asbestos. For your car the tough fibres of this rock are woven into brake lining.

Are You Interested in the Safety of Your Family?

If you have any interest in your family, or in yourself, you cannot afford to buy brake lining—by hit or miss methods.

It is just as easy to have sturdy, dependable Johns-Manville Asbestos Brake Lining—as to have an inferior lining. Johns-Manville is the world Master of Asbestos, the most logical producer of an asbestos brake lining.

Avoid Needless Risk

When your brakes need re-lining—which may be right now—look for a Johns-Manville Service Station, identified by the sign shown here—or insist to your own garage man that he supply Johns-Manville Brake Lining. He can always get it for you. That's all the "shopping around" you have to do.

If you leave the matter to chance, or to some one's else opinion, you may save a few cents—not even that is sure—but you will be taking a big risk, that you might just as well avoid. The way to be safe is to *know* that your brakes are lined with brake lining from Asbestos Headquarters—Johns-Manville.

Better Looking Homes

Thousands of home owners have learned of Johns-Manville through Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles.

Besides giving new beauty and distinction to any home, these shingles are absolutely fireproof and will outlast the house. On a new house or for re-roofing, Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles provide a roof that will never have to be replaced.

JOHNS-MANVILLE

ASBESTOS MINERS AND MANUFACTURERS

ROOFING & INSULATIONS OF ENDURING FIREPROOF ASBESTOS

Johns-Manville manufactures friction blocks and brake lining for hoisting machinery and other similar uses. Write to the Johns-Manville Corporation, 292 Madison Avenue, New York, for full information.

It is almost a certainty that your brakes need adjustment. Tear this out and use it as a

Memorandum!

March 24—*Have garage mechanic inspect my brakes today*

If re-lining is required, insist on Johns-Manville Asbestos Brake Lining. It will protect you for thousands of miles

(Continued from Page 135)

Mussolini and given promotions to ports far from Rome, where work is plenty and parades are never held. Sometimes, I suspect, the Duce purposely tries the mettle of a man by giving him unpleasant and difficult posts. I have observed the movements of certain individuals who have in one place endeavored slowly to build up a personal political machine at the expense of the Fascist whole; the order comes to go elsewhere just as there comes the order of the police commissioner in one of our American cities to transfer a police captain from a precinct where he is getting gay to a new and distant precinct. Mussolini keeps them moving around. He has not read Machiavelli for nothing.

He has built a new state; he has not constructed a man to take his place. This is the answer to a question asked as much as any other about the Duce. But Mussolini, however he has striven to find feet for his shoes, knows quite well that he has two kinds of possible successors. One is a man. The other is the machine itself. If anything sudden and violent should put an end to Mussolini, there would be declared at once in Italy a temporary martial control. One of the trusted Italian generals would be in command. Thereafter the king, consulting the Grand Council of the Fascisti, would choose a premier. An elaborate and, I believe, efficient program is in existence to prevent all the woes which those who pretend to fear dictators because they fear their disappearance have prophesied.

But Mussolini, who has so often said to me that programs are easier to find than men to carry them out, is now, if I am not mistaken, relying in great part on making his successor not a man but a stabilized machine. The new state—"the régime," as he calls it—will be the heir apparent of a power which till now, frankness compels one to say, has been largely personal. That machine he has built and is perfecting. I have reviewed and discussed with him the five years of that construction.

It has been carried on in a nation which I watched as it trod the brink of chaos. The refuse had to be cleared away for the building of this wholly new state. The state had to be built on a foundation and that foundation had to be created out of a new spiritual awakening. History does not record a parallel in the extent of a work which in five years has stood forty million and more people on a new footing, a new unity, a new organization, and without a shade of exaggeration, has given the whole world even more to consider and weigh, accept or reject, than was given by either Wilson or Lenin.

Old-Fashioned and Eternal

An insensitive world fails even now to realize just what Italy has built and accepted; it fails even more completely to understand what a challenge this new construction makes to old traditions, old sentiments.

Mussolini has stamped roughshod over all of them and he has hewed his way through the whole fabric of society. In five years enough has been done so that one who wishes to give any adequate idea or analysis discovers that not an article but only a library is fitted to record in words the actuality of deeds.

From the crystallization of a unified national spirit, suppressed from the fall of the Roman Empire and only awakened in part by the *risorgimento* of not much more than a half century ago, began the undertaking. That spirit had to be put to work on definite accomplishment. It was led to the march on Rome, to a one-sided battle with communism and to a closely matched but victorious struggle with mere corruption, chaos and flabby liberalism. To the unifying sense of nationalism, Fascismo added the unifying sense of religion, stimulating again in the youth of Italy, through the schools, and in the whole people a new recognition of obligation to serve, to be restrained, to be devout in a world, to accept an appropriate sense of the obligation of the individual to the whole.

That spirit, once awakened, had to have intelligence. Mussolini's problem was to deal with a people which had suffered illiteracy. Today there is nothing more important to the Duce's mind, after the emergency measures needed to pull the nation through a crisis, than education.

"In 1871," says one authority, "only a third of the people could read. Today we are on the way to complete literacy."

But added to the Fascist assault upon illiteracy, there comes from Mussolini and all his group a determination to make education include not only the usual scholastic exercises but also moral inspiration.

"Be strong to be pure; be pure to be strong," said Epictetus, and this quotation heads the publication which lists the Fascist achievements in that addition to education which they call the "physical and moral culture of our race."

"Mussolini is not content to build a new state for us to live in," wrote an Italian schoolboy; "he wishes to build a new race to live in it."

The family, motherhood, infant mortality, the whole range of social welfare, have been dealt with or may be dealt with by the public laws.

"It is an old-fashioned program," said I to the Duce.

"Most old-fashioned," said he—"old-fashioned and eternal."

Genius and Mystic

He has no room for birth control and those other isms which he feels run counter to the development of Nature. The inflictions of a degeneracy induced by blows struck at the family, at motherhood, at avoidance of normal obligations seem worse—much worse to him—than wars. In fact, however menacing the bursting population of Italy may be, however limited may be the results of measures other than emigration and colonization to relieve that bursting pressure, I do not believe that we will ever see him yielding to the familiar social-welfare-workers' programs of compromise.

It is in these movements—the nationalism of Italy, the welfare of youth, education, the development of a strong race—that the real enthusiasms of Mussolini are found. The administration of public organization both fascinates and bores him. In the field of administration and organization he has proved himself a genius, adapting his measures to the flow of events, quick and skilled in decisions, dominating even the councils of experts with his uncanny absorption of knowledge of finance, economics, business and technical methods. But for the development of the Italian race itself, he has the passion of a mystic, of a fanatic who believes that a new spiritual awakening, a new physical regeneration, a new commission from destiny is at hand. I prophesy that the coming part of his career will concern itself with the slogan of the national lyric Giovanezza—youth!

Mussolini—the real Mussolini—is disclosed today more than he was five years ago, and I believe, indeed, that he is a little more than ever disclosed to himself. He appears to me to be a man seeking to delegate mere administrative tasks. In fact, he is delegating them. Today his subordinates are the ones who keep the light burning all night in administrative buildings. The tourists who find the country cleaner, who see a revolution in agriculture, who observe modern agricultural machinery plowing soil which never felt the push of gasoline before, who note that trains run on time and that all demonstrations have ceased, and who find that the country is more efficient and less picturesque, usually conclude their review by saying, "The Duce, whatever you may say, has done something."

For myself I expect that his heart and mind now have gone deeper than mere administrative reform. The new state—its machinery and its perpetuation and the people who compose it—is now his principal concern.

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COMPARE the lamp used for home illumination with the small lamp in your automobile headlamps. The house lamp is larger and does not require the same adherence to accuracy, nor the same care in construction. Size, specifications and mechanical tolerances differ widely.
The building of a TUNG-SOL lamp is the work of experts—workers highly trained and skilled in the many delicate operations. There is no divided effort in the TUNG-SOL plant. No varied interests. That is why TUNG-SOL lamps have in them and behind them the expert experience, knowledge and traditions so essential to long life, satisfactory service and correct illumination. Insist upon TUNG-SOLS.
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TUNG-SOL LAMP WORKS INC.
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Makes the Best Drink Taste Better

IT IS AMAZING how drinking through a straw "snaps up" the flavor of the most delicious drink. That is why clever, discriminating hostesses always serve drinks with Stone's Straws.

It's so easy to keep Stone's Straws in the home for use at parties, meal-time and for serving milk and other drinks to children. The handy 10c Home Package contains a liberal supply.

Not only do straws make the best drink taste better, they also prevent gulping and thereby aid digestion. Stone's Straws are machine made, therefore absolutely sanitary. The best soda fountains and restaurants always use them. Get the 10c Home Package at your druggist's today.

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Once he used to ask me how we did this or that in industrial engineering in America; yesterday he asked me eagerly how we felt in regard to this or that human problem. The change was marked.

He might, if questioned, discuss the Fascist achievements and the material progress of Italy during these five years. He could say that development of water power has been great, that Italy now stands second in all countries as to the number of miles of railways electrified. He could say that Italy has fourth place now in the tonnage of merchant marine, that her export trade between 1922 and 1926 increased nearly one-third, and that in 1927, for the first time, the balance of trade was in Italy's favor. He could say that new Italy has added to the force of the regular army a well-trained voluntary militia, that the languishing air force has been built up in numbers, inventiveness and morale so that it has the respect of the world.

He could say that taxation has been reformed so that it does not throttle industry, and that economics in government has taken thousands of persons who worked or idled under a bureaucracy and put them into productive labor. He could show the increased acreage put into more cultivation of more useful crops, and he could recite the facts as to the Battle of the Grain, as the Fascists call it. He could show a record of honor in paying debts up to capacity to pay and a record of courage in stabilizing currency on a gold basis at the temporary cost of a serious industrial and commercial depression, from which passing phase Italy is now escaping.

But all these are incidents, as compared with a fundamental creation of a new state and a new youth.

For the first of these Mussolini must have spent sleepless hours of devising. No man who has been through the various stages of political philosophy which have absorbed most of his thought from boyhood, could have hewed out the new Fascist state as a mere evolution of a set of accumulated administrative acts; he has squeezed these hours for the meditation of a political philosopher from his days of amazing administrative activity and genius. "The old machinery," he would say, "had to run while the new was being designed and installed."

He detests the wastes of old parliamentarianism. This is expressed in the plans for a creation of a representative system exclusively Fascist. There is no hypocrisy as to that; the assumption is that the party and the nation are one. And what is the party? The party is the whole economic and productive, syndical and cooperative organization of Italy.

Fascist Representation

On this basis the whole creative power in terms of the people is to be represented from thirteen, and later more, categories of work, and each of these is to select and present to the Grand Fascista Council proposed candidates as representatives. The Grand Council may eliminate such of these candidates as it believes unfit for the welfare of the new state. The Grand Council also may add to the list other needed elements to complete a national representation, and then the whole ticket is presented to the nation for selection of a certain number of the candidates.

Territory and geographical representation are purposely ignored, so that the country, historically and in natural contour a series of pockets, may be aided in maintaining a new unity and in the obliteration of all sectionalism. Only those are to enjoy the suffrage who have an active part in the active life of the nation. Mussolini has striven to replace the garrulous legislator and the professional party politician by a board of directors. That board of directors he designs to represent politically the so-called organized corporations of syndicalism already in existence by the laws of 1926.

No better brief statement of the new Italian syndicalist state can be found than that of the ministerial report when the legislation was submitted:

"Now today, while no one doubts that it is illicit for individuals and families to take the law into their own hands, it still seems quite natural that social categories and classes should defend their own economic interests with their own forces—that is to say, that they should exercise the right of self-defense which is forbidden to individuals. And until a short time ago it seemed natural that categories and classes should take the law into their own hands, having recourse to the most brutal forms of material struggle. There was even a time in which the occupation of the factories was described as a breach of police regulations.

"Now the state is not a state—that is to say, it is not sovereign if it cannot succeed, as it did formerly in the case of individual self-defense, in forbidding the self-defense of categories and classes, and acting as a judge in the class struggle."

A World of Small Margins

"The Fascist state is facing this fundamental problem of modern life and means to settle it. The social and political conditions of Italy confer on your country the possibility, which is a real historic privilege, of putting an end to the disorderly self-defense of classes which afflicts the whole world, and of replacing it by the justice of the state. A state stronger than it ever was before both in the prestige of the government and the consent of the people; a syndical organization of a strictly national spirit, strongly organized and rigidly disciplined; the employer classes convinced of the excellency of the proposals made by the government and of the need of supporting them.

"It is only natural that the prohibition of class self-defense and the establishment of labor courts, which is the necessary corollary thereof, entails the organization of a whole system which will make their practical working possible.

"This system consists, in substance, of two institutions: The unions of syndicates of employers and of workers legally recognized and placed under the effective control of the state and the legal validity of collective contracts arranged by these syndicates for all employers and all workers.

"Legal recognition of the syndicates subject to strict state control; legal validity of collective contracts; labor courts exercising their jurisdiction over collective disputes; prohibition of self-defense and penalties for trespasses against this prohibition—these are the four fundamental points of the new regulation of labor which we desire to establish. They are the simple outlines of a big building, the construction of which has been and will be laborious, but which will stand as a milestone on the path of civilization."

If anyone considers that the Fascist state is to be confused with Socialism or communism, let Mussolini answer:

"Fascist syndicalism recognizes the historic function of capital and capitalism. In this we are distinctly anti-Socialist. According to the Socialist doctrine, capital is the monster; the capitalist is the jailer and the vampire. We believe that all this is bad literature. Capitalism not only is not declining but has hardly begun to dawn. We must accustom ourselves to think that the capitalistic system, with its qualities and its defects, has some centuries of life before it. So true is this, that in those places where it has been physically abolished it is returning.

"The Socialist idea which personified capitalism in certain persons and gave it to be understood that those individuals took pleasure in exploiting the poor proletarian was false. All that is ridiculous. Modern capitalists are captains of industry, great organizers; men who have, and must have, a deep sense of economic and civil responsibility; men upon whom the fate and wages and well-being of thousands and tens of thousands of working people depend. What can such men aim at? The success of their industry? The success of the nation? Personal enjoyment? But there is a law which is this: Riches can be accumulated ad infinitum, but the possibility of enjoying them is limited.

"One of the most burlesque things in Socialist literature was making out that human happiness depends exclusively on the more or less complete satisfaction of material needs. This is absurd. Capitalism has a function which Fascist syndicalism fully recognizes. Fascist syndicalism also realizes that everything is tied up with the destinies of the nation. If the nation is powerful, the least of her workmen can hold his head high. If the nation is impotent and disorganized, if the country is inhabited by a small, disorderly people, the results are felt by everybody, and all have to take on a humble and resigned attitude, as was the case for twenty years and more in Italy.

"Class collaboration—this is another fundamental point of Fascist syndicalism. Capital and labor are two terms which complete each other. One cannot do without the other. They must therefore come to an understanding, and it is possible for them to do so. I say this because I have the experience of three years of government."

The Duce is convinced of the truth that the world today is, as he says, "a world of small margins." According to him:

"There is another cause which explains this law. In meditating on what is occurring in the contemporary society, I have convinced myself that we might perhaps proclaim the law that modern life has abolished all margins. There is no longer a margin, even for nations. Neither individuals nor nations can afford the luxury of doing now what they did ten or twenty years ago. The struggle for life has become and is becoming ever more arduous. National groups which a century ago were small in number can point today to imposing masses of population; the population of Europe has increased by some tens of millions. No one today can afford to be a fool, and no people can give themselves up to indulgence in frequent and permanent strikes. One single hour—one single hour, I repeat—of work lost in a factory is already a serious misfortune to a nation."

The Spartan

One of the evidences of his faith that every hour counts is found in his recent discouragement of all parades, all proposed holidays, needless patriotic demonstrations, and especially of wasteful tributes paid to the Duce himself. He is a Spartan.

Perhaps we need them in the world today; especially that type whose first interest is the development and power and happiness of a race.

The last time I took leave of Mussolini he came prowling across the room as I went toward the door. His scowl had gone. The evening had come. There had been a half hour of quiet conversation. The old strained expression had fallen from his face. He came toward the door and rubbed his shoulder against the wall. He was relaxed and quiet.

I remembered Lord Curzon's impatience with him long ago, when Mussolini had first come into power, and Curzon used to refer to him as "that absurd man."

Time has shown that he was neither violent nor absurd. Time may show that he is both wise and humane. It takes the world a long time to see what has been dropped into the pan of its old scales.

In terms of fundamental and permanent effect upon the largest number of human beings—whether one approves or detests him—the Duce is now the greatest figure of this sphere and time. One closes the door when one leaves him, feeling, as when Roosevelt was left, that one could squeeze something of him out of one's clothes.

He is a mystic to himself.

I imagine, as he reaches forth to touch reality in himself, he finds that he himself has gone a little forward, an isolated and determined and illusive and untouchable soul just out of reach—onward

Types of American Beauty

Beauty is a priceless attribute. No matter whether Nature bestows it, or Man creates it, all eyes turn in its direction.

❡ Nash has achieved beauty, and a finer mode of motoring, in the Nash motor car. Perfection of taste in line, in color and in appointment, with painstaking care in coachcraft, lends luxury to your motoring when you choose the Nash.

❡ There is a richer lustre to your car's finish. The Nash deep-lustre process imparts depth and sheen to color tones.

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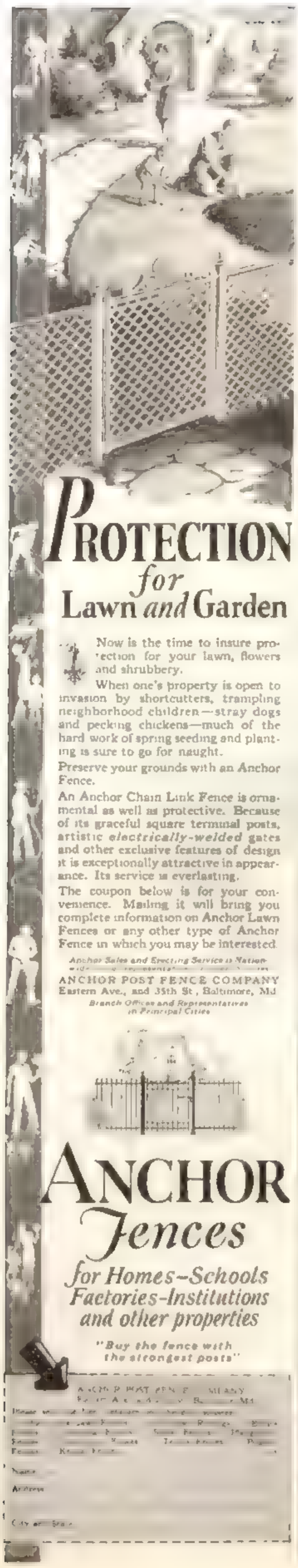
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Now is the time to insure protection for your lawn, flowers and shrubbery.
When one's property is open to invasion by shortcutters, trampling neighborhood children—stray dogs and pecking chickens—much of the hard work of spring seeding and planting is sure to go for naught.
Preserve your grounds with an Anchor Fence.
An Anchor Chain Link Fence is ornamental as well as protective. Because of its graceful square terminal posts, artistic electrically-welded gates and other exclusive features of design it is exceptionally attractive in appearance. Its service is everlasting.
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"Buy the fence with the strongest posts"

THE WHEELBARROW

Continued from Page 37

self-sufficient girl as a sort of star to steer by. But after all, he now reflected, no mariner ever steered by a star with the expectation or desire to reach it ultimately. Stars and planets are unattainable; serve merely as guides in a general way to some other mark. Besides, they change their own positions in relation to the helmsman. Amory smiled to himself as he thought of the old story of the landsman at the wheel who, unable to steer a compass course accurately, was told by the mate to keep the vessel's head northeast, and for a certain unmistakable celestial body. Toward the end of his watch the landsman called to the mate: "Hey, mister, gimme another star! We've passed that one!"

And now, Amory realized with a certain shock, he had passed Yonne. More than that, he had passed her, without being entirely aware of it, on his way through the woods to Tide Mill House, just after his encounter with Sabine.

Sabine—the thought of this girl now swept over Amory like a breaking wave, which first submerges, then lifts the swimmer. He had in rapid succession disapproved, admired, censured, resented, approved and, though unwilling to admit it, desired Sabine, that hot-headed but valiant beauty. And now, after her serene depiction as loyal friend and comforter to her misguided stepbrother, this cool, sensible, maternal guise offered for Amory's inspection an unsuspected font of tenderness beneath her superficial hardness.

Amory became instantly aware that a man's selection of a certain type of woman from whom to choose his wife may be as far removed from the sort of woman his nature craves as the equator from the pole. In that moment, as the old tub hammered its way along to disturb the serenity of the bay, Amory perceived that he had been blowing hot and cold, but always toward Sabine, from the moment when he had felt her lithe, vigorous body suddenly relax while her eyes looked up with veiled questioning into his own.

To temper the feeling inspired by his thought of Sabine came the cooling query: What about her feeling for himself? How much of Sabine's last softness had been gratitude for Amory's kindness to that sick young gorilla of a Howard? It was plain enough that all of Sabine's vigorous efforts from the very start had been directed toward keeping Howard out of an ugly mess. So had Yonne's first softening been to keep her own brother out of a similar mess; and for that matter, to carry on, there had been Jenny likewise malleable to keep her stepfather out of this same mess.

Each of these three girls, Amory perceived, had accepted gratefully his chivalrous tokens of support for the sake of some man to whom she was partisan. In kissing these three unkissables, as one of them had said, in rapid succession, Amory could not claim any notable achievement in gallantry. He had not claimed it, in fact, but nevertheless, his previous sense of authority now suffered a flop. Perhaps they had all been secretly amused at his gallant gestures, Amory thought.

In this more chastened mood he managed to lay the bulky launch alongside. His quartermaster took the boat's painter, then said, as Amory stepped aboard:

"Mr. Phelps has gone ashore, sir. He left a note for you on your desk."

Though all set to talk to Howard like an elder brother, or stepbrother, hopefully, Amory heard this news with distinct relief. He nodded and went below, picked up an envelope of his yacht's stationery, tore it open and found these few but pregnant words scrawled in a hand so shaking as to make dubious a signature on a check:

Dear Payne: I've been a rotten, selfish cad, but beg to see the [illegible] I trusted Jenny, and [illegible] the news that Jules killed Sol. [illegible] I [illegible] she'll let me, I'll stay with her, where I belong. She is my wife. Gratefully yours, H. P.

Amory whistled softly to himself. So Howard had some man in the depths of his self-indulgent soul. Jenny was the woman to develop it. She would have, Amory reflected, some news for Howard, too, and it would not all be homicide: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away."

Relief at this news reminded Amory that he had breakfasted at dawn. Not wishing now to risk the chance of not seeing Sabine by lunching below, he was about to tell his steward to serve him on deck, when he caught sight of her, in her two-seater, coming up the shore road as it approached the neck that made a *presqu'île* of the Chimney Corner. Amory jumped for the painter of the Deforest launch, hauled it to the starboard quarter, dropped into it and had the engine started before his quartermaster was able to lend a hand. He had reached the landing, made fast and gained the landward front of the Reading Room before Sabine drew up at the entrance to that shrine.

She gave him a brief nod. "So your guest jumped ship."

"Yes, more power to him. He saw the light." Amory reached in his pocket and handed the girl Howard's note.

She glanced it through, then said, "Give me a match. The less known about all this, the better for all concerned."

Amory struck a match and held the flame to a corner of the note. "I meant to do that after showing it to you. This vindicates your faith in Howard. When did he go over there, and how?"

"Not long after you went over with Paul. I was sticking round here. He came on deck and signaled me. I paddled over and he told me that he couldn't rest until he'd seen Jenny. Then he told me they'd been married all this time. I'd rather suspected that. So I drove him round there."

"Was Paul still there?" Amory asked.

"Yes. You had just gone. I wanted to see you, so I turned round and beat it back."

Amory was silent for a moment, then asked, "Do you know who really killed Sol Whittemore, Sabine?"

"It must have been Paul—in self-defense, of course. Sol was convinced that he had ruined Jenny's life."

"It wasn't Paul," Amory said, "and it wasn't myself."

"Who then? Not Yonne ——"

"No; it was Jenifer."

"That's impossible," Sabine said quickly.

"She thought it was Jules. Everything went black with Howard, over there in the woods, when Jules swung his ax. Sol must have sensed it and side-stepped, then killed Jules. After that he put on Jules' Mackinaw and hat, because he had another job to do."

"Paul?" Sabine's full voice was hushed.

"Yes. Sol knew that Jules was out to get Paul too. So, after sliding Jules into the quicksand, Sol decided to shove his next killing onto the man he had just killed. He made for Tide Mill House and from ambush saw me enter it and thought that I was Paul."

"Made my mistake," Sabine murmured.

"Precisely. He couldn't see the yacht from where he had fired, and after he had passed through the flume and sighted her he may not have realized his mistake. Anyhow, he mistook my dinghy for the Deforest rowboat, last night in the fog."

"If only you'd sung out," Sabine said.

"Well, you see, I thought it was the lobster man who had blackmailed me that morning, and that he wanted to bump me off because he believed I had something on him."

"Go on," Sabine said. Her tawny eyes were glowing. "This gets us to where Sol went to the mill after chasing us into the woods."

"Something comes in between," Amory said—"Jenifer."

"To do what?" Sabine's voice was tense, a sort of feline purr, resonant and soft and deep.

"To warn Paul that Jules was on his trail. Jenifer had seen Jules skulking and spying on the C. G. boat. She heard the shots out in the fog, and the outboard motor, and assumed that Jules had taken Sol's lobster boat and was after Paul. Jenny reasoned that Paul might dodge him in the fog and go back to the mill, for fear Jules might go there and find Yonne alone."

"Was she armed?" Sabine asked.

"No. She had only a torch. She went along the shore and by a path she knew. When she entered she heard somebody in the flume, so she armed herself from the gun case."

"Good for her," Sabine breathed—"lightning through her rain—the pioneer breed. Well, I always felt that about her."

"Sol raised the trap and threw on his light, and Jenny poured it into him. Then she opened the trap a crack and peered in and saw the red-checked Mackinaw. So, though horrified, she thought her job not altogether bad."

"Gosh"—Sabine stared with blazing golden eyes—"she thought she had killed Jules—and still thinks that."

"And must keep on everlastingly thinking that same thing," Amory said. "Why not? Howard thinks Jules killed Sol. He saw Jules all set for the lethal ax swipe when he passed out. Jules is in the most forgetful sort of *oubliette*. The only ones who know the truth are you and Paul and I. Let's forget it."

Sabine nodded. "Let's forget it." She looked profoundly thoughtful.

Amory watched her keenly for a moment, then said, "Thanks to you."

She brought up her splendid shoulders with a jerk. "Why me?"

"Because your act makes it possible. It must have been you that hauled up the slide in the flume and let a couple of feet of water through. That disposed of Sol. The ebb tide and Labrador current will do the rest, Paul thinks."

A little tremor went through Sabine. "I crept up and listened outside the open window and heard enough to know that Sol's body was in the flume. When you both went out I slipped down and pulled the lever."

"Why?"

"Can't you guess?"

"Of course—to keep Howard clear of it."

"Stupid. To keep you clear of it."

"What? Why, how could they stick it on me?"

"They couldn't. But they could have muddied you up. Some people never get the right of things. Paul was getting set to arrest you when I slipped back to the flume. I waited then for you to go away. When you both went out I opened her up. Paul must have heard the water go through."

"He did, and thought it my act. He believed me by that time. So you did that for me." Amory's voice had a deep tremor. "Thank you, Sabine."

"Well, why not?" She gave him a challenging stare from her deep amber eyes. "You had been doing your little best for everybody. You had something coming to you. In fact you have still."

"What sort?"

"Almost anything you feel like asking any of us, I'd say." Her tone was cool, almost rough. "Paul or Howard or Jenny or Yonne ——" She hesitated.

"Or you, Sabine?"

"Or little me. Well, that's that. What about some luncheon? All this rum running and bushwhacking and secret marriage and homicide makes me hungry. I'm a material brute. You ought to know that."

"Then it's good material. I could do with a bite. Yonne gave me breakfast at dawn and I've been busy ever since. The trail of the lonesome wheelbarrow was hard work, though the end of it was bad for the appetite. Things have happened since. I can't ask you to mess with me aboard,

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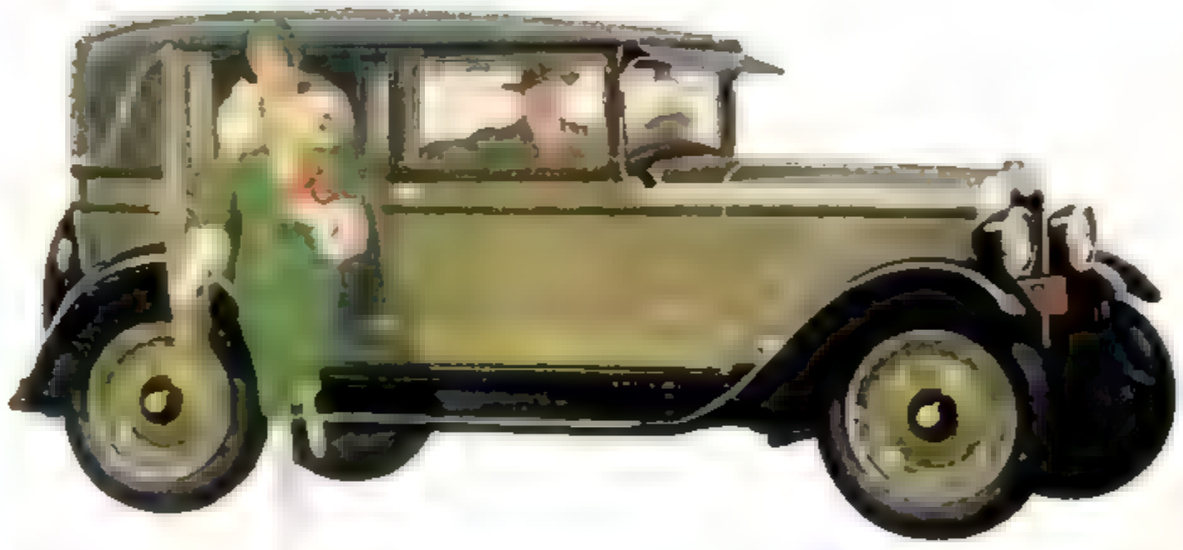

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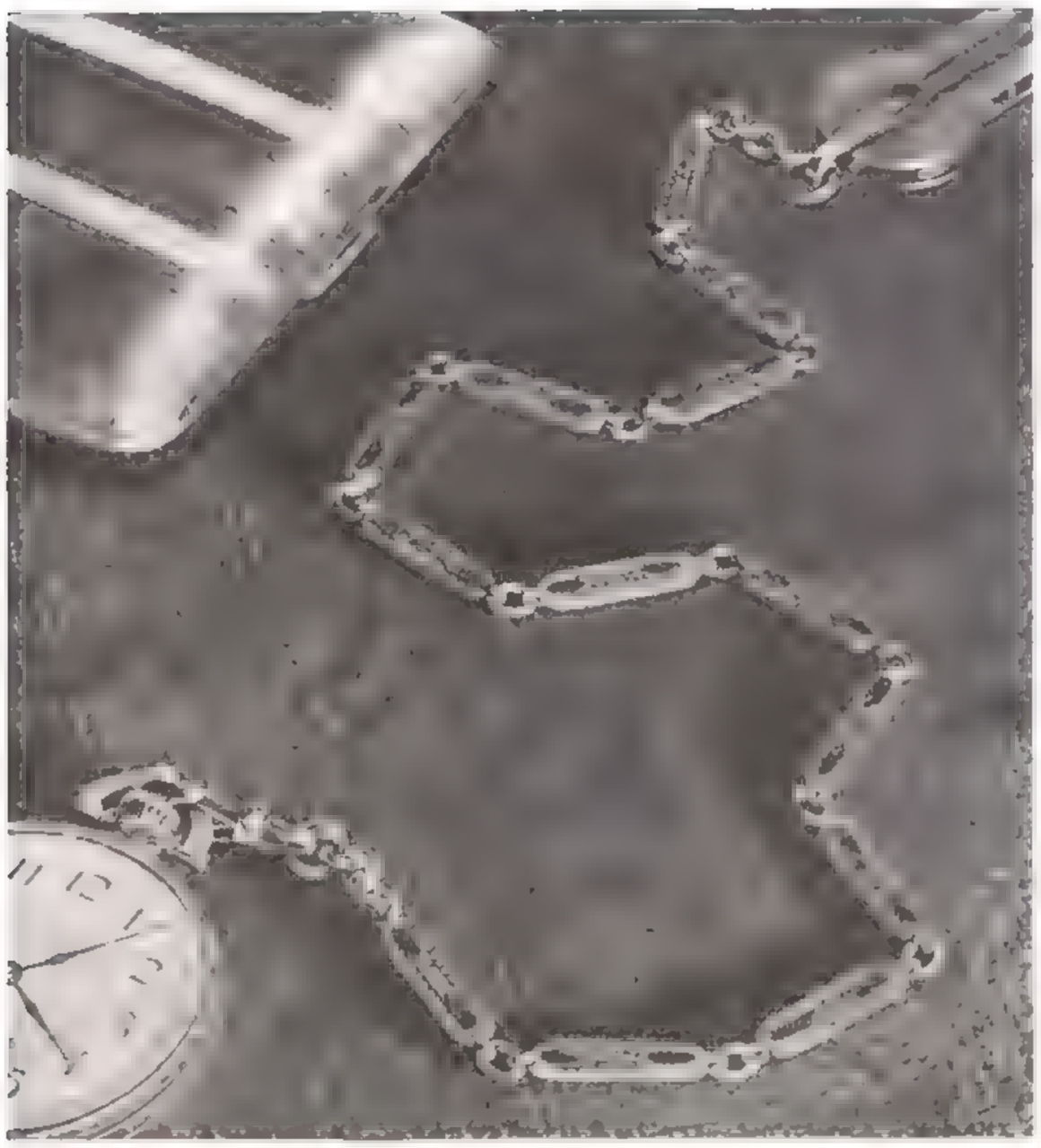

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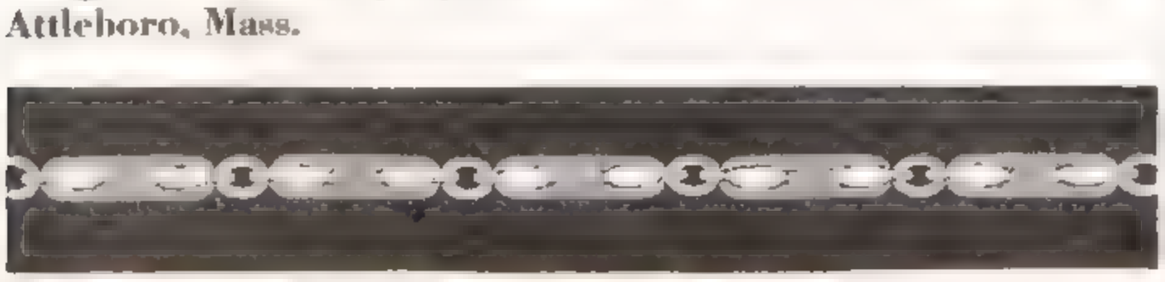

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right under the windows of the temple. Would it break any blue laws if we were to peck here in the Reading Room?"

"Oh, no, but the pecking is poor—limited fodder. Look here, I was going to take this rock-a-bye of mine to Cliffport this afternoon and leave it there to get the valves ground and timing timed. Climb aboard and we'll get nourished at a little inn that's good, and be driven back in a car from the garage. I don't want to see Papa Phelps just yet."

"Can do. Wait a moment while I tell my quartermaster to take the Deforest launch back to Tide Mill House. It's A. W. O. L."

He ran down and gave this order, then returned and got in beside Sabine. They started off barely in time to escape Mrs. Wilmerding, who, having observed them from her charming house near by, was cutting short her luncheon to investigate a little. For some distance they rolled on in silence.

Then Sabine quoted, as if to herself, "The mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small." She waved her bare arm at the broad stretch of bay with the open sea beyond. "That's the biggest of them, out there."

"Yes," Amory agreed, "and Paul Deforest one of the millers."

"You're all wrong about Paul," Sabine said. "Like the rest of the Deforest family, he's so pure an artist as to be personally inartistic."

"Which says what?" Amory asked.

"Their several talents are natural gifts which they spend without cost or effort. Paul's happens to be dramatic. When he's acting a part he can't help but be exactly true to form. That makes him inelastic." She looked at Amory. "I rather fancied myself in love with him until last night."

"I thought so," Amory said drearily, "and I don't believe you got over it last night."

"No. It was yesterday morning—after our Donnybrook—when you gave me your coat with the watch in the pocket, then cheerfully promised to perjure yourself for me, an entire stranger. Paul could never have done that. He might be a chivalrous gentleman or he might be a thorough and complete perjurer, but he couldn't possibly be both of those things at the same time and so easily unconscious of the paradox."

"Inconsistent I'll admit, when you put it that way," Amory murmured.

"It met something in myself halfway," Sabine went on. "I'm a bit like that—a lady thug, as you might say, and unaware of it."

"Yonne," said Amory, "is rather like her brother, I imagine—exact."

"Yes, but unlike Paul, with only a single rôle. They all run true to form, but Paul changes with his part, then sticks on that without a flaw. If things had broken differently he might have been a burglar instead of a Coast Guard officer. Then he'd have played burglar to the limit—or evangelist or Bolshevik—any darn thing. But I will say he wouldn't mix his gaits until his show was over. At last I'm onto Paul."

"All the same, he's a good sort."

"You'd say that, Amory. You're the only squareshooter that ever had a hand for Howard. You go your kindly, classy way without bothering about any fixed principles at all. You submit to blackmail to keep your word to a strange, fighting girl, then tell Yonne that if her brother happens, unfortunately, to be engaged in rum running you will give him a job as sailing master of your yacht."

"She told you that?"

"Yonne did. To discourage any incipient tender interest of mine, I fancy. She needn't have."

"Why not?"

"Because Yonne's the wife for you, and before you know me long you'll discover that I'm not livable with. Can't stand the gaff. If I marry, it ought to be a lion tamer with a loaded whip handy," she finished bitterly.

"The master lion tamers don't use 'em," Amory said. "They depend on something better ... keenness of mind, patience and rewards."

"I was afraid you were going to say moral force. Well, you've got the former, God knows. In a few words you calm my shuddering ape of a stepbrother and make a human being of him, and you keep your head when blazed away at in the fog, and outwit Sol, then fall over his corpse without letting out a yell while after a gun to stalk him with. Then you calmly offer yourself as accessory after the fact of two homicides and advise forgetting them, as if they were painful peccadillos that gentlemen don't discuss. For downright unruffled nerve combined with kindly elegance I never knew your like, Amory Payne."

"You flatter me. A less kindly critic would say I follow the line of least resistance."

Sabine turned again and her old-gold eyes glowed at him. "Then that critic would lie. All you had to do was to upstick and beat it."

"I came near doing that thing."

"What stopped you?" Sabine challenged.

"I like to finish what's started on me. You started it."

"That's true. And now you've finished it. Well, it's taught me a lot."

She fell silent again; deep, as Amory could see, in long, long thoughts. It struck him suddenly that there was much of the kid in this tempestuous and temperamental girl, and a profundity of sweetness underneath. Her self-disparagement was childish and her frankness that of a small but foursquare boy. Whatever was feline about Sabine was confined to her looks and violence, Amory knew, and that was royal of its sort. Her eyes might burn, but also they could melt in their own heat.

Presently she burst out with a startling flagrance, as if to shock or even to repel him by sheer starkness of speech:

"After all, poor silly Howard and Jenifer were right about their mating, except in keeping it a secret. Take her for a ride and bring her back a bride—that beats the conventional marriage. Cave dwellers managed it right."

"The bride must have had a fearful headache though," Amory ventured.

"No more than she has nowadays. To say nothing of writer's cramp when she starts on her thank-you letters for the junk she's got to square herself for some day. But poor Jenny would have loved the show. What would rile me would roll off her. She hasn't my unregenerate mind. Neither has Yonne. She'll make you a lovely bride, Amory."

"Don't jump at conclusions, Sabine. Jump at me all you like. That seems to be in character with you, if what you say is true—which it isn't. We've done that stuff and quit friends. If we could manage that when you hated me for a Coast Guard scout after Howard, then I should worry about the next event."

"Not much chance of any," Sabine muttered. "I don't mind telling you now that I've been horribly ashamed ever since. But you make it easy, Amory. I could hug you."

"Not while you're doing forty per. There are some chances I decline to take. It's grand to die happy, but I'd rather live that way. What is this ahead?"

"The purlieus of the historic port of cliffs, yclept Cliffport. They reach for miles. Some fool pilgrims landed here once for freedom to worship God and burn witches," Sabine spoke savagely. "They slaughtered the Indians and cut down the forests and built tide mills to saw them up for ships to kill whales in. Some of them so profited by this rich new country that they are digging clams today."

"Why so bitter? The clams are sweet. We might eat a few when you get over your grouch."

"I'm all upset, my dear," Sabine said plaintively. "What with getting chased around last night by Sol, then damned for a

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pampered side-stepper and four-flusher by Paul, and sat on for a hussy by you ——"

"How, sat on?" Amory interrupted.

"Hard. For wanting to stop there the little that was left of a busy night when I was so fagged that my legs would hardly hold me up, and to escape listening to Paul declaim all the way back to the lobster pound."

"Did he do that?"

"No. He was too high art to spoil his oration by an anticlimax that might have finished by my beaning him with the boat hook. And I see your own civic virtue didn't balk at keeping house with Yonne for the wee small hours."

"That is her home," Amory said. "I was the watchdog."

He began to understand Sabine's bitterness. It was partly nerves—the aftermath of the violence and danger that had not dismayed her valiant spirit at the time—partly remorse for her own undisciplined behavior.

She felt that she had degraded the respect Amory might otherwise have felt for her, and now, instead of trying to redeem herself, she was, with the perversity of a tempestuous child who feels that she is in all wrong, wading even deeper. Having already got her feet wet, she recklessly strode on in over her boots.

"Why did you tell me one story about your meeting with Howard, and Paul another?" Amory asked. "And which was the truth?"

"What I told Paul," Sabine said promptly. "I didn't want you to think I was trying to square myself in your eyes and offer an alibi about wanting to confiscate the rotten hooch Howard was running, and chuck it overboard. But I didn't care what Paul thought. Besides, it seemed time to chuck all the cards on the table."

"It sure was," Amory agreed, and added untruthfully: "But I don't quite get your wanting me to think the worst of you."

"Then you must be thick," Sabine said shortly, and slowed the car. Cliffport, like many townships of its kind, appeared to start remotely from its base and to straggle on for miles in a semidetached fashion along the road. It pridefully ignored the visiting stranger's mild curiosity as to where the town itself might begin and offered no large roadside WELCOME TO CLIFFPORT sign for his better information.

"Is this a county seat?" Amory asked presently.

"Yes. Why?"

"I want to get a driving license. If I decide to stick on for a while I might want to charter a car."

Sabine jabbed the horn vindictively at a local inhabitant who had paused to light a cigar in the middle of the road. "Say it all—to do your courting in. Is Yonne as slow on the uptake as all that—or are you?"

"It's a long jump," said Amory, "and there's many a slip 'twixt the church and the ship."

"Once you lug her aboard, the girl is yours," Sabine retorted. "You've already done that. Why didn't you hang onto her?"

"One might as well be hung for a lion as a lamb," Amory said cryptically, but the remark escaped Sabine, who was having a little trouble trying to make up the mind of a woman driver turning into the road while she called back some directions to a blond hired girl relating to her pies. The squeak was rather close and they rolled on. Sabine muttering commentaries not complimentary to her sex in general and particularizing on that same member of the fair sex in the fairway.

"There's the courthouse ahead," she informed Amory. "You might save time and get a marriage license while you're at it. Take a leaf from Howard's book. You can never tell about these still waters that flow deep. They develop speed when the banks narrow."

Amory nodded. "There comes a tide in the affairs of girls which taken at its flood leads on to trouble ——"

"Oh, can the quotations. Yonne would never make you any trouble. There's none of that stuff in her system. She never loses her head. In a moment of the highest tension she would pause to ask: 'Amory, dear, did you think to put out the cat?'" She whirled up and stopped with a jerk before a large square building.

"Here's where you get your collision license," Sabine said.

Amory did not keep her waiting long. He came out briskly, stepped in beside her and said: "That was easy. They didn't ask for a reference, or if I knew my job, or anything. Just handed it over and told me where I might find what I'm looking for."

"Where's that?" Sabine asked, listlessly.

"Straight on to the Soldiers' Monument, then left turn past two streets, right turn, third house."

"You sound like a London bobby, and that reminds me that Paul said Howard and Jenny were married near Boston—Framingham, I think. So, if you are trying to check up on them to see that they were spliced all shipshape and proper, you've come to the wrong shop."

"That's the least of my cares. Howard and Jenny are for the moment off the stage of my mind. So are Paul and Yonne."

Sabine appeared to tauten. She sat up from her drooping position behind the wheel. "Then what's all this about a driving license and a car?"

"I have some timber tracts in New Brunswick I ought to visit before starting on an extended voyage. I planned to cruise on to St. Johns, then go in from there. But I now think I'd rather go from here. It would take about ten days. Fundy fog and tide are not so good for the tired business man. I've thought of something better."

"You would," Sabine said. "If you didn't know precisely what you wanted for a few hours, you'd mighty soon find out."

"That's the idea. Here's the Soldiers' Monument, and I've seen lots worse that cost heaps more. Left, please."

"The Deforests were on the committee to pass on it," Sabine said. "The two older boys were overseas. Paul never got beyond Newport, to his rage. He was junior lieutenant on a sub chaser. Now he chases rummies."

"Well, they've torpedoed more men, women and children. . . . Right, please. Third house—that one with the flivver scratching its ribs on the gatepost. Just a minute, please. I may ask you to step in and vouch for me, if the man I want is here."

Before the car had stopped, Amory slipped out, went briskly up onto the narrow old-fashioned porch and rang the bell. Sabine, as she watched him, found herself in a curious state of physical passivity, though her mind was sparking and firing rapidly enough. Here was a young man of a sort distinctly new to her of whom, though their contacts had been so violently close in the episodes of the past thirty hours, she knew scarcely anything at all. She did not need to know. Being the intuitive creature she was, Sabine felt the tug of him.

Perhaps she felt a good deal more that it seemed scarcely worth her while to dwell upon. Amory had walked into a crucial instance of her life, straightened it out, and now seemed walking out again in pleasant and debonair fashion. He was, it would appear, no mere rich idler like most of the men of her circle, but a business man who combined his fiscal affairs with sport. Like the thrifty French, he found use for what was to others lost time, availing himself of what happened to be at hand.

In the same bodily lethargy, but with senses strangely acute, Sabine saw the door opened by a pleasant-faced matronly woman who, after Amory had spoken, gave Sabine a quick smiling glance. Amory entered. The door closed. Sabine looked past into the grounds of the next house, where an elderly gentleman was tying up some ramblers, assisted by a young girl. The woman who had let Amory in went out a side door to the gate of a dividing fence and said a few words in a low tone to the pair. They stopped their work and crossed over to enter the house. The girl brought with her a little basket of freshly cut white rambler roses.

Sabine found nothing singular in all this. She was merely watching a series of actions that had about them something reminiscent. When presently Amory came to the front door and called quietly "Will you come in for a few moments, Sabine?" she got out of the car and went up the path and steps as one who obeys an expected summons. If Amory had not said that he might require her presence, it would have been the same. It was as if some powerful, irresistible attraction drew her to that house and into it.

Then, as the door closed behind her, Sabine's awareness of her immediate surroundings and the folk who peopled them increased. She seemed to recognize each detail of the place and to feel a hallowedness in all about her. For an instant she was almost overcome by the sense that all this had happened somewhere remotely before, or in a dream within the last hour, for elapsed time was not concerned with it.

She found herself at Amory's side, and that he was holding her hand and smiling quietly and encouragingly into her bewildered face. Then a man with silvery hair and benignant features stepped in front of them. He had a book in his hand—an open book of prayer—and Sabine realized, with a swift dawning of profound understanding, that a ritual had begun and that its purport was the marrying of herself to Amory.

XXIII

SABINE did not exclaim. She did not gasp or shrink or draw away, or make any nervous movement at all. She turned her head slowly toward Amory and her tawny eyes looked into his black-lashed gray ones to an infinite depth. Then a color that started where her dress cut the round column of her throat rose in a rosy tide under her saffron tan and crept up to drench her fine clear skin with a crimson that was not deep but exquisite in hue. Reaching her slightly prominent cheek bones, it threw its waves round her burning eyes and forced the moisture into them, so that they glistened and glowed like yellow diamonds. It passed on over the wide sweep of forehead, and as it disappeared under the roots of her thick, wavy hair, the color began to recede from where it had started, as though like an aurora. The only feature to escape this inundation was the nose set at its upward slant and giving provocation to a face that might otherwise have been too menacing and lionesque.

Then she smiled and gave a deep, long, shuddering sigh that was inaudible but none the less perceptible. It was a gesture of surrender, as though, having walked blindly into the trap, she accepted thrillingly its liens. Her eyes went again to Amory with a look of appeal and docility. His own smiled at her, and his clasp of her hand tightened almost painfully.

The witnesses scarcely ventured to look at this pair. They seemed to feel instinctively that here was something different from the ordinary elopement taking place—a sort of sacrament that should by rights be inviolate of scrutiny. Sabine's overwhelming emotion was apparent enough, and so was the surprise that it contained, but this would seem scarcely consistent unless it were the difficulty of realizing a dream come true. This much at least was unmistakable—that the witnesses were in the presence of a love such as stirs few lives, but has its foundation in some age remote, when the race thought less and felt more.

Again to Sabine came that surge of reminiscence that banished any self-consciousness she might otherwise have felt. It persisted as Amory kissed her at the conclusion of the ceremony, and her own lips merely vibrated, as if a galvanic current had passed through them. She was dimly conscious of the startled look on the face of the kindly minister as he glanced at

Continued on Page 147

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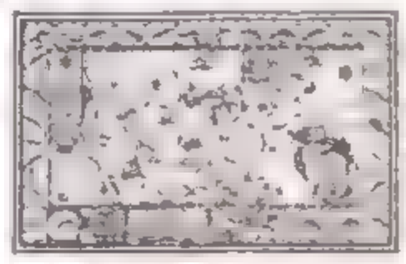

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the slip of paper Amory proffered him, and read a name widely known in the northern part of that state; all over it, in fact and above, the four figures.

Sabine calmly and graciously accepted the timid congratulations of those present, scarcely hearing them, but falling back instinctively on the perfect form of the born and bred aristocrat. Amory was more normal, with a sort of big business man's sang-froid at the conclusion of some enormous deal.

"I came into the Chimney Corner on my yacht and took this young lady by surprise," he said easily. "There will be a lot of surprise about it, but no protest at all that I can imagine. We both agreed that the best way to get married was precisely like this. But my wife"—his gray eyes twinkled at Sabine—"really never guessed what was going to happen here until it had started."

They went out and got into the car. "You drive," said Sabine. "I'd be apt to land upon a stoop. I'm not used to this sort of thing."

"I'm not used to being tackled by a perfectly strange girl and slammed down into a trout pool," Amory said. "but I managed to weather it out. So will you."

"Why did you do it?" Sabine asked.

"This isn't the time and place to tell you about that. If I were to try we'd be apt to get arrested."

"We scarcely know each other."

"Better than anything in all this wide world."

"Would you call it love?"

"The only kind." Amory spoke with a finality of conviction.

"But all the arguments, the exchange of ideas, comparison of minds. The endless words, the preparations ——"

"We deal in deeper knowledge, that tells us from the core of understanding."

"I know it, Amory. I knew it from the start. But mustn't there be the introductory matter—the getting acquainted? How can I be your wife when I don't know what you expect of me?"

"All of that was said in the service," Amory assured her.

"But all wasn't told. Do you respect me? Am I to help, or merely to serve your life? Are you aware that I'm merely a kid in head and heart?"

"All that has been told in what I've done, my sweet," Amory said softly. "I shall start presently to say it all in words, because I suppose a woman loves to hear them. That can be done as we go along together. But now that I've married you I think I'd first better feed you. Hungry?"

"Ravenous. An hour ago I thought I'd never want to touch food again. You seemed to have walked into my life merely to walk out again."

"I've walked in to stay. Where is this inn? After that we can take the car to the car smith. Then let's walk back through the woods to the lobster pound and get somebody to ferry us across."

"Straight ahead—on the pike at the far edge of the town. But what about your trip to the timber tract and the car you want for it? Was that camouflage?"

"Not entirely. But we'll slip quietly aboard the schooner and go from Portland—only a day's run. You wanted to jolt the Chimney Corner till the bricks fell out. Here's your chance."

"All right. But I'll leave a note. Amory, I'm happy."

"Flying high myself. Don't dare express myself right here. Traffic would suffer. We don't want to go from the preacher to the prison. You are the girl of my golden dreams, the only reason for my heart's beating. It took me a little while to get it, but I did. Years of racial habit shouted at me that thoughts like mine were a form of madness. It's the only pure sanity on earth."

"Don't startle me," Sabine said. "I feel drunk."

They drove on and fetched up at the inn. There is this to be said for the physical routine of life—its demands are checks to speeding, like the *cassis* and *cantreaux* across French roads. One must pause to eat and sleep and brush one's teeth.

Physical demands are the governors, the controls to keep us from running down like a tin toy that winds up and scoots at top speed until its power is spent.

So now the newly wedded were forced to eat and thus to grow better acquainted. Sabine learned her husband's middle name and Amory discovered who had been his wife's father and what had been his name. She informed him also that she was ignorant as a savage, had no arts or graces, no manners or training, had been flung out of several schools, disliked society and was probably reincarnated from an aborigine. All this enchanted Amory, who was not gregarious.

He related in turn his own shortcomings—his solitary habit of mind and body, that he liked big trees and little camps, big waves and little ships, was fond of puppies and very small children, but detested them half-grown. He knew little of young women, but had learned a lot in the last two days and hoped to learn still more. His health was good enough and he was mildly fond of sports, but better with an ax than with a golf stick, more familiar with a ship's wheel than a roulette one. All this enchanted Sabine, who saw possibilities for his development.

They leaned heavily on the fresh sea food—a strong prop. Waffles made good dunnage to chink any corners left. Then, with systems reënforced against a four-mile walk through the woods across the neck, they left the car at the garage, where Amory also left orders for the charter of a solidly built sedan that might be able to negotiate corduroy roads.

By this time Sabine was beginning to feel quite well acquainted with her husband. Amory declined to smoke, saying that his early training in the big timber, where a cigarette butt might cost his father a million, had put him off smoking and he had never got on again. Sabine therefore suppressed her own slight craving. Tobacco on the breath of a girl might not be noticed by a man who smoked himself, but for the nonsmoker there were more alluring scents for his young bride.

She thought of this again as they left the shore and turned into the woods, when Amory stooped and plucked a bunch of wintergreen, offering her a spray. "The old scouts dry this stuff and make tea of it for rheumatiz," he said. "The purest form of methyl salicylate." Sabine had never heard of this methyl product, though she knew that methyl alcohol was not so good. Her heart misgave her a little as she contemplated her husband's vast fund of useful knowledge. Her husband—and she was not yet quite sure whether he was nearer thirty or forty. He gave her a landmark on this point a few minutes later by mentioning that his Yale academic class had been 1915, which placed his age at about thirty-four.

The intimate solitude of the woods enveloped them. The springing arches frescoed in green formed a sheltering labyrinth of many lofty rooms tapestried in whorls of arboreal design and leafy patterns. It was like a mystic fairy palace built of glamour, its brightness tempered, enduring for as long as the sunbeams filtered through. In this multiform second growth, with its varied furnishings, there was none of the stately gloom of primeval woods, but the joyousness of Arcady.

One looked to see nymphs and fauns peeping and giggling at them from behind the arras of foliage.

Amory paused and looked at Sabine with a smile. "Is the shock absorber working, darling girl? All this soothing to startled nerves?"

"Not yet, Amory, but it will be. How perfectly you understand."

"I've learned a new truth. We are all tremendously civilized, whatever our flashes of impulse. I'm wondering if I did wrong to skip the preparatory course."

(Continued on Page 149

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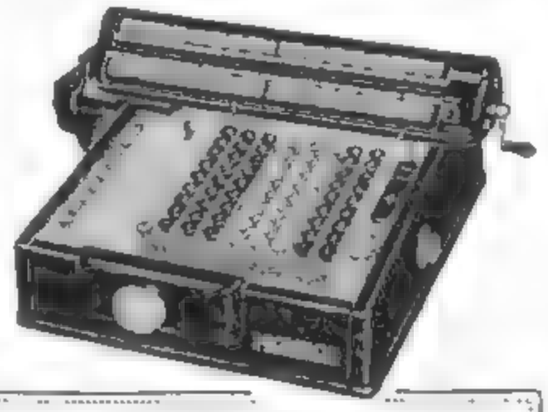

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"I asked for this without knowing it," Sabine said. "It's all right. It's the only way when both are sure. But just at this moment my civilization is putting up a howl. Last night I was less scared at the prospect of being killed by Sol than I am this moment at being kissed by you."

"Then you kiss me," Amory said. "Kiss me once now, then cultivate the habit as we go along. I'll stand fast."

Sabine kissed him shyly, then drew back. "Like flying for the first time. Why should I be so silly? If we had merely got engaged I'd be hugging your head off, as I felt like doing when you took Howard aboard your boat. But because we've got married I feel as if you were full of TNT."

"Because you've stepped off into water over your head before learning to swim—without one toe on the sand. I never believed in ducking children—pitching them in to sink or swim—and after all, you are sheer child."

"You must be right," Sabine murmured. "But the next time you may try kissing me. The same way."

"I've noticed that the silver birches are few and scattered in this neck of woods," Amory said. "So are the few oaks left. When we come to a silver birch, you kiss me. When we pass an oak, I'll kiss you."

They resumed their way. Courtship, Amory reflected as he piloted their course, was after all a necessary prelude to marriage in the case of highly evoluted folk. There might be an intensive course, but even that ought properly to precede matrimony. Yet he did not regret his act. There was an ecstatic thrill to his and Sabine's situation, and its handling demanded a finesse, or else a precipitation that might be wrought by some outside agency.

His own unforeseen constraint was no less than Sabine's, though he masked it better. He had to mask it for her sake. It would not do for him to be shy any more than to be impetuous. What their position toward each other now required was some sort of unforeseen explosion, some outer force to hurl them into each other's arms.

But the smiling woods now mischievously withheld such aid. The white birches hid themselves in the sylvan depths and not an oak tree reared itself. Perhaps it was just as well, since the very absence of these emblematic trees on which Amory had counted became presently a source of mirth.

"And you call yourself a woodsman," Sabine said. "If you had made it even balsams."

"Annoying," Amory agreed, "when we are so willing to learn. Cheer up. We may run into a birch grove presently."

"But then there would be no oaks, and I don't want to go on a solitary kissing spree when I've got a perfectly experienced husband."

"My practice was limited to first aid," Amory said. "Socially speaking, I know scarcely anything at all about the exercise. But guidance will be given, I trust. The main thing is to remove its dread, like the fear of the water in learning to swim."

Sabine's eyes glowed at him. "Your technic is good. My fears are dissipating like a spook in a spotlight. Must there be oaks?"

"There must," Amory said firmly—"one of them, at least. We made a bargain for a course of instruction with these woods as coach. We mustn't start our married life by a breach of faith."

The "married life" sent a fresh tremor through Sabine. They continued on their way, Amory breaking trail with the woodsman's long springy step, which is not rapid to the eye but swiftly consumes distance. Athlete as she was, Sabine found herself a little breathless in holding the pace. Amory did not spare her. She began to wonder if it were a part of his technic to wear down nerves with fatigue.

Then, as she was beginning to resent this track training on her wedding day, they came out upon a little clearing not more than a hundred yards across.

Amory paused and gave his bride a look of content.

"Good enough fetch through thick scrub, if I says it, as shouldn't. Here's where I first saw Howard, and just yonder is where I first saw you."

The color flowed up into Sabine's face. "So that was your objective."

"Of course to revisit the battleground—for the third time. I find here the full cycle of my romantic quest. Also a triangulation that fixes the character of its object. The militant Sabine, the harassed Sabine, and now the—what?" His eyes fastened on hers.

"That's for you to decide. You're the skipper. I'm only mate. Signed on for the full voyage."

"Let's see what it looks like when the storm is over," Amory said, and started for the brook. Sabine followed, musing. She began to perceive the guile of Amory's leading her to this spot with such scant postnuptial courting en route. It was fraught with violent emotions that seemed now entirely withdrawn, forever departed. Perhaps he considered their utter absence to be in the nature of a loss and wished in some measure to revive them. Sabine's wide lips curved upward in a feline smile. He had yet, she reflected, a good deal to learn about her.

They crossed the stepping-stones, climbed the bank to the site of their final encounter. Amory seated himself on the smooth fragrant mat of pine needles and clasped his hands round his knees. Sabine flung herself down at full length on her side, elbow on the aromatic carpet, her cheek cupped in her palm. Her tawny eyes had a baleful glow as they rested on Amory. Bride though she be, he might have a surprise in store for him. The banked fires of her combative nature were suddenly aglow.

Amory looked at her with a profound content. Never, he thought, had his romantic imaginings pictured such a prize. The component parts of this girl's all-desirability impressed him as culled selectively from throughout the ages, beginning with the paleolithic and ending with the modern. His soul rejoiced in her. Nothing in her blending seemed lost, nor any excess added. Even her costume of jersey dress of a neutral tint, like maple leaves burned scarlet through their lingering green, was in perfect harmony. It revealed her as its soft pelt reveals the strong, supple contours of a jaguar, and yet it was the latest model of its sort.

In a sudden rush of appreciation, Amory leaned forward: "Sabine, I can't quite forgive myself for what I've done. Perhaps I fell in love with you at the start; perhaps it was last night. More likely it was at your house today, when your tender loyalty to Howard got into me. The hurricane may have been brewing all the time, but it struck when I was going back across the bay in the launch, after listening to Jenny. I was riding a volcano in the car on the way to Cliffport. What you said about sudden marriage when one was sure spoke my own thoughts. I felt that we were in the same boat. That was conceited, but some intuitions are beyond conceit. You know."

"I knew," said Sabine, "yesterday morning—here."

"When I gave you the wrist watch?"

"Before—when I let you think you'd won."

Amory walked into the trap. He looked hard at her, was silent a moment, then said slowly: "You mean that you think you could have broken that last hold?"

"Why, yes. My blouse didn't really hamper me enough to prevent that. I could have broken your hold and squirmed round and got you. You were nearly all in."

Amory tried to swallow and digest this cool statement, but with no great success. He gave it up and asked: "Why didn't you?"

Sabine's long dark lashes swept down. "I don't know."

"You don't know?"

She shook her head. "I was suddenly ashamed. I saw that I'd been wrong about

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you. I felt you trying to save me from disgrace all through. I knew you were the right sort and that I didn't have to win. I knew that you would give me the watch."

Amory found himself in the grip of that uncertainty that sometimes perplexes the dominant male—as to whether to be pleased or vexed. He did not believe that Sabine could possibly have broken his final hold. Nor did he like her statement that he had been nearly all in, however near the truth. He was complimented at her declaration that she had felt intuitively that she could safely yield. He thought of the curious expression in her eyes as she had looked up at him.

Had he been looking closely at Sabine right now he might have seen something equally interesting in her eyes, though perhaps it might have needed a lion tamer to read the feral guile in their amber depths.

Not being this student of the big Felidæ, he said: "I appreciate your trust in me, Sabine. But all the same I don't believe you could ever have broken that last hold of mine. It was a wrist-and-elbow lock there's no answer to."

"All the same, there is, my dear," Sabine said calmly, "unless you are stiff in the joints or muscle-bound and slow. I'm none of those things. You could shove my wrist up behind me until my arm flexed, without breaking anything. If you don't believe me, you can try."

She sat up. Amory moved over to her side, then a little in front of her. He remembered then to have heard that a good jiujitsu performer was supple enough not to suffer from such a hold, not resisting it, but this he could scarcely believe.

He now took Sabine's wrists in either hand, placing her round supple arms in the position of the day before. Then slowly he began to turn on the pressure. It thrust Sabine back until one shoulder was on the pine turf. Back went the arm like that of a lay figure.

"Look out now," Sabine warned.

Amory's grip tightened. There was a sudden wrench, a twist, and Amory felt his grip slipping on the round wrist. Mercilessly he tightened it. A rekindled flame of the day before swept through him. He added his weight to the pressure, so that the friction of the ground might help prevent a breaking of the hold. For a moment or two Sabine struggled furiously. She managed to free the other wrist, but Amory's quick clasp fastened on it again.

Then, just as she had done the day before, Sabine's tense body relaxed. Her lips parted in a slow upcurving smile. Amory, still putting out his strength and wary of some trick, for he was learning fast, asked between his teeth:

"Well, am I right?"

"Yes," sighed Sabine. "It can't be broken. I was wrong. Amory."

Her eyes were not focused on his own but directed past them at something higher and beyond.

"What?" His hold loosened, but his features were still tense.

"There's a high oak branch springing out directly over your head."

XXIV

THE sun was getting low when finally the two explorers of Arcady came out on the shore. It hung, a glowing disk, over the Chimney Corner across the bay.

Sabine looked at it meditatively, her arm across her husband's shoulders. Amory's own fitted nicely into the reverse curve under hers.

"It ought to be lese majesty to caricature the high lord of day," Sabine said—"putting a smirk on the face of the giver of all good."

"The Incas were right," Amory agreed. "Any of their cartoonists to try that would have had his heart offered as a sacrifice."

"My heart is offered to it as a free gift," she murmured, "because I feel the benediction in those rays. It has given us its best on this best of all our days."

"And setting clear and full of promise for all the tomorrows," Amory said.

They turned their faces to each other and observed a rite that was by this time taxing the quota of oaks and silver birches in that point of woods. Then, at its conclusion, Amory's gaze lengthened its focus to fasten on a homely vehicle that was resting in neglected fashion behind a jutting rock.

"There's the Deforests' wheelbarrow," he said. "Since I borrowed it this morning I had better take it back. Anyhow, we ought to go to Tide Mill House and break the news to Paul."

"Why Paul?"

"Because I've got a feeling that he meant to tow you into port some day."

"What put that into your head?"

"The way he raked you fore and aft last night. He'd scarcely have gone so far if his interest in you had been merely official."

"Paul used to say that he was going to marry me some day and make a real woman of me," Sabine admitted. "But Paul only talked about it and you've gone ahead and done it without so much as a warning gun."

"I took an awful chance of a fool exhibit at the minister's," Amory said. "But personal considerations aside, I thought you would accept the challenge."

Sabine looked down at her wedding ring, which bore the Payne arms. "You backed your family motto: 'I can because I dare.'"

"For the ignoramus you pretend to be, you seem to have some academic grounding, my sweet. It fits you even better than myself. All this was largely your idea, even if you didn't know it. Now let's improve on Howard's technic by starting in to publish it."

They walked over to the wheelbarrow. Amory picked up the handles and trundled the useful implement back a little way to the road which they had crossed, then turned toward Tide Mill House.

"Stop," said Sabine. "I'm tired. My shoes are tight. If I'd known that I was in for a Minnehaha marathon this afternoon, I'd have worn moccasins instead of high heels."

Amory set down the barrow. Sabine curled into it—a snug fit. Amory would not have lightened his load by an ounce. Like most strong sailormen and woodsmen, he leaned toward a full ration of wife.

The trail was smooth and sloped gently down from a slight rise at this point to the Tide Mill, so that the barrow, nicely balanced, had the impulse of leading Amory along, rather than to require shoving. Sabine laughed.

"Can you see Yonne illustrating a hero trundling his bride to the landing in a wheelbarrow?"

"No. Usually that stalwart has her in a way you couldn't long carry a baby without tiring. If you had to lug a girl any distance, the rational way would be pickaback. But it's never done in art or movie circles."

They continued on their pleasant way, Amory reflecting on the advantage of a man's keeping himself always in the pink of training, against such possible contingencies as this day's work had developed. Nor was it yet over, as he intended, on getting back aboard the yacht, to weigh anchor and put immediately out to sea. He could not quite see himself starting his honeymoon in the cove of the Chimney Corner under the burning eyes of Mrs. Wilmerding.

Tide Mill House hove in view ahead and down a slight gradient. At the same moment Sandy, the silver-haired Airedale, let out a baying bark. "Wow-oo-oo-oo! Will you look who's here!" he seemed to proclaim.

Paul appeared in the doorway. He turned to look inside. Yonne joined him. They approached hastily, their faces showing consternation, dire foreboding. Sabine, to relieve their minds of apprehension, turned and wriggled her fingers.

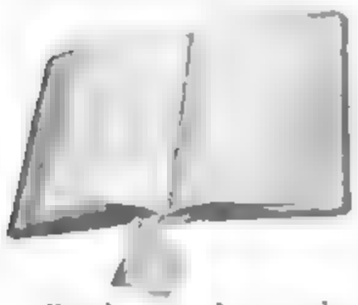
Paul hastily approached. "What's happened?" he demanded.

Amory set down the wheelbarrow. "Quite a lot, captain."

Paul looked at Sabine, his face puzzled. "What's the matter with Sabine?"

(Continued on Page 153)

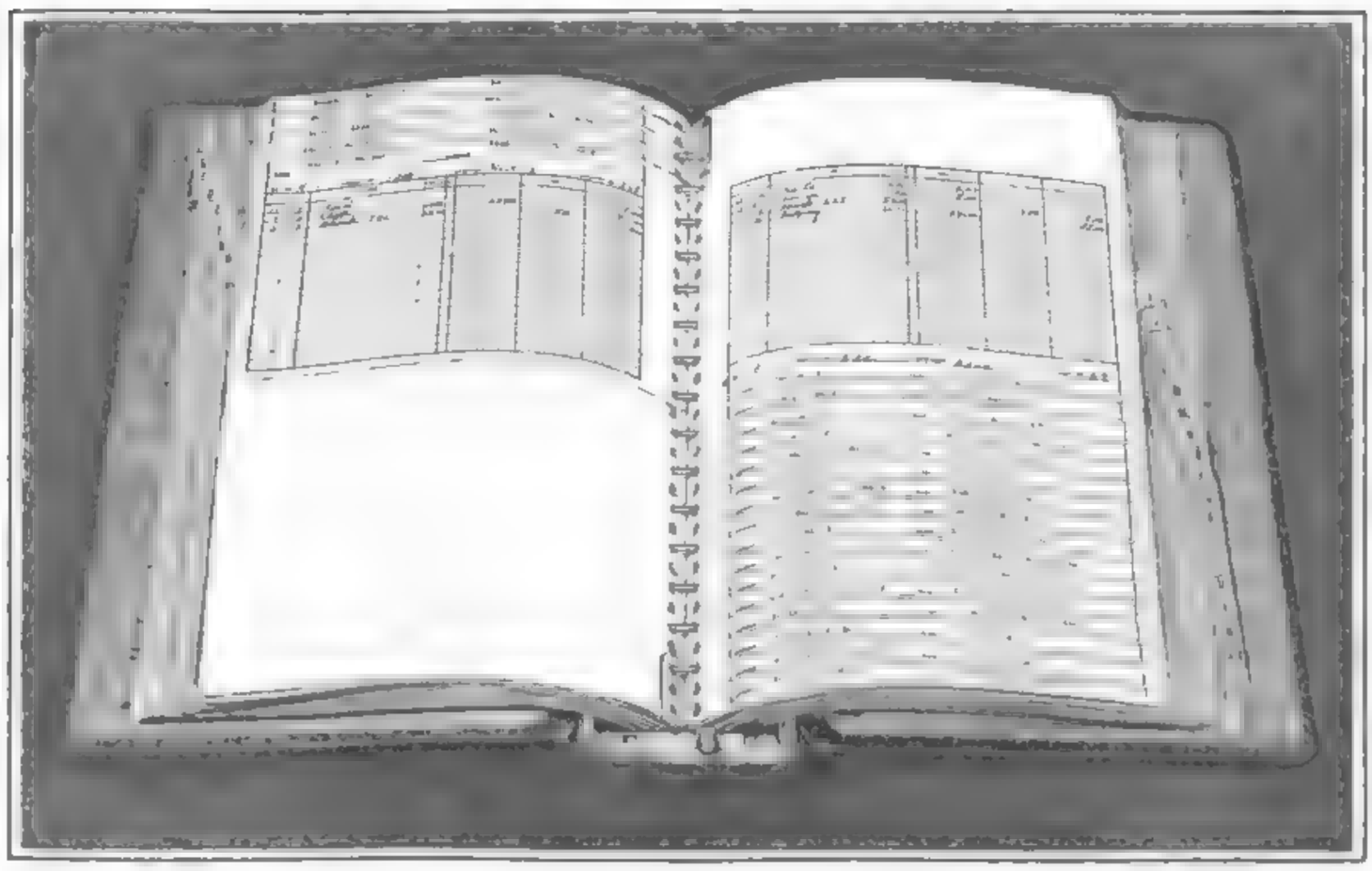
This "movie" shows simplicity of operation



Touch center lever and binder unlocks to expand.

As shown, a slight pressure expands binder to best working position. Sheets can be thrown freely from side to side.

Press side locking levers and both sets of posts spring automatically to a vertical position. Sheets are easily rearranged to accommodate new accounts.



THE POST TYPE

Holds 1000 or more accounts

Back expands, taking compression from sheets, allowing them to lie flatter for easy writing.

To remove, insert or switch sheets around, the posts swing to vertical position.

Binder is of rich black levant, imitation leather. Hinges are of steel and unbreakable. Back construction is of steel and polished fibre, sturdy yet light.

Binder $19.00 to $25.00, according to size and binding.

A New *Speed* Record for Business Facts

YOUR decisions every day depend upon the up-to-dateness of your accounts receivable, sales, credit, stock, purchase, and employee records.

No matter whether your business is measured in hundreds or millions you now can get the facts necessary for management more quickly with new National Visible Records.

Reference is lightning-quick. Thirty accounts are visible at a glance. Each sheet is a complete, individual record. Sheets can be added, removed or switched around with an ease and speed that is astonishing. It is simple, portable, easily put into operation—one more incentive to your workers to keep records right up-to-the-minute.

The National is unusually compact—a thousand or more records in one book, ten thousand within arm's reach on an ordinary desk. It makes possible a great economy in operator's time as well as in the office space and fireproof storage required. The original cost is away below that of other equipment used for its purpose.

Ask your stationer to demonstrate this new National Visible Equipment, or mail the coupon below.

THE RING TYPE

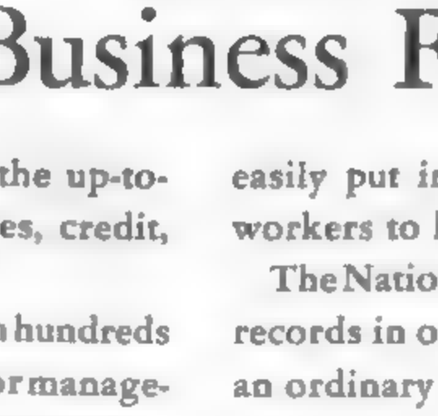
Holds 350 to 500 accounts

For the credit or sales manager's desk, the records of the professional man, small merchant, club, agency, etc.

This ring-type binder opens perfectly flat, giving level writing surface. Cover is of best-grade black imitation leather over heavy boards. Hinges are steel; backplate of fibre, steel-hard, yet light; will not wear or fray.

The 18 rings work in gangs of six. You can remove or insert one sheet without disturbing the rest.

Complete Outfits $9.00 to $11.00, according to size and capacity.



Complete outfit $9.00 to $11.00 According to size and capacity

Forms for various record purposes and indexes—A-Z and numerical—are stocked by stationers.

For free sample forms and descriptive literature mail this coupon NOW. National Blank Book Company, 123 Riverside, Holyoke, Mass.

National Visible Record Equipment

Loose Leaf and Bound Books

NATIONAL

National Blank Book Co., 123 Riverside
Holyoke, Mass.

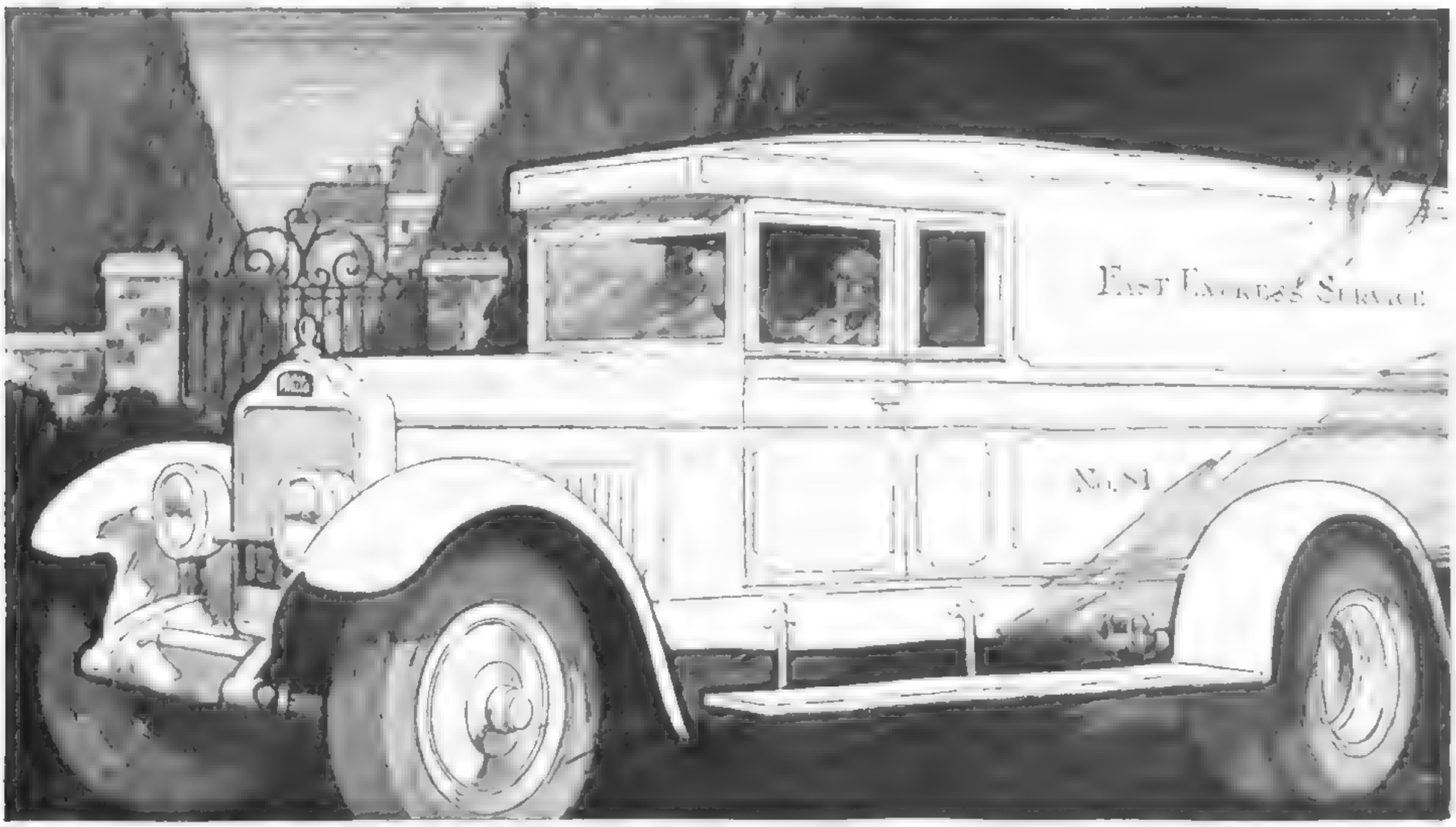
Please send literature describing ☐ Post Type Visible ☐ Ring Type Visible.

I am interested in ☐ Ledger Records ☐ Purchase ☐ Sales ☐ Stock ☐ Customer Records ☐ Mailing lists ☐ Employee Records ☐ Installment ☐ Membership lists ☐ Professional Records.

Name _____

Address _____

Whether you operate one truck or one thousand, White gives you the most money-earning miles. The fleet buyer and the one-truck buyer are on the same ground when they go into the market to buy a truck. Both are looking for the most money-earning miles. That's what White has to sell wherever a truck is part of operation.



White 1½-Ton Express Model (cross section) actual photograph

© THE WHITE CO., 1928

WHITE TRUCKS
and WHITE BUSSES

LIGHT DELIVERY		FAST EXPRESS		HEAVY-DUTY		BUSSES	
1 -Ton Chassis	$1545	2 -Ton Chassis	$3125	3½-5-Ton Chassis	$4650	Model 53 —4-cylinder, 16-passenger	$4250
1½-Ton Chassis	2725	2½-Ton Chassis	3750	Heavy-Duty Chassis	5100	Model 50-B—4-cylinder, 25-passenger	5350
1½-Ton Chassis	2125					Model 54 —6-cylinder, 29-passenger	7500

(Continued from Page 150

"Nothing in the whole wide world," Amory assured him.

"She isn't hurt, then?" Paul's youthfully stern features began to exhibit a look of disgust at this childishness.

"Her shoes are tight. We've had a long walk through the woods from Cliffport."

Yonne joined them.

Her expression showed the chill of disapproval.

"You lazy baggage," she said.

"Nothing of the sort," Amory protested. "Sabine is outward bound for a long voyage and I don't want her to get jaded at the start."

"You're the one that will get jaded," Yonne retorted -"and jaded is right."

Paul still looked puzzled. "Long voyage? Where are you bound?"

"Portland, captain," Amory said. "Then, after a landing party, Newport, Norfolk and possibly Bermuda, Panama and the Pacific. As a yacht, let me remind you that I am not subject to boarding and search unless behaving in a suspicious manner."

"You're doing that, I'll say. Where are your papers?"

Amory reached in his pocket and took out a long envelope. "Just run your eye through these, cappy. They combine bill of health, bill of lading, master's certificate and passenger license, all shipshape and aboveboard."

Paul whipped out the certificate and scanned it through. Amory, his levity gone, anxiously watched his face. He was infinitely relieved to see Paul's intense stare relax and a grin of amazement and delight replace the stern lines of his thoroughbred face. Then Paul held out his hand.

"The best man wins. Hearty congrats. Keep her in order. Treat her rough. May I give her a kiss?"

"Yes; if you're quick about it, Paul."

Paul stooped down and kissed Sabine, who, like a well-trained lioness, had remained on her little stand. Yonne looked at Amory and shook her head.

"You're a brave man, Amory Payne, and may heaven help you."

"Heaven has," Amory said.

"Yes, it has a way of helping those who help themselves." Yonne looked at Sabine and her face softened. "With all her rough stuff she's a sweet kid. Just that."

She threw her arms round Sabine's neck and kissed her, Paul having performed this office in smart sailorly fashion. Sabine's eyes filled with drops of molten gold. Yonne's own were not so dry as her brother was valiantly striving to make his beat on the coast of Maine. Amory, with a mere layman dread of a sentimental situation, stooped and gripped the handles of the wheelbarrow. He had caught sight of the old launch, with its torpedo stern moored to the float.

"May I borrow your bateau, Paul?"

"I don't need to tell you to help yourself, old chap; you have a distinguished talent for such action. Have two boats."

Amory shook his head. "Thanks, but this one-wheeled vehicle is a symbol of our future course. Henceforth and hereafter our goings and comings shall leave but a single trail."

(THE END)

THE PRICE OF INCOMPETENCE

(Continued from Page 17)

ratings, it feels, would be unwise, "especially in a very large city."

In the same way a member of the Cleveland school board, in replying to criticism of taxpayers that teachers' salaries are too high, says: "It's unfortunate that we must pay some teachers $2400 who are probably not worth more than $1200, while others receiving $1200 should be getting $2400. Yet there is nothing else we can do except stick to the system of paying on a scale, with so many teachers to deal with."

Well, there are numbers of corporations which have more employes than there are teachers in Cleveland or even New York, and they not only try but actually do base remuneration on efficiency, and they do take into consideration the rating of superiors. If they didn't they would go broke. The General Motors Company would have a nice red-ink deficit instead of a huge surplus at the end of each year, if it paid wages and salaries on the basis of the number of years spent in college, the number of years of work for the company and an occasional mental test or other examination.

But then of course the theory is that Cleveland and New York cannot go broke, because they do not compete with each other the way two makes of automobiles compete. The theory is that the taxpayer will always make up the difference, the loss, the deficit, whatever it may be.

Growth in Spurts

This idea cannot be repeated too often, for it is the sinister strain that runs through any story of taxation. Or if a change in metaphor be permitted, it is the evil star under which our country enters upon the great era of physical rebuilding and replacement. Yet there is no use in losing hope, in throwing up the sponge.

Faith in the ability of the people collectively to make sane, orderly plans for the future is of the very essence of continued national existence. We must stop lurching back and forth from one desired objective of expenditure to another, and like grown men and women, learn to stick to proportion and to plan. Programs covering periods of at least ten years for an orderly succession of improvements must be made and adhered to in order to prevent utter financial confusion in the years to come.

"While development has been continuous," says a committee of the New York Legislature, "an examination of any particular field of state activity clearly indicates that growth is not a gradual process of expansion, but is in reality a succession of sudden changes in response to outside pressure. State administration has not unfolded in accordance with any preconceived plan."

An Expense Second to War

In the public school—the most expensive government function except war—there is as yet no very clear understanding as to the connection between the principles involved and the price to be paid to keep them in operation in the future. We have started so many things which we want now that we do not know as yet whether we shall be deprived of what we may want later on.

"Better citizenship through popular education is a process which calls not for years but for generations," says one wise educator. "The schooling of the youth of today will be fatally expensive if it makes impossible the adequate schooling of their children and children's children."

Surveys of public-school systems seem to show that what people are willing to pay is often widely at variance with what they should pay. It bears little relation either to financial resources or to the needs of education. At the conclusion of one most careful study of school costs the author says:

"The community has what it has been stimulated to want. One looks in vain for systematic influences at work. The controlling causes seem to be aspirations and the kind of leadership which has found its way into the community. The process may command admiration, but it gives the citizen who has an economic turn of mind little illumination when he inquires what ought education to cost?"

Great school buildings are erected without people seeming to realize that, in addition to meeting the bonds issued for that

de-mul-cent

CREAM of BARLEY

Rare, indeed, is the mother

or father who will forget the happy days when "baby's" health was saved by *barley water.* *Healing, soothing, quickly digesting (when other foods fail)—turning magically into sparkling energy—that is the story of barley grain—as old as civilization, as wise as science. Now that same priceless, *demulcent quality is available to everyone in Cream of Barley, the fascinating

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Nut-like, "grainy", refreshing, nature-sweet—a treat to the palate—a blessing in the stomach. Cream of Barley is the reward of years of research—the product of especially built machinery—an exclusive food already acclaimed by hundreds of thousands who are experiencing its extraordinary benefits. Someone in your family—worried with indigestion or lacking appetite or fickle about eating—needs this *demulcent cereal. Your grocer will supply you—or send the coupon.

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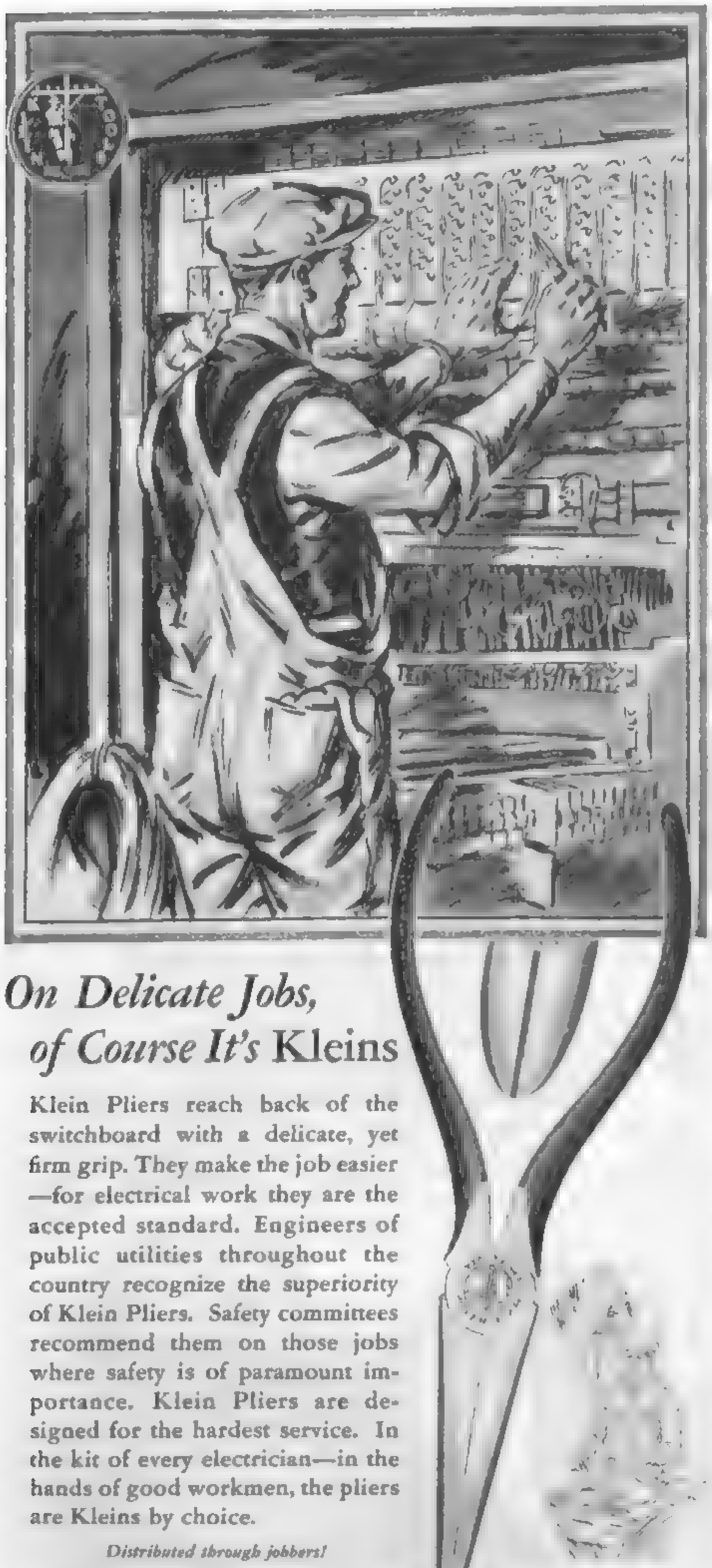

On Delicate Jobs, of Course It's Kleins

Klein Pliers reach back of the switchboard with a delicate, yet firm grip. They make the job easier—for electrical work they are the accepted standard. Engineers of public utilities throughout the country recognize the superiority of Klein Pliers. Safety committees recommend them on those jobs where safety is of paramount importance. Klein Pliers are designed for the hardest service. In the kit of every electrician—in the hands of good workmen, the pliers are Kleins by choice.

Distributed through jobbers!

Industrial plants, too, standardize on Kleins. The reason is obvious. Tool costs are based on service and figured on service. Klein Pliers are the most economical that can be bought. They cut tool expense.

To the man interested in tools, the Klein Tool Guide gives valuable data and tables. It is also a guide for the proper plier for any job. A copy will be mailed you upon request.

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Established 1857 Chicago, U.S.A.

purpose, they must pay increased taxes for current expenses on account of the enlarged bill for janitor service, heat, light and repairs. Then, too, the cost of depreciation goes up with each new building.

Nor do people seem willing or even interested in facing the terminal or, in a sense, the ultimate costs of public education. The multiplication of new school enterprises, or new types of schools, is what adds to the cost, and will continue to add, even if teachers' salaries remain stationary. Each new enterprise once established tends to take on an increasing pupil load up to the point of saturation. The saturation point of each enterprise is said to be peculiar to itself, and is capable of approximate calculation for any given local school system. But the number of citizens who have interested themselves in making such a calculation is almost exactly the same as the number of those who have specialized in the process of photo-synthesis through chloroplasts.

Any community which is growing has what is called an extension cost in its school system. Each year more children must be housed and taught. If people were honest with themselves they would recognize and provide for each year's extension in the financial program. But eyes are closed until the school shortage becomes scandalous, and then the superintendent is able to put through a building campaign and bond issue. Meanwhile failure to provide in each year's budget for the true extension cost has encouraged other expenditures which the community could not afford to make.

In the emotional idealism which accompanies the campaign, mistakes are apt to be made. Many municipal bond issues, not only for schools but for other public purposes, are gotten up with a minimum of preliminary study. When, through lack of forethought and orderly program, a city suddenly finds itself outrageously short of adequate accommodations, one must not expect that bond issues will be thought out in the most businesslike and accurate manner.

It is only fair to say that school building programs are being increasingly planned with a view to orderly development. Experts like Professor Strayer of Teachers College, Columbia University, seek to place schools where they belong, and try by careful planning to make it possible at a later time to extend the facilities, both as regards land and buildings, in as economical a manner as can be. Also such surveys seek to arrive at terminal costs, for city officials to ponder over.

Education and the School

But in the past so many buildings have been located without careful analysis of population growth and needs. Sites have been chosen without regard to future availability. The duplication of small plants with greatly overlapping tributary areas shows a lack of forethougnt. Many buildings have been put up without the possibility of additions except at excessive cost.

Too often there seem to have been no standards of design, size, shape, lighting, seating, ventilation, heating, cleaning, water supply and sanitary arrangements. In a given city these matters have varied from the worst to the best. It almost seems at times as if the idea had been to give as many different jobs to as many different architects and contractors as possible, rather than to arrive at standards and programs which could be complied with at a minimum of expense.

Nor do we seem willing to face the enormous costs involved in using so much of our capital for school land and buildings or in keeping youths of eighteen, nineteen and over in school and out of productive industry. It is assumed, of course, that the increased education more than liquidates these stupendous charges upon society.

"Such may very probably be the case," says Professor Morrison, "but this cost is, nevertheless, an actual part of the cost of schooling, and before there can be conservative administration of education with due regard to the rights of future generations and to the possibility of maintaining education as a permanent public enterprise, this cost must be written into the balance sheet and duly balanced.

"It is within the power of popular education to create economic values which are capable of liquidating its whole cost. It is, however, sheer futile sentimentalism to imagine that this can be done by merely assuming that wherever a school is in operation there education is taking place. Education is one thing; the school is quite another. It is hardly possible to devote too much of the productive energy of society to education; schools may conceivably be fatally expensive."

It takes a long time before a boy, educated by the state, begins to return to the national income what has been spent upon him. In the case of a profession it is about thirty years from the time the school first operates upon him before he even starts to make a commensurate return. Thus the educational cycle is a very long one; we cannot afford not to plan and know about the school costs of the future.

Economy by Amputation

It is vital to national existence that the public school does not get into the way of merely conferring individual benefits upon youth from which society can never actually recover. That way lies bankruptcy—"after me the deluge."

The real question for the future is not so much whether we can afford to educate children as whether we know how to educate them in fact. If education really liquidates its own costs and builds up an appropriate economic surplus, the aggregate cost does not matter. Fundamentally the question is not one of tax reform, as many schoolmen seem to believe, but of the quality of the educational process.

But taxes are not to be kept down or education rendered productive by refusal to recognize the true costs of the public school, or by mere angry slashes at this or that feature of the system. It is true that obvious excesses of program or poorly planned bond proposals may be detected and prevented by taxpayers' leagues. But mere amputation is not necessarily true economy.

In one city the board of education was forced to eliminate a month of schooling because of the taxpayers' insistence. It would have been more logical to have cut out the long summer vacation altogether and thus speeded up the process, for the three months' vacation is merely an outworn survival of a purely agricultural economy.

On the other hand, the school people have difficulty in meeting these attacks, because they cannot show conclusively in exactly what manner the schools deliver the goods. I have enough sense of humor, it is to be hoped, not to attempt a complete appraisal of our system of public education in a few closing paragraphs. Innumerable efforts are under way to reorganize school curriculums to save a little time and to improve the work. The Department of Superintendence of the National Education Association has been studying this problem for years, in conjunction with hundreds of separate school systems.

But it is just possible that in spite of all the activity in the way of curriculum reorganization there is quite a little chewing over of the same old cud. After all, the only way the school system can liquidate and more than liquidate its cost is by a marriage of education and work, and, speaking largely, this has not yet been achieved.

Ours is the only large country where everyone is kept in free general schools up to sixteen or eighteen. No country is rich enough to stand the cost unless the finished product is ready to take hold of the world's work. Practically all of our school graduates go to work, and the first task of the schools is to fit them for it. If the business interests of a city and the school authorities can agree on adapting the curriculum to local job specifications so that boys and

(Continued on Page 157)

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ALL style and no comfort makes Jack *act* like a boob — no pep at all! All comfort and no style makes Jack *look* like a boob — no swank at all. All right, let's go. You take 18,908 steps a day. Count 'em yourself if you don't believe it. And these steps make up the Circle of Your Activity. That is, they control how much profit and fun and kick you get out of life. Now suppose that old circle of yours could be stepped off in shoes that put prance in your feet, sparkle in your eyes and young ideas in your head — shoes that are at the same time as smart as anything you ever saw swinging down Fifth Avenue! Moral: Get a pair of Arch Preserver Shoes, as thousands of up-and-coming men are doing, and find out what your feet are good for. That coupon down below is for men who want to know more about feet and shoes than they ever knew before. It will bring you an interesting folder on foot health and pictures of the new styles.

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Healthy, vigorous, comfortable feet—in smartly styled shoes—are assured by wearing the Arch Preserver Shoe. The concealed, built-in arch bridge prevents sagging and straining; the special modeling of the sole supports the metatarsal arch; the flat inner sole, crosswise, prevents pinching of nerves and blood-vessels. These features are patented; they are found in no other shoe. The Arch Preserver Shoe is superior, not merely because of one feature, but because all of its features are right. Look for the Trade-Mark.

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New York Chicago Boston Philadelphia
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Dress Satins, Shirt Satins and Millinery Satins

"LOOK FOR THE NAME IN THE SELVAGE"

(Continued from Page 154)

girls will fit into commerce and industry when they finish high school or junior college more smoothly than is now the case, we will hear no more about high school taxes.

But this idea is attacked from two quarters. First, the demagogues say it is inspired by the vested interests to keep the children of the common people from rising, and to secure recruits for factories. This hardly deserves a reply, except to suggest that education for failure is an inconceivably costly folly.

The only kind of people the world needs, speaking by and large, is those trained for success in the work that Nature fits them to do. On the whole, we make a very good job of elementary education, but when we go higher we force multitudes of young men and women, in high school and college, to study subjects they have no aptitude for, and make misfits, perhaps for life, out of them. "Wasting their time" is perhaps the most common expression of school superintendents and high-school principals.

But a more serious assault upon the idea of the marriage of education and work comes from an entirely different quarter—from those whose conception of culture is a barren thing. This type of humanist is not particularly interested in the question of whether we can afford to educate everybody; all he cares about is that there shall be no education unless it be an ornament in and by itself, divorced from the life of the world, a blind alley for its own sake.

Significantly, in this country the adult-education movement has centered around the idea that prosperity depends upon a growing workman—in other words, it is education upon the job. But there are other countries where adult education concerns only leisure time; it is an opiate to make the laborer forget his detested job.

This contrast points the way to the type of child education that will build its own economic reserves.

Principal L. P. Jacks, of Manchester College, Oxford, says that wisdom is simply skill in the making, and is not wisdom, so to speak, if it stops short at the stage of knowing, obstinately refusing to be carried into the state of doing. It is not worth cultivating unless it passes from a truth that we know into one that we do.

Doctor Jacks says that art, that culture have always grown out of the "effort to clothe the common work of the world with all the excellence it will bear." If we are competent enough gradually to forge our great system of free education into an instrument for thus assisting and enriching the toil of business and industry, it will more than justify its costs and the taxes which must be levied increasingly to meet those costs.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of four articles by Mr. Atwood. The fourth and last will appear in an early issue.

THE STARS AND STRIPES

(Continued from Page 23)

generations in America, an army of nearly 300,000 of half-witted youngsters who had been gulled into accepting the outrage of the selective draft, moved forward in the devastated area between the Argonne and the Meuse, bent on killing as large a number as possible of certain fellow men who had never done them any harm. Led by pompous and incompetent old fogies ——

No, I mean merely that the paper was written in terms of the truth as the men themselves saw it at the moment—was, above all, kept free from the palpable bogus sirup usually ladled out in the interests of that delicate quality known as morale. Consider for a moment a certain ardently pro-Ally newspaper back home, of which the wish was so often father to the headlines that, if all the German retreats which they announced had actually been made, the arriving Americans would have found their exhausted foes fighting firmly with their backs to the Wall of China.

No Place for Hokum

The Stars and Stripes, under such a policy of witless optimism, would have perished in three months, as did the attempts made by the other armies in the field to establish similar publications. For such whistling past the graveyard no audience could have been less receptive than the A. E. F. The average doughboy not only knew better—an important consideration when you are minded to do a bit of lying—but was extremely sheepish and embarrassed by heroics anyway, and peculiarly unsusceptible to tall and gaudy talk.

I shall never forget a bleak, depressing day when the sore and muddy remnants of an infantry regiment were strewn across the lee side of Montfaucon to get their breaths. The outfit had not advanced half so far as those studying its problem at some cozy corps headquarters and forecasting with pins on a pretty map had planned that it should. In true military fashion, the corps immediately prescribed a new commanding officer, and a fine old snorting colonel, with an apoplectic complexion and shiny boots, was put in charge.

He, in turn, felt that what the men needed was a good, ringing speech. So, on that blasted hillside, he gave them a magnificent appeal, with gestures, shaking a doubled fist in the general direction of the enemy and, speaking in behalf of the men, predicted that not one of them would be willing to take even a day's rest until the Germans had been pushed out of yon stronghold. When he had finished with a flourish, the ensuing silence fairly rang in his ears, broken at last by one freckled-faced doughboy, who yawned, stretched, murmured "The same old manure," and returned to his fox hole to resume the cleaning of his gun.

It was to an army of such laconic realists that the Stars and Stripes was addressed. And if its columns were generally acceptable to that army, it was because they were free from bunk, largely free even from such strictly civilian locutions as calling the Heinies Huns, the doughboys Sammies or referring to death in battle as the supreme sacrifice. The secret of this instinct for the right idiom lay no deeper than the fact that each issue was edited for men in the ranks by men in the ranks. Cooties were inveighed against by men who scratched as they wrote. And the vague, faintly derisive hostility toward the pretensions of the entire officer class, which so endeared the paper to the bulk of its readers, derived directly from the circumstance that the only Sam Browne belts cluttering up the office either were those worn by mere executives or were, for the business of that particular job, regarded as nonexistent nuisances.

For and By the Rank and File

Thus, a story about the opening of a new leave area would be written not by the gracious hand of a colonel who had arranged it for his men and hoped they would express their appreciation by mannerly behavior, but by the hand of the very man who hoped to go to that area himself and rather expected to be soaked in *vin rouge* during his entire stay there.

In all its columns there was none of that palpable calling across a void which occurs when an editor writes a conscientiously indignant editorial about overcrowding in the subways and then himself goes home in his nicely upholstered limousine. Certainly, the Stars and Stripes, in any account of a battle would never suggest that General So-and-So had taken Hill Such-and-Such. It would be the whole implication of the account that the troops had taken it and carried the general along as waves carry a rowboat.

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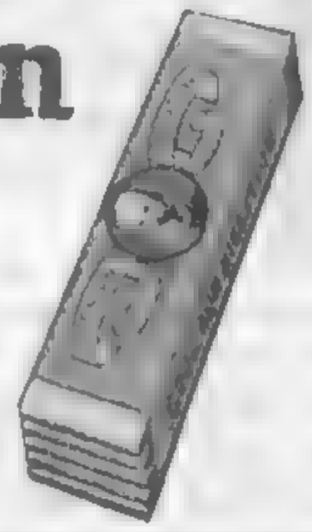

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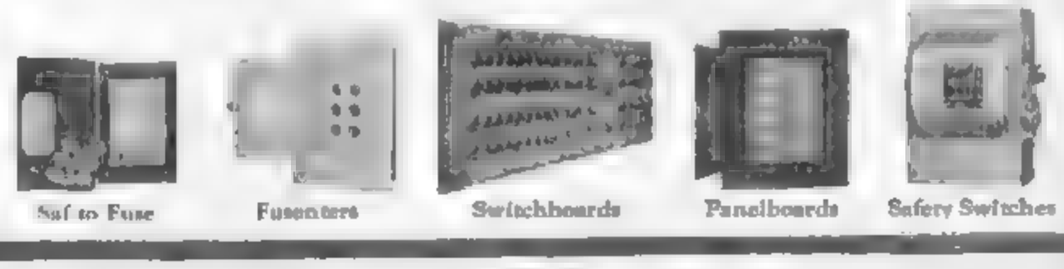
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Ambitious Young Men Wanted; Married or Single

EVERY Thursday night nearly three million men go home to enjoy the newly arrived issue of *The Post*. (Which is probably what you are doing right now.) A good many of these men buy their copies from the news stand. A good many order by the year; they subscribe.

BUT—news stands are sometimes sold out. And subscriptions have a habit of expiring. To forward the subscriptions of such folks is a mighty easy and profitable way of making money. And because there are many such orders to be secured in your locality, this opportunity need not interfere with your regular work.

Many of the men employed on salary in our Home Office gained their first magazine experience just as you are invited to do. More of our former part-time workers are now regularly employed by us in the field, on a salary and expense allowance basis.

Whether you are married or single, 17 or 70, inexperienced or a trained salesman, we have a proposition you should look into—that's why the handy coupon appears below. Clip it today!

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
453 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

What, please, is your offer? I assume no obligation in asking.

Name _____ *Age* _____
Please Print Name and Address
Street _____
City _____ *State* _____

Indeed, in its correspondence from the Front, the generals figured rather less prominently than the cooks. And the laurel was so regularly wreathed for that cook who, no matter how crowded the road or how deep the mud, did manage somehow miraculously to get his hot slum to the hungry men that there was a visible and immediate development of *esprit de corps* among the cooks. In one nasty jam above Varennes I had the pleasure of seeing the lord of one thwarted field kitchen draw a gun on the M. P. who tried to halt him, the old demon declaring after an almost verbatim quotation from the preceding issue of the Stars and Stripes—that Black Jack Pershing himself should not stop him from getting this here slum to them poor —— up in the line.

Hitching Our Wagon to a Doughboy

For the Stars and Stripes did play favorites among the branches of the service. To the magazines back home it left the novelty of tanks, chemical warfare and the dazzling air service. Instead, it got out every issue on the assumption that—whereas others might run off with the glory—the doughboy, slogging along in the dirt and the danger, would win the war. It was by hanging on humbly to his coat tails that the staff of the Stars and Stripes was carried to whatever success it had. This attitude was common enough at the Front, I think, so that the very airmen, for all the fierce hazard of their fighting, knew that, with clean sheets, a *Croix de Guerre* and a bottle of wine waiting for them back at the hangars, theirs was a soft life and a soft death as compared with the lot of the youngsters down below them.

A war so strips life to its bare essentials that such differences are made vivid as when a group on the horizon is silhouetted suddenly sharp and clear against the sky. When you are on that microcosm of our society, an ocean liner, the oppressive inequities of human experience keep staring you out of countenance, so that even while you loll in a deck chair, especially if you ever had crossed the sea in a transport, you have to be a good deal of a pachyderm not to be acutely aware of the men sweating down in the bowels of the ship. Existence at the Front was as clarifying The soldiers who served the guns, toted the stretchers, mended the roads, or even took the notes, knew perfectly well—and knew all the time—that it was the infantrymen who were bearing the brunt of the battle. Now, in the soft clutter and confusion of life back home, I miss more than anything else—miss from my own thoughts, from the talk of my neighbors and from the publications I read—that lively sense of our common dependence on—and our overwhelming debt to—the men and women who have the infantry job in the battle of everyday existence.

Harold W. Ross

Of course, it was the main function of the Stars and Stripes to keep alive the consciousness that the whole effort in France was one big push, to keep the stevedores, dripping and grunting as they unloaded the ammunition at the base ports, reminded that every heave of their shoulders made things easier for the gang crouching in the fox holes from the Champagne to Lorraine, and to reassure that somewhat skeptical gang that all America was right behind them, stretching from the dressing station just over the hill to the factory 6000 miles away.

There was no time when such reminders were not valuable. But I think their value was never more visible than in those electric days of June ten years ago, when the American expedition to France turned almost overnight into an army. Possibly the calmer historians of the future who look back on the Battle of Belleau Wood, while noting the extraordinary courage and dash which the troops displayed, will be inclined to suggest that it was a disproportionately costly engagement in which the Americans—for no compelling reason—fought furiously to gain possession of a patch of land the Germans did not especially covet and which would be valuable only in checking an advance that the Germans had no immediate intention of making. If so, such historians, almost too wise after the event, will miss entirely the after effect which that fighting had, as the tales of it coursed back through the anxious lines of communication from Belleau Wood to the sea. Those tales, carried by runners to the barns and pigsties where the staff was crouching, picked up by orderlies and ambulance drivers and passed back along the dusty highway to the railhead, cabled to the folks at home by the rhapsodic war correspondents and retold by the Stars and Stripes to the disembarking regiments at the base ports, filled all the untrained troops with the notion that nothing on earth could stop them and thereby turned Pershing's motley collection of sheepish green divisions into a fighting army, much as a charge of electricity will turn a tube of hydrogen and oxygen into water. It was for such usefulness that the A. E. F. newspaper needed to be believed.

First-Class Mail

The best evidence of a newspaper's hold on its public cannot be gathered from mere circulation figures—with no competition in the field, a far duller weekly than the Stars and Stripes might have sold as many copies—nor from the pretty speeches made by its contemporaries back home, nor even from the flattering amount of filching to which, without by your leave or acknowledgment, its columns were sometimes subjected by these same contemporaries.

The better evidence was in the mail bag, dumped each morning on the floor of the Stars and Stripes office. I am not thinking especially of the windfall of francs that poured in when we started the notion that each outfit ought to adopt a French war orphan as its mascot, although that response took the hearty form of more than 2,000,000 francs in the first year, which sum—administered by the Red Cross—made things a little easier for some 3440 skinny, black-frocked kids who thereby got from their doughboy friends something even more lasting than the chewing gum for the sweet sake of which they swarmed around every detachment of American soldiers that put foot into a French village.

I am thinking rather of the letters to the editor which, scribbled in pencil by men lying flat on their backs in hospital or neatly typed by the scornful stenographer of some angry general, poured endlessly into the Stars and Stripes office. Each day's bulging bag of strictly first-class mail bore witness that it was the impulse of a large proportion of the A. E. F., when aggrieved by anything from a badly run leave area to a silly piece of censorship, to

(Continued on Page 160)

THESE MODERN LUPTON STEEL WINDOWS WILL ADD STYLE AND CONVENIENCE TO YOUR HOME

WHEN a sudden shower blows up, what a comfort it is to have your house equipped with windows that swing shut so easily at a finger's touch—Lupton windows of copper-steel!

It's a pleasure, too, to live with windows that give a distinctive charm to every room and add a note of modern style to the entire house.

Just think how much comfort, beauty and style these modern out-swinging windows will add to your living room or sun-porch; what a wonderful unobstructed view they give you! When these Lupton windows are closed, cold and damp are locked out, but in fine weather with these casements swung open, all the joys of outdoors become a part of the room.

An architect's charming home completely fitted with Lupton Windows which cost . $569

The builder of this house found Lupton Steel Windows an excellent investment at $300

There are Lupton standard window units to suit every room and to enhance the beauty of every type of architecture, and you'll find they can be installed throughout your home for very little money. The houses illustrated here show this.

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"The Saw Makers" Fitchburg, Mass. *Established 1832*

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"This is my Lucky Day!"

"I earned $32.00 besides my regular commissions"

IMAGINE her happiness when Mrs. Priscilla Park, New York, received our check for $32.00 *in addition to her regular earnings as our part-time subscription worker!* No wonder she exclaimed: "This is my lucky day!"

It might have been *your* lucky day too—just as it was for thousands of other Curtis representatives who spend only a few leisure hours each week in easy, dignified work for handsome commissions, and bonuses.

This work consists merely of forwarding to us new and renewal subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*—work that can easily be done in spare time right in your own neighborhood.

And for this service neither capital nor experience is needed.

Why not join our staff and learn the thrill of earning dollars to match your desires? The coupon will bring you full details, without obligation.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

451 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Please tell me about your money-making plan.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

(Continued from Page 158)

sit down and write a letter about it to the Stars and Stripes.

This touching reliance upon us became so widespread as to be embarrassing. We would be showered with francs from a corporal, stuck off in the mud somewhere, who wanted us to buy something pretty to send to a faithless jade in Omaha. The next letter would inclose a fragment of a broken tooth, with the request that it be matched at once and returned to its inconvenienced owner. It became necessary to open a service department to reply to these confiding appeals—a genial department headed by George W. B. Britt, a rubicund and grandfatherly field clerk, now doing something about Internal Revenue in Boston.

Then there were the poems, the twenty thousand poems, which—sentimental or comic, heroic or jeering, artful or illiterate—poured in from every branch and every rank as a contribution to the column on the editorial page headed The Army's Poets. This column succeeded the one written by Captain F. P. A. during his brief stay with the staff, and was, I think, the most widely read part of the paper. Certainly it was the part of the paper most often clipped. You would come upon one of the poems pasted on the beam of some haymow which had been a soldier's bed, or stowed away among the precious things in many a wallet taken from the dead in the field. With one exception, the best of them came in on muddy paper from the dugout of a second lieutenant of field artillery who was serving with the Twenty-sixth Division. They were signed F. M. H. D. And it was not until some years later, when Elsie Janis introduced me to a man with that same curious set of initials, that I identified him as the son of old C. T. Dazey, the playwright who wrote the melodrama called In Old Kentucky.

Distinguished-Service Mention

One verse of Frank Dazey's poem called The Driver comes back to me now. It ran like this:

I'm a slouch and a slop and a sluffer,
And my ears they are covered with hair,
And I frequent inhabit the guardhouse
I'll be prie until finie la guerre!
But my hosses they neigh when I'm comin',
An' the Sarge knows how hefty they drag;
An' the Cap' lent me ten francs this mornin'—
Here's to me an' to him an' the Flag!

I have used the phrase "with one exception." That was in honor of one lovely poem sent in by a private in some medical unit. We thought we had discovered a Shelley in O.D. until we were caustically informed, too late, that he had merely signed and sent in one of the better poems of Edna St. Vincent Millay.

In no other newspaper work I had ever known did the ball bounce back from the wall quite so quickly. This immediate response would take many forms. Such as the fury, for instance, with which the men in one division—accompanied by threats to shoot me on sight—would read my account of the week's adventures in what they always regarded as the craven, laggard and utterly incompetent division on their left.

Or it might take the form of such a letter as one which came in to the officer in charge because of a casual sentence in my hasty report on the fighting along the Marne on that earth-shaking morning of July 15, 1918. A copy of that letter still lies in my wallet, crumbling to powder alongside the travel orders and other thin paper memorabilia of the war. With all the identifying names of persons and places left out, I beg leave to print it here:

WARD 11, BASE HOSPITAL ——
July 20, 1918.

Sir: I know exactly what I want to say in this letter if I can just word it properly so that you will see my real reason for making the request that follows. But when a fellow is on his back in a hospital and has about 50 different kinds of pains, he's apt to be a bit incoherent and just fire away, and trust to you to see the point. On Page 2 of your issue of the Stars and Stripes for Friday, July 19th, about three-quarters way down the 1st column and the last paragraph under a certain heading you have the following: "That spirit glowed through all ranks and through every branch of the service. The colonel who made trip after trip to his dugout carrying the wounded boys of his own command in his enormous arms and the Q.M. truckmaster who, while guiding his train under cover, was shot through the leg by a low-swooping German plane and then drove his motorcycle 15 kilometers to a field hospital before he fainted—they were made of the same stuff, these men."

Well, when I read that, sir, I felt a bit happy, let me confess to you, and not all the world shall know just what all happened on my pillowcase when I flopped over and covered up my head so the rest of the patients round wouldn't see me blubber for pride and joy. I'm the Q.M. truckmaster, sir, and if you trace back your source of information on that, you'll find it from Hdqrs. —— Supply Train. I would of gotten to Hdqrs. —— Supply Train, too, that day I was wounded, but was so weak from loss of blood I bowled over in the road about quarter mile from a field hospital near Pontoise crossroads and that's where they found me lying in the ditch.

Now let me tell you another thing and so get to the point of this letter. I have a mother and one girl sister at home in ——. We three are like the links in an emblem chain—inseparable. I was home on 4-day leave Christmas from camp. I wish I could describe that scene to you, sir, when I had to go. Our little apartment overlooks ——. My sister—she is 17—took me over to the window and, putting both hands on my shoulders, said, "Distinguish yourself over there, Bud; make poor mother proud of you before it's too late. You *will*, Buddie dear, I know."

Now, sir, can you see the object of this letter that from now is to be a request? What I am going to ask is not for my own sake, but for those two brave ones all alone, back there, waiting for me to come back to them. I've allotted them every cent of my pay except 3 dollars per month—that's all I need for over here. But money won't make them happy. I can earn plenty of that when I get back, as I always did before. What counts is a thing money won't buy and that most any clean, square fellow would give his life to own and that's distinguished-service mention. That's why I felt so proud when I read it today. I couldn't make my eyes believe at first. And I'm wondering still who was good enough to send in the copy to you. But this is the thing:

Would you be so kind as to cut out a clipping of that and then write a letter on your newspaper letterhead and send it to my little sister back there in ——? If you understand what I mean and see the real object of this request, you will know just what kind of letter to write and just what to say, I'm very sure of that. You can tell them the source of your information and send them a clipping from your Friday issue and then comfort them a little and perhaps make them not so lonesome or any more sorry that I am over here doing my bit. I wrote them yesterday and told them I was wounded and in Base Hospital —— and getting along splendidly, and you can confirm that, if you'll be so kind. A letter, you see, from you as a distinguished party, and a newspaper would make them feel pretty good, wouldn't it? And that's the object and end of this request. Perhaps you'll be so good as to do this for a stranger, but one quite willing to give his all, if that's his bit—is it asking too much, sir?

You can get around the fact of knowing their address by letting it seem my nearest-relative address came through with the other information—see?

Will you do this in the spirit and intention it is asked, Captain, sir? And if this letter is not all just the vapors that clog up a sick man's head, perhaps you will write to me what you have done. I'll keep it confidential, be sure of that, and I'll be looking for your answer.

A Thought for the Men

You may be sure that we sent the information to America by the next post and that I would have shot on sight anyone who, in the next few weeks, had tried to take me from my crazy assignment. You may imagine, too, that as I look over that old letter I wonder now what ever became of the man who wrote it.

It was early in December of 1918, when the history of the Stars and Stripes had run half its course, that I first heard from afar, as one hears the faint boom of a distant detonation, the explosion that took place back at our headquarters. As the paper's scout in the field, I had long been out of touch with the seething home office. In July, when the fighting was in that stormy triangle which rested on the Vesle and pointed at Château-Thierry, a

correspondent could commute to the Front, making his way from regimental headquarters in some barn in the Valley of the Marne and reaching a typewriter in Paris after little more than two hours of fast driving. From a Paris bedroom he could hear the rumble of the artillery and see the flare of shells and signals redden the edge of the midnight sky. But when fall shifted the American forces to the St.-Mihiel salient and later to the Argonne-Meuse area, a courier would come out each Tuesday to join me at some such appointed meeting place as Bar-le-Duc or Nancy, or even Verdun citadel itself. He would curl up and sleep on the floor while I pounded away at the typewriter. Then I would kick him awake, stuff the copy into his blouse, see him wedged somehow into the next train for Paris and look about me for a place to sleep myself.

I had gone on with the troops into Germany that first December week, and was waiting in line for some bread and coffee on an evening of drizzle when a worried major from G. H. Q. came over and asked me whether I had heard of any trouble back at the Stars and Stripes office. He told me that, with the wires not yet strung, he could not get any details, but a motorcycle courier had delivered a bulletin reporting a row of some sort among my cherished colleagues. The commanding officer had departed on an ostensible vacation, and Capt. Mark S. Watson, an old-time newspaper man from Chicago, had been rushed into the breach. I affected polite surprise, but predicted he would discover that my commanding officer had probably run afoul of Lieutenant Ochs.

Adolph S. Ochs, 2d, of Chattanooga, nephew and namesake of the publisher of the New York Times, had been treasurer of the Stars and Stripes from the early days, when its few fluttering francs were stacked on a café table, up until its bank roll ran into the millions.

Ochs—younger, I think, than any member of the staff—was almost the sole exception to that staff's profound animosity toward all commissioned officers. And when, of a Christmas Eve, having lingered on the Rhine just long enough to savor how unsatisfactory it was to read A Christmas Carol in the version which began "*Marley war tot, tot wie ein Thürnagel*," I drove to Paris, it was to find that Ochs had, as a matter of fact, been the match which touched off the great explosion. The occasion happened to be a dispute over the question of refunding subscription money to the troops then homeward bound. Ochs had received an order which so outraged him that he walked out of the office and wired the powers at G. H. Q. that he was engaged in disobeying his commanding officer and was, at the moment, parked in his quarters awaiting their displeasure.

Ringleaders All

That displeasure was about to manifest itself by the usual signs when the staff blew up. Private Ross drew up a tart petition to the inspector-general, asking for an immediate examination of affairs at the office. The fourteen enlisted men, without whom the Stars and Stripes could not possibly have gone to press, signed it rather in the manner of the late John Hancock. A word whispered in the passing ear of General Harbord prompted him to telephone G. H. Q. that this petition meant business.

Captain Watson, flanked by a bevy of high-ranking staff officers, rushed to the scene, arranged gracefully to send our commanding officer off on a brief well-earned holiday and held strange court while they sat on sacks of that week's issue piled high in waiting for the trucks. Probably their first idea was to identify the ringleaders, jail them and restore the status quo and order at the same time. They found, to their discomfiture, that the ringleaders included all those who had made the paper worth reading, that by meeting unofficially and even secretly every morning at some *bistro*, the staff of enlisted men had been deciding for months—over their breakfast *café au lait*—just what they would and would not put in the paper, and that if only let alone they would continue to do so to the best of their ability.

Of course they could all have been thrown into the brig for their insurrection. But this routine military procedure had two disadvantages in this case. In the first place the miscreants seemed rather to relish the prospect. In the second place it would have been necessary to find a new staff of writers and artists overnight, to continue what must have seemed to the military mind a species of black art.

Of course the paper could be suspended. But that was unthinkable. Or the colonels and generals could get it out themselves—an alternative that was not any too thinkable, either. So the powers that be threw up their hands. They withdrew helplessly to Chaumont, leaving the staff—whom they frankly referred to as the Soldiers and Workmen's Council—to get out the paper in their own way. They left Captain Watson to stand suave guard over the sanctum while the staff appointed Private Ross as its own morbid and unaccountable choice for editor.

A Willing Prisoner

This was a decision not of justice at all, but of expediency. As I look back now, what then seemed to me the fearful grievances of the staff fade into their proper insignificance. That staff and its commanding officer, each animated by nothing in the world so strong as the desire to get out a good paper, had merely got on each other's nerves. Admittedly it was difficult to function as a cheery and humorous writer when, as happened more than once, the chief would halt a stormy editorial council by looking you coldly in the eye and saying "You're under arrest," even though you knew at the time that the edict had no more of a program behind it than the Queen of Hearts used to have when, in her impulsive way, she would ejaculate, "Off with her head!" In the mollifying perspective of ten years, I think it was even a little mean of Private Ross to have taken those edicts with such malignant literalness, refusing to relax until he was formally discharged from arrest and annoying his chief—who, by this time, would be slapping him on the back and calling him old man—by such congealing replies as, "Will the captain permit the prisoner to get a drink of water?"

I even see now that my only conflicts with the captain were over matters of taste, which never could have been explained to a court-martial manned from West Point. I remember, for instance, the colloquy which ensued when I turned in my copy for the appeal which we had decided must be made to induce the troops to write more letters to the clamorously anxious folks back home. Mother's Day was selected as the occasion, and it invoked such a cascade of loving, homesick letters as all but sunk the westbound transports. We got up a drawing of an aproned, wrinkled old woman, standing beside a picket fence and staring incredulously while the postman passed her by. To go under it I wrote a broadside which began: "Your mother is worrying about you!"

"Sergeant," the chief said, "we can't afford to tell those doughboys that their mothers are worrying."

I replied that "worrying" was what I had meant, but that of course it was among his privileges to substitute any other word out of the dictionary.

"What about 'think'?" he suggested.

I said that it did not strike me as particularly forcible.

"Sergeant," he said severely, and the listening F. P. A.'s face was lamed for life by the strain of his efforts at keeping it straight, "'think' is a good word. Christ used it."

Now it was the nuisance of carrying on such a debate across the gap caused by difference in rank—a foolish little nuisance, no

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TOWER'S FISH BRAND

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Write for catalog

"The Rainy Day Pal"

The Super Illuminator

GUTH LITE

Can be installed *for as little as* $4.90

GuthLite Patented Features

1. *New Guth Fixture Supporting Socket* permits easy adjustment of reflector, controlling amount of up and down light.

2. *Globe Holder* of simplest, concealed spring type. Ordinary ones absorb 7% of the light rays. GuthLite uses this for ceiling illumination.

3. *Reflector* of white Glazed Porcelain Enamel controls and redirects upward light rays to useful plane.

4. *Globe* of scientific design. Produces maximum light output, control and diffusion. Reduces glare and conceals bright neck. Top of extended portion shaped so settling dust will not be seen and absorption will be negligible.

5. Mazda Lamp positioned high so hemisphere is uniformly lighted and is glareless.

The new GuthLite is a *low cost* lighting sensation. Not only is the first cost low, but the operating cost is low because GuthLite gives 16% more useful light than any other enclosed unit on the market.

Made in three sizes and four styles, the New GuthLite makes possible a lighting efficiency for stores, shops, schools and other commercial buildings never before obtainable. Patented features control diffusion and redirecting the light rays, giving glareless illumination.

Ask your dealer, contractor or lighting company to show you the New GuthLite or write.

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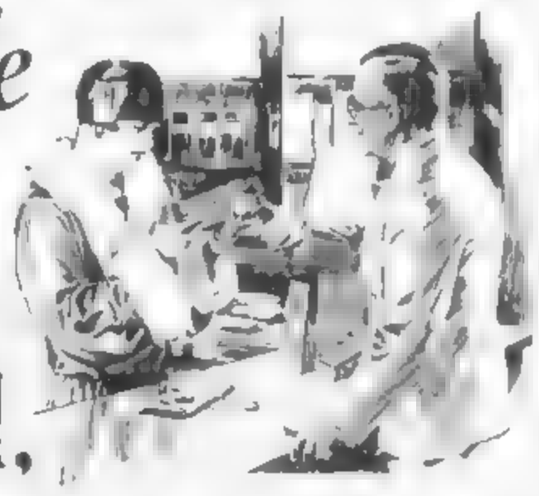

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Try this most efficient anti-acid, and you will better understand its unrivalled reputation. It is a gentle laxative and corrective. How pleasant to take! And how harmless! Phillips is given children, and put in infants' milk.

Important: Get the genuine article. Phillips Milk of Magnesia *in perfect suspension*. The same efficiency cannot be expected of any less perfect preparation. The doctors have said this for fifty years; many druggists will not even stock the imitations.

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JOHN D. HOWE is retired from active service in the Q. M. Corps—but not from active interest in things of every-day life. He wanted to build up a business that would bring in extra cash for pocket money, clothes, insurance, and to provide a fund for a possible "rainy day."

As a starter, Mr. Howe clipped and mailed a coupon like the one below. Since then, without leaving his own home, he has built up a well-paying business as our subscription representative for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*.

If you, too, want extra money—which you can so easily earn—just ask for full details of our plan.

Mail This Coupon Today

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450 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Please tell me how I can earn more money.

Name ..... Age .....
(Please print name and address)

Street .....

City ..... State .....

more disturbing, really, than a grain of coal dust in the eye—that served to keep the staff irascible in a way which never could be explained afterward to G. H. Q. But with great wisdom, that august headquarters was not greatly interested and asked no questions so long as the staff continued to get out a lively and entertaining paper. And it later expressed its magnificent unconcern with all else by issuing citations for services of extraordinary merit to both parties to the conflict impartially.

Yet even while the staff was smoldering at qualities which sometimes made our commanding officer trying as a publisher, I knew that the same qualities would have made him magnificent as an officer commanding a company in the field. Perhaps all his men would have been killed, but he would have been killed with them. And up until then, he would gladly have strangled with his own hands whatever swine of a quartermaster had failed to supply the least of his buck privates with the proper issue of blankets or, on the day appointed, had neglected to show up with the cash for the company pay roll.

Indeed, while medical officers in the hospitals in and around Paris were going through tactics of timid postponement when it came time to indorse the pay roll for the transient wounded in their charge, our chief sent out word—and made good on it—that he himself would take the risk of signing for every doughboy who, on crutches or stretchers, could get himself somehow to the Stars and Stripes office. The same Little Father attitude so complicated his editorial function that when a courier arrived in Paris with the story I had written on the morning after the sorry remnants of Whittlesey's Lost Battalion were carried out of the famous ravine in the Argonne Forest, I received this characteristic telegram:

BATTALION STORY SUPERB HAVE YOU PLENTY OF WINTER UNDERWEAR?

Then the same jealousy of rival authority that made our captain death on so many of the officers tentatively assigned to us also made him a superb guardian of the paper's independence. The most high-and-mighty visitors, coming to us with this or that suggestion and hinting behind the hand that they were Pershing's dearest friends, would be shown the door with dazing promptitude.

Even an innocent noncommissioned newcomer to the staff, if he had been sent to us without our own solicitation, would be received with something like ferocity. I remember one such postulant trembling before his new commanding officer.

"And what newspaper work have you ever done?"

"Well, sir," was the reply, "I used to write about the drama, literature and music for the Brooklyn Eagle."

"Oh!" said our chief coldly. "Well, here you'll wrap up papers in the circulation department."

After the Die Was Cast

Sometimes the thwarting of outside interference took a bit of doing. For instance, for our gala issue celebrating the French national holiday of July fourteenth, we appealed through G. H. Q. for messages to the troops from a few mighty personages among the French. This appeal elicited a magnificent salutation from Joffre and a rather more lengthy and less readable tribute from President Poincaré. Accompanying these, unfortunately, was a rather strong official hint that Poincaré not only wanted his communication reproduced in facsimile but would be offended if it were not given a better position in the paper than the one accorded to the utterances of Joffre.

Now we knew whose message would really interest the troops, but the hint from on high was particularly strong. So we had the Poincaré facsimile cast, made dutiful arrangements to bury the Joffre manifesto inside the paper, and then, at the last moment before going to press, succeeded in dropping the Poincaré cast on the concrete floor from such a height that it could not be used at all. So to the accompaniment of our loud expressions of regret, we ended up with Joffre on the front page of the paper after all.

Then, too, I must admit that the peaceful days after our commanding officer went home were never so entertaining as the stormy ones which kept every hour of his administration crowded with the delight of the unexpected.

The Stars and Stripes went deliberately out of existence with its seventy-first issue on June 13, 1919. A hundred proposals variously suggested that it be continued for the troops on the Rhine or for the Regular Army in America or for the American Legion. A private venture that appropriated its name for a publication in Washington came to nothing. Six of us from the editorial council did attempt in the fall to publish an ex-soldiers' weekly called the Home Sector in New York, only to discover that there was an air of mortality about a purely retrospective publication and that we ourselves were rapidly growing even less interested in the subject than our readers were.

A Compliment From Pershing

The 3,500,000 francs that were left in the paper's bank account when its office was closed for good and all, we tried to deflect into the further care of the war orphan mascots of the A. E. F. But the moment our hands were off it, that surplus went homing to the Treasury of the United States, there to remain as a slight refund to that sorely taxed exchequer.

The staff, at the time the flag was hauled down from the masthead, was enormous. The pride we had taken in keeping it whittled down to the barest necessities and in supplementing its personnel only with the disabled had lost all point after the Armistice, when any newspaperman parked somewhere in the French mud could get a transfer to the Stars and Stripes.

I even remember when that lanky catcher of the Braves, Sergeant Hank Gowdy, ran away from Coblenz. He got into Paris on the arrant pretense that he was a courier bearing last-minute copy to the Stars and Stripes. Indeed, I even remember the flawless gravity with which we examined the sheets of blank paper he delivered to us and the care with which we forged the travel orders which would restore him in style to the bosom of the Rainbow Division.

Hawley and Wallgren, having between them turned out the first issue of the paper, remained, under the distracted generalship of Sgt. Philip Von Blon, to put the last to bed. The others of the original six asked only that whenever G. H. Q. was ready to relieve them, they be discharged from the Army at once. Their original outfits had already long since gone home and they did not relish the prospect of turning up as casuals at the mercy of any one of the many martinets whom the sassiness of the Stars and Stripes had made vaguely unfriendly. Demobilization was managed on the last day in April at St.-Aignan, the discharge papers showing only that the soldier in question had been on duty with the First Censor and Press Company. I have never read bleaker biographies. Thus, in parting with Private Ross, for instance, the Army felt it had identified him sufficiently by the following data:

Born	Aspen, Colorado
Complexion	Ruddy
Eyes	Hazel
Horsemanship	Not Mounted

It was the next day that Pershing made his first visit to the Stars and Stripes office, where we alumni still loitered as we waited for a boat. The officer in charge pointed hastily to my red discharge chevron as he introduced me, saying, "Sergeant Woollcott is a civilian now."

"Well, well," said the general genially, "he doesn't look much like a civilian to me."

(Continued on Page 165)

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[illegible] V. E. Simmons, Hot Springs, 3—Mrs. [illegible] Jessie Frederick, Fort Smith.

CALIFORNIA

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[Letters from every civilized country on the globe totalling 1,044,272 were received and considered in this contest]

THE twelve thousand writers of letters who have merited Honorable Mention and have been given one of the Laundry Service Awards are not listed on this page. Notification of their awards with certificates were mailed on March 20. . . . Simultaneous announcement of the awards of contest are being made by individual laundry-owners in newspapers in United States and Canada.

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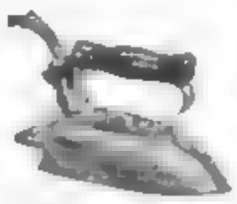

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(Continued from Page 162)

Whereat the whole staff guffawed so uproariously that Chiffon, the office mascot, burst into a cannonade of barking. And it had to be explained to the commander in chief that, although I had just spent twenty-two months in the Army, this—the very day after my discharge—was the first time anyone had said I did not look like a civilian.

I have spoken of the success with which the Stars and Stripes fended off all interference. That interference was seldom malign. Fending it off might merely mean explaining to Madame Joffre's influential Society of French Homes, for instance, that inasmuch as that was a somewhat condescending organization for the entertainment of American officers, all details about it would only annoy the doughboys who had to read them. It might merely mean the firmness with which Private Ross would reject General So-and-So's perfectly dandy little essay on the importance of the salute. Indeed, there were occasional evidences that this or that general was itching to take complete charge of the paper, some with dark purposes of their own, others only from a vague impulse to run anything in sight, others with a half-formed feeling that its jocularity was subversive of discipline and ought to be suppressed.

I remember, for instance, that one of these raised a fearful rumpus over our levity in the account of the official blunder whereby $3000 worth of Liberty Bonds, purchased by some brigadier, were firmly delivered to a protesting negro soldier of the same name, despite his honorable explanation that they were not meant for him at all. The mistake was discovered too late, for the Wildcat had sold the bonds and invested the proceeds in French paintings to hang in the cow shed where he was resident at the time. Now there was actually one elegant and well-known general who felt furiously that we ought not to have been amused by that incident.

Saved From His Friends

But our major and unremitting fight was just to keep the Stars and Stripes from smelling official. And perhaps I should explain that, whereas interference from General Pershing might have been a little difficult to thwart, he was the one general in France who did not seem disposed to try any. The only command he ever issued to us was really a stipulation rather than an order, when he wanted to be added to the list of individuals and outfits in France who were adopting the French war orphans. He sent in the money to take care of two of the kids for a year and added only the one condition that the staff make no capital of his contribution. So if you look back in the files you will see that in the agate list of outfits sending in francs for that campaign along, perhaps, with Company B, 17th Engineers Ry., and the 384th Aero Squadron, there appeared only the single line in agate type:

John J. Pershing 2

And when, to the horror of the more abject staff officers at Chaumont, we cut out all the effusive tributes to Pershing from Colonel Repington's article on the A. E. F. before we printed it in the Stars and Stripes, the commander in chief's only comment was an unofficial word of thanks to a staff that seemed minded to save him from his friends.

I should like to say, in conclusion, that I never knew the staff of any newspaper who worked so hard or whose hours of ease were so hilarious. It is those hours of ease that haunt me now.

As a roving correspondent with an order in my pocket to proceed anywhere in France I thought best, I was one holding a reserved seat for every major engagement in which the Americans participated, proceeding grandly down the aisle by motor, by aeroplane, or even by tank.

Historical Moments

I suppose I ought to recall oftenest and most vividly such historic occasions as that July morning when, on the hills below Soissons, the fortunes of the war turned before our wondering eyes. But it is rather the unhistoric and unimportant episodes that I am more likely to think of, such as a talk with Father Duffy in his château on the Rhine, for instance, or the mystery of the breakfast muffins intended for a general in the 78th Division. It is, perhaps, safe to explain now that if he did not get them, it was because his cook could be bought with a package of cigarettes.

But of all those experiences, the ones that revisit me oftenest are the jamborees of the Stars and Stripes staff. Again and again I find myself back at our Christmas dinner in 1918, when the composing room, as a Yuletide offering, formally presented me with thirty commas because of my gross indifference in the matter of punctuation. Or I find myself loose in Paris on that occasion when the editorial council took its first day off. Full of good red wine, we repaired to Montmartre Cemetery. There, in straight-faced travesty of the solemnities which had recently been performed by our betters, we stood with bared heads around the grave of that enemy alien, Heinrich Heine, while Private Hawley deposited a wreath upon it and whispered in the ear of history, "*Heinrich, hier sind wir!*"

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Woollcott.

The Horses Give a Barn Dance

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The C. I. T. Plan

for hotel and apartment equipment saved this big order to the local merchant. The hotel agreed to make a cash payment and give notes for the balance payable in monthly instalments. C. I. T. purchased this paper, giving the dealer cash to pay his manufacturers. The instalments were so arranged that the heaviest payments fell between November and March, months of largest income for this hotel—an instance of how C.I.T. financing is adapted to meet special conditions.

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CORAL

(Continued from Page 15)

been entirely feminine," he went on; "you mean the reverse of everything you said." She left him rudely. She had never met a more insufferably conceited man. Perhaps writers were like that. She didn't know. She had never talked to one before. Women, Coral supposed, unspeakable women, had spoiled Oscar Bright. In addition to everything else he was fresh—for example, about her dress. Vulgar. Amos Lett called to her. "We are going to Montmartre. Will you come in my car? I'll ask Bright." She couldn't be dragged to Montmartre, she said. "Or, if you don't ask him, I'll go to be sure I'm safe."

The last, the very last thing in Coral's mind had been to hear Oscar Bright's lecture, and consequently she regarded with a surprised resentment her presence in the long and narrow and crowded room of the White Hall Club. A succession of small circumstances had landed her there. . . . Finally she'd gone to the McKimmons' for dinner and Mrs. McKimmon had calmly taken everyone's desire to hear Mr. Bright for granted. Mrs. McKimmon was decided and not young, she was autocratic with money and an endless mental activity; and so Coral, in her own phrase, was hooked. Oscar Bright talked very easily; he explained again, more or less, what he had already told her; and she whispered to Alva Parsons, "Why doesn't he just sing I Need My Baby in the Springtime and I Want My Baby in the Fall?" She felt very humorous about the whole affair. Alva paid no attention to her—Alva, everyone else except Coral, was intent upon Bright's words. Coral Mery, with a show of complete indifference, heard stray confident phrases:

A dinner dress was a symbol of leisure, it was a mark of charm, of beauty, opposed to purely utilitarian existence. It was a rebellion against an eternal domestic monotony. A perishable dress that cost a thousand or more dollars was the feminine comment on the whole frugal and moral conception of Puritan standards. Women, Mr. Bright said, in essence, were flowers. Coral began to think of the women she knew in those terms: Mrs. McKimmon was a hydrangea; Alva Parsons was a tulip; she, Coral Mery, was a snowdrop, simple and shrinking and shy. That made her laugh audibly. When the lecture was over, Alva said to her, "Really, Coral, you do get worse all the time. It makes me shudder to think how vain you must be. Do you see—to act the way you do." Coral said that she wanted to go to the Everglades Club. She called it her flower bed. She saw that Oscar Bright was moving toward her through the small animated and enthusiastic crowd, and she escaped into the larger rooms beyond.

Seated by the great palm tree in a corner of the dancing pavilion at the Everglades Club, a depressing silence fell on her. The musicians, in their shell, were playing a waltz with the sound of the waves along the night beach; the night, above the colored lights strung over the dancing floor, was intense and hot and hung with stars. No one showed any inclination to dance with her. The men she knew, the men who were her friends, were dancing with younger girls. Younger girls or older women. She, it seemed, had reached a poisonously unattractive age. She was, Coral realized, too old to be young and too young to be—well, to be startling. Her thoughts turned to all that Oscar Bright had said—there was, of course, a hideous amount of truth in it. He was too complacent, too secure, that was all. What she had told him was true too. It was very confusing; if a thing were right, the opposite couldn't be right as well.

She looked up and saw that he was standing at her shoulder. Coral rose. Yes, she'd like to dance. It was perfectly possible—Oscar Bright had an admirable sense of rhythm, he kept scrupulously free from collision with other couples; as they danced, his mouth moved slightly in sympathy with the music and their time. "That," he assured her, "happens continually. A truth can exist totally opposed to another truth." Just to think of it, she replied, gave her a headache. "Truths, like people, are at once positive and at once individual." She said, depressed, "It's all very dreary." He was possessed by a sudden idea. "Let's take a chair. The Lake Trail will be better than this." Coral was too weak, she told herself, to object. In reality, she discovered, the Lake Trail was better than the Everglades Club. It was dark and peaceful. On the right Lake Worth dimly shone with the lights of West Palm Beach.

At least Oscar Bright wasn't ambitious. He didn't act as though the rolling chair was the harem she had mentioned. Bright was contented to smoke; for the moment he was silent. His pumps, she saw, had amusing straps of rubber and his socks at once were intricate and correct. He was, the truth was, wrapped up very nicely. To her intense surprise she said, "I have been thinking about getting married." Bright approved of that. "What I mean is," he specified, "it's very intelligent of you to think of marriage aside from any specific man. First, that is. Probably it won't do any good. You can't help that."

"Just when we begin to get along better you spoil it," she complained. "You can't know everything. You really can't. I wish you'd stop talking as though you did. Anyhow I want to talk. Do you mind shutting up? I'm more interested in myself than anything you could possibly tell me. I'm not thinking about marriage to be intelligent, but because I'm sunk. I found out I was sunk three months ago and I don't want to stay like that. It's too dumb. I made up my mind I'd get married and have a thousand children and be an admirable woman. I thought it would amuse me. I knew exactly the sort of man—not too good-looking, not too rich, nor too intelligent, and principally not too funny. Do you see, not too anything. There ought to be a lot of those, practically every other man, but I haven't been able to find one. Not one! It's terribly discouraging. They have a sense of humor or a lot of money or they are impossibly handsome or they think I ought to be their little private show. Every one is wrong. When I look at him carefully."

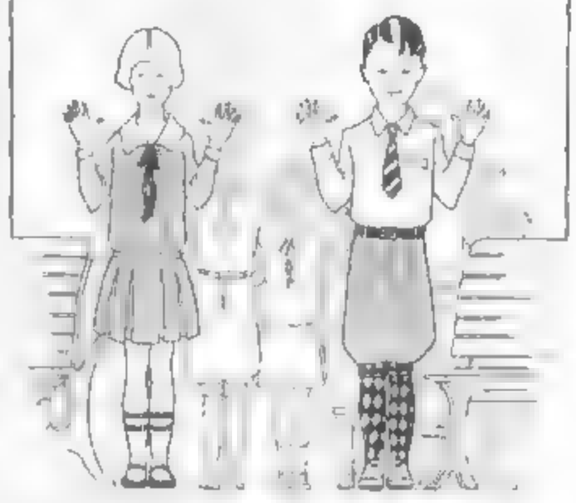
Oscar Bright said that she hadn't yet been in love. "I don't see why anyone listens to you!" she cried. "You are absolutely sobbing. You must write like that and believe your own books." Nevertheless, he insisted, she hadn't been in love. "Life," he explained, "is very trite. It's exactly the way you hear it is. When you are in love, your young man is simply marvelous, and when you are not, they are all slightly futile. You get over it, of course. What follows is habit or the force of public opinion." Coral asked, "Can't I marry reasonably?" He shook his head in a decided negative. "No. Not if you have any feeling at all."

"I'm supposed not to have a particle," she explained. "Everybody curses me for being absolutely cold." He laughed. "Well," she demanded, "what are you laughing at? You haven't started any bonfire." He hadn't, Oscar Bright explained, tried. "It can be done. Even by me. The men you have known were stupid. That's all. They didn't know women. No one does who says you are cold." She was in a rage with him again. "Certainly you couldn't be more fascinating," she proceeded. "It's a frightfully good thing for me you haven't been interested in—in stirring me up. If you touched me I'd burst into bright flame."

"I haven't touched you, have I?" he pointed out. "If I did I would simply think you expected it. I can't remember ever making that mistake. My good child, I am not going to give you a chance to be really brutal. This is a very beautiful night, we are completely alone, and actually it's nonsense we're not kissing each other. It's

(Continued on Page 168)

Children *are like* Chameleons



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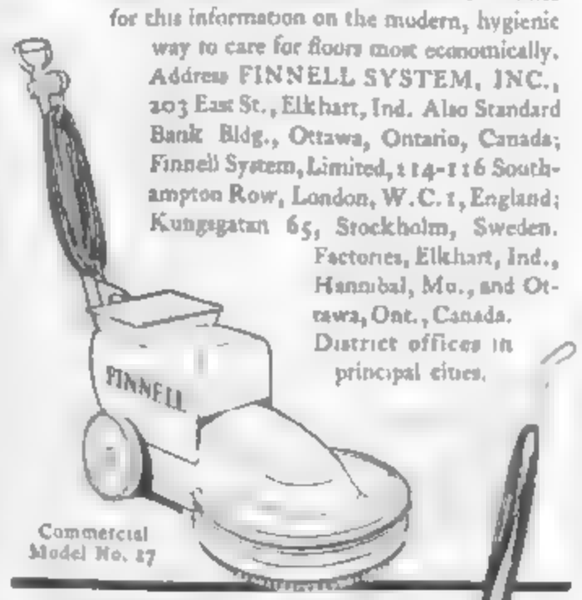

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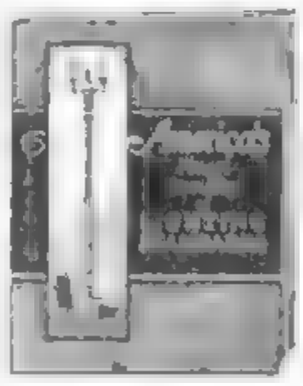

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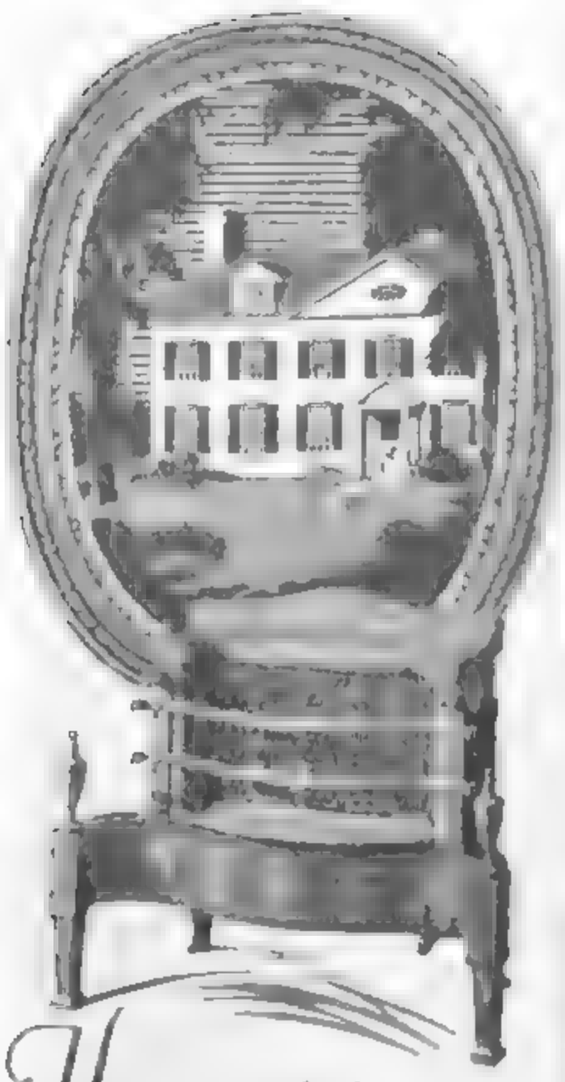

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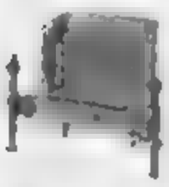

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Lawson
ODORLESS
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(Continued from Page 166)

artificial like this. The trouble is you would rather keep your disagreeable integrity than be happy. For the present." He lighted a cigarette. Coral had a feeling that it was useless to argue with him. He knew too many words. Nothing she could think of upset him. It was his conceit. She had an impulse to be fresh and snap the rubber band on his ankle. Instead she agreed that it was a heavenly night. She grew remote, purely social; Coral talked a great deal about nothing. Oscar Bright grew quiet. She couldn't discover if he were annoyed or honestly indifferent. She wanted, more than anything else, to annoy him. Actually it was a splendid game.

Coral Mery, with a monotonous regularity of motions and amounts, was playing roulette. At every spin of the wheel she put ten dollars on the corner that controlled the last six numbers. Usually the croupier, as monotonous as Coral's gambling, swept her money into the bank; but with sufficient regularity she won: the wheel turned slowly and then stopped, the ball dropped into a metal stall, the croupier pointed with his right forefinger at a number on the cloth. "Thirty-five," he said in a deadened voice, and he gave Coral seven and a half times the amount of her stake. Her face, like her hands, was impassive. "Now," she told herself, "I can get the hat without bothering." She lost three times in a row and then won again. The hat, Coral realized, had become a dress. A man standing at her back, a man she had never seen before, leaned forward. She was, he said, hot. Would she bet a thousand dollars for him any way she liked? Without turning, she replied briefly that it was impossible, since she couldn't take a commission.

Coral lost nine bets and then, remarkably, won three times in succession. Two dresses. And the hat! She wasn't specially engaged by the spectacle of gambling; she paid no attention to other activities and losses. Arnold Mentor came up and spoke to her. "It's so hot," he said; "we're going to drive to Cocoanut Grove. Will you come?" She thanked him. "I'm doing rather well and perhaps I'd better stay with it." In reality she wanted to be alone—she had a great deal to think about. Her mind, really, was full of problems brought up by Oscar Bright. None, she told herself, were directly connected with him. No, he had simply suggested a lot of things. Her dislike for him, she recognized, had naturally dwindled to indifference. Yet she was obliged to admit that he was very interesting. Had she ever, actually, talked to a more interesting man? She had, of course; but Coral couldn't recall when or who it had been. For the first time in her life she was challenged by a mind.

Or was it, as she had told Oscar Bright, only his words that were impressive? He could talk like nothing human. However, on examination she found that there was more than words in what he said. The truth was that he had stimulated her enormously. She'd be careful to hide that from him, but it was a clear fact. In the light of this, Coral examined the qualifications she had decided were necessary, desirable, in a husband. Now it seemed to her they might result in a very dull man, a very dull life, indeed. The croupier, pointing, said, "Red, even, and thirty-two." She had, now, a really respectable stack of chips. If you wanted to be admirable must you be dull? At first she had answered that with a decided yes. She had wanted to be dull. Dullness, it had seemed to her, would be very relieving. Tonight she wasn't sure. Oscar Bright, for example, had been very engaging in, for her, a new way. He was an entirely fresh experience—a man who knew life in place of stupid facts.

The knowledge of life, she recognized, was his profession. He understood—yes, he understood women the way Arnold Mentor understood steel. Women, for Bright, were impersonal. Perhaps. Maybe. You never could tell about that. Anyhow, she had had a splendid time with him. It had been at the back of her mind she'd find him gambling—he had been practically everywhere else—but he was nowhere to be seen and she was disappointed. She wanted him to discover how coldly and skillfully she played games. If he had been there, however, she would have hidden all that from him. Probably they would have had a row at once. Immediately. She returned to her question about marriage, contentment, and dullness. Was one necessary to the other? Did she, after all, want to be dull? She had thought it was the only escape from the stupidity of her present existence, but Oscar Bright had shown her a very amusing world. Among other things, he had upset her familiar, and convenient, sense of self-satisfaction. She talked to him with great certainty, but she wasn't at all certain inside.

Yes, it wasn't only words with Oscar Bright; he knew an enormous amount that no man, really, had any business to know. It gave him a sickening advantage over—over other people. He was right, naturally, about women. The trouble with him, the trouble with all men, was that they took too much for granted. They had a frightful advantage over women and used it badly. It hadn't been at all good for them. Now, very late, women had the uncomfortable duty of curing them. Men acted as though the rib had not really been removed from them. As though Eve had come into no individual existence. None at all. A demand was very different from a gift. Women wanted to give themselves; yes, and take themselves back.

It was past midnight; she had won, Coral discovered, better than nine hundred dollars; the time had come to stop. The croupier paid her wearily; he was utterly without interest in the smallness of the transaction. She drifted away from the gambling, avoiding all the people she knew, and took a chair back to Alva Parsons'. It was a very beautiful night, hot and still. It wasn't actually late. She couldn't think why she was returning. Montmartre would be just started. The Parsons house was empty and silent; in the patio the tropical plants seemed to be asleep; the air was very heavy with scent. She looked at all the tables she could find; then she went in and searched farther. At last Coral was rewarded—she had discovered a book called The Infinite Gain. It was by Oscar Bright.

It was written, she could see, in the most beautiful English imaginable—what, she was certain, must be beautiful English—but the paragraphs were so long, the sentences were so crowded, that, after an hour, she was simply nowhere. She was dizzy. Coral dropped The Infinite Gain and pulled out the light beside her bed. "I'd rather talk to him," she told herself. A new depression, the realization of her stupidity, possessed her. She had called Effingwell Bradley dumb, but actually she was worse. She just simply and completely and utterly didn't know a thing! Probably Oscar Bright was laughing at her. But she could, she thought, stop that. Not, however, with her mind. Coral thought she had seen traces, recognized impulses, in Bright. There at least she wasn't dull. Nor helpless. She would discover how real Oscar Bright's indifference, his superiority, was. She would, in other words, try to stop his talking. Palm Beach was splendid for that. Probably in New York she wouldn't have a chance; but then there was no Lake Trail, there was no Jungle, in New York. There was a magic in Palm Beach very helpful to young women.

She had breakfast with Alva on the wide balcony outside their rooms; the sea was miraculous, purple almost to the shore, and

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Alva had had a tremendous night. There was a mixed recital of two fights, a broken arm, and a rescue from the sea. The current down the beach, she explained, was impossible. "What are we doing today?" Coral asked. Some people were coming for lunch. "I'm sorry," Alva proceeded; "I know you think he's sobbing, but I had to ask Mr. Bright. There will have to be little tables and I'll put you as far from him as I can. It seems he knew Elsie Mengs at Antibes. I never thought of it, Coral, but he must have met your mother too." Coral Mery, in a veiled voice, said probably. "I rather like him, as a matter of fact," she admitted. "When I'm in a bad humor. No one could be better to fight with."

"Well," Coral Mery told herself, "I've stopped his talking." Bright was silent and it was plain that he was troubled. They were in a chair on the Lake Trail, almost at the turn before the Inlet, the chair boy was smoking by the water's edge. Still without speaking, Oscar Bright captured her hand. She was, Coral found, deeply stirred. "I don't want to speak," Bright said; "you think words are important, perhaps that I am nothing but words, but the truth is I dislike them. They can be so false. I can take words and create an emotion, a response, in you. But it won't be an honest emotion, because the words will be arranged for an effect rather than to express the truth. That, really, is my profession, isn't it? To create states of feeling and thought in people by words. Do you see, I don't want to do that with you. I want to be completely sincere, and so I am almost afraid to talk. Tell you what I feel. It's very simple and very old.

"If I knew what love meant, Coral, I'd call it love. I don't, so I'll call it love anyhow. It is a mistake to tell a woman you love her before you are quite certain of her affection, but I don't mind that either. With you. I don't want to be intelligent about this. I don't want to think of it in terms of reactions. The fact is I'm terribly happy, now, about the whole affair. I'm forty-six and I didn't think I'd ever be in love. Again. Love and surrender are different parts of the same word, the same state, and men over forty aren't able, as a rule, to surrender much."

"I suspect you'll have to be intelligent about everything you do," Coral told him. "Until you die. You're like that. I don't mind. I don't believe people can be truthful and happy together. Women can't with most men anyhow. But you know that. The sickening thing is that it's no use to tell you anything. You know it already. You make me feel like a fool." He kissed her again. "That's impossible," he declared. "I couldn't. What I know, what men know, isn't very impressive. Not as important as what women guess. But, Coral, this is all completely useless. The thing is would we be happy married?"

She was very glad he had expressed it that way. It was so much better than asking her to marry him. If he had done that she would have had to refuse. Then. She didn't want to. She didn't want to have to be definite. She couldn't be definite. "Probably not," she admitted. "Is anybody happy married? For more than a minute now and then. Are they happy anyhow?" He replied decidedly in the negative. "I should have said happy enough. Would our marriage be a success? Do you think we could do it politely and with a manner? I hate rows; remember I am over forty and I like peace. At twenty nothing matters. At twenty you can recover from anything. In no time at all. But not at forty-six."

"I love the way you talk about yourself," Coral told him. "I really do. It's an enormous relief after what I've had to listen to. Mostly. You can't think how wonderful it is to be yourself with a man. Without having to pretend. Men are so—so refined, don't you think?" Oscar Bright smiled at her. "I've suspected it," he replied. "We might as well admit," he went on, "that if I were not happy you couldn't be. When I'm disturbed I am frightful. And then equally if you weren't contented I'd be disturbed. I'm not asking too much," Bright was careful to explain. "It's simply that I believe we ought to be reasonable. The other doesn't suit us. It wouldn't be in our character." Coral felt very composed; actually she was as happy as possible. At exactly the right times he varied the reason of his words with a kiss. She liked them both enormously.

"You aren't what I had thought of marrying at all," she repeated. "I had it all arranged in my mind. But now I'm not certain I was right. You have changed a great deal." The chair boy, vague in the darkness, stirred and Oscar Bright said at once: "Perhaps we had better go back. I heard you say you'd be at Montmartre." She was grateful for his instant perception of moods and social necessities. "I don't want to," she told him, "but I suppose we must. There is a way to do things, isn't there? When we are our ages."

They sent off the chair at the Royal Palm Way and walked slowly to Montmartre, back in its tract of sandy gloom. It was very gay inside, however; Coral and Bright found themselves at a long table where there was a concerted heedless chatter. She danced with Oscar Bright and then with Effingwell Bradley. "You have to get used to the fact I'm a pig," she told Bradley. "I don't seem to own any good manners at all." In reply he said that he had forgiven her. "After all, Coral, it's your reputation. I suppose it makes you interesting. It doesn't stop your being liked." Bradley had forgiven her, she understood, because—well, because of her position. That didn't endear him to her. Instead of asking her to dance, he should have blandly forgotten her. However, even with him she was singularly light-hearted. Nothing, she felt, could annoy her. Her place at the table beside Bright was filled and she sat by Evelyn Bent.

"Isn't it a scream here?" Evelyn said at once. "It's like a Spanish omelet. I near to expired when I saw you come in with Mr. Bright. Everyone thinks you simply detest him. And there you both were. You know, Coral, that is a scream. John Lang just reached Palm Beach and told me Zinc had another dreadful battle. Simply frightful. A man, a perfectly peaceful-looking man, leaned against him or something, and then, when Zinc objected, the man knocked him down, I think John said eleven times. They must have been somewhere, for he took Zinc home in a taxi, and it seems they were as friendly as possible."

Zinc's affairs, Coral thought, had always been a nuisance to everyone. Personally, it made her weary only to think about him. She wouldn't, after all, be glad to see him. Coral couldn't decide how he'd get along with Oscar Bright. However, she had no fears where Bright was concerned. He could beautifully look out for himself. Looking out for himself, she realized in a flash of humorous comprehension, was quite the best thing Oscar Bright did. Coral found herself dancing with him again. They didn't talk. She went back to the Parsonses', however, with Mary Sampson. There was a flush of early morning light in the blue foliage of the Australian pines. The leaves of the palm trees made a harsh faint whisper and she could hear the waves on the beach. She was divinely contented.

She was glad Bright wasn't with her. Now, if he'd ask her, she would agree to marry him. She would say yes and totally ignore everything reasonable. After all, it wasn't necessary to be dull. It was possible to be very gay, very happy, and admirable. You couldn't, she realized, arrange life like a hand in contract. You couldn't play it like that. She would not, then, have to live with a dummy. That was what she had planned for herself, but she had been wrong. Alva called from her room: "We're not going to the Casino tomorrow morning. Some people are coming here. If anyone has a motion-picture camera I'll personally pull its little insides out. All of them.

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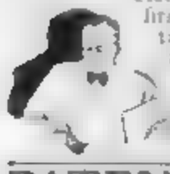

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You're a smart girl, aren't you. A bright girl." Coral said, "Anyhow, I'm not funny. You'll admit that's something." Yet she repeated to herself, with a little but significant change, "Oscar Bright's girl." It was a simple sentence, but very potent. What an idiot Zinc Bent was. She was positively glad he had been well beaten up.

On the beach Coral sat wrapped in her glazed black cloak; her legs were bare and she was wearing green bathing slippers. When she shifted on the sand, there were brief intimations of a green bathing suit. She tried to keep her head within the small circular shadow of a paper parasol signed with Chinese characters and with its handle planted in the beach. Oscar Bright sat outside that protection. "You are really a very decent color," Coral told him. "I had no idea writers could be such a nice brown." He replied indignantly that he couldn't imagine where she got her ideas about writers. "Good writers," he specified. "There are some, of course, who would turn purple in the sun. They would come unglued in the water. As a matter of fact, as you've admitted, I'm the first splendid writer you've ever seen. I'm the only one you'll ever see, so make the most of it." She replied:

"I thought I would. I have rather ambitious plans for you. It may be your social position will get very brilliant." It was already, he said at once, as lofty as possible. On the other hand, if his present benevolent mood continued, it was just possible she would have a touch of actual importance. "Reflected, of course," he warned her. "But impressive just the same." She poured sand through a cigarette holder on the top of his head. "Don't," he said almost sharply; "it might get into my eyes." She asked lazily, "What is a mote? I thought it was something around a castle." It was, he assured her. "And beams are used in houses."

Coral begged him not to be an idiot. There were others with them, but they were isolated, alone, under the crushing light of the sun. The wide beach and sea absorbed all voices. "Can you tell me," Coral asked, "if we are engaged?"

"I suppose so," Oscar Bright replied. "I must say we are courageous. Where do you want to live?" Any place, she told him, that was not Europe or Asia or Africa or London. No islands. "That leaves Connecticut," he promptly announced. "Or Pennsylvania," she added. Bright rose, he held down his hands for her and they loafed down to the sea.

The Parsonses had a small life raft which, on calm days, they pushed out into the water. It had metal cylinders, air chambers, and a rope fastened about its edge. It lay above the waves, and Oscar Bright pulled and swam with it into deep water. They sat together, arm in arm, with their four bare knees drawn up. The raft rocked gently and they were blinded by the flood of noon.

Suddenly Bright stirred and turned, gazing quickly back at the beach. "Look, Coral," he said, at once quiet and surprised. She saw that they had drifted far beyond the line of breakers. The raft was moving out and down the beach with a gathering speed. "We must swim it back," Coral decided. "We can hold by the rope and kick." He shook his head. "I'm sorry, I can hardly swim a stroke. No. They must see us from the beach. Look, Coral, I think they do. Isn't that someone running?" She could just distinguish a small agitation on the distant sand. "They will go down to the Casino and send the lifeboat," she went on. "We're perfectly safe if it stays like this. I wish the Parsonses had bought a bigger raft." Together they filled it. A long lazy swell slipped under them, the raft rose at a sharp angle, hung on the crest, and slid gracefully down. The water was a miraculous and idyllic, a purple blue. Trails of faintly hissing white bubbles appeared on the surface of the sea.

Oscar Bright frankly lay down, grasping the rope with both hands. His feet were braced. "Look out," he warned her, "here's another." The raft rose, hung high on the water and sank back. Most of the room, most of the safety, Coral realized, was being used by Oscar Bright. She had a hysterical impulse to laugh. "It would be better if you were lying down," he advised her. The raft was slippery, and she fell forward, catching at the rope. Advice was all the assistance he gave her. He was holding the rope so tightly that his knuckles were white. His face, she saw, was not as brown as it had been on land. "I think," Coral said in a sort of gasp, "it's getting worse." The raft tilted very sharply. "They'll—they'll get us," he tried to reassure her. His voice was choked.

Coral recognized that they were drifting farther and farther out. However, they were moving diagonally down the beach. Soon they would be opposite the Casino. She could almost see the gayety of the crowd there. The raft rose and fell, it dipped a corner into the sea and they were swept with salt water. Coral thought of sharks. She saw shadows in the clear and mysterious depths beneath her. "There haven't been any this year," she said in tones just escaping a quaver. "If you mean sharks, I wish you'd shut up," Bright answered irritably. His speech grew thin and strained. "I think the raft is lower than it was. Probably there are holes in the cylinders."

Coral had a blinding flash of recognition: perhaps this was death. She was, for a moment, utterly cold with fear. She fought to control it. Panic shut her throat and compressed her heart. The raft was inclined on the water because Oscar Bright was in the exact middle, she had been forced toward the side.

"It is lower," he said desperately. He moved and, to Coral's breathless horror, he disappeared into the sea. She heard a gasping cry. But that had been herself. The dim perception of an act of immeasurable bravery touched her mind—Oscar Bright had gone—to leave her all the raft. Float as long as possible. She was filled with a confusion of emotions, with fear and love for him, and a transcendent admiration. A new quietness of mind possessed her. Then there was a violent upheaval. The raft rocked and dipped, it was almost on edge, she was slipping into the water, when Oscar Bright succeeded in climbing back.

"I fell off!" he said explosively.

The sun lay hot upon her. She could hear the metallic notes of sea birds; gulls floated curious and serene and safe above. Coral didn't think of all the past. She was repeating silently, in a dull and incredulous wonder, the word death. Death, death, death. It was a fact, but she couldn't grasp it. It was immediately before her, but it was incredible.

She heard a sound from across the water. A methodical approaching sound. Oscar Bright said, "It's the lifeboat from the Casino." The boat floated gracefully up to the raft. Bright helped her to safety. In other words, he had, with a remarkable agility, secured it first for himself. Coral half lay in the lifeboat with closed eyes. The life guard was tying a painter to the life raft. "If you don't mind," she spoke with a gathering spirit, "could we land where there isn't a crowd?"

She went immediately, in Carter James' car, to Alva Parsons'. Alva immediately put her to bed. Coral protested, but her objections, really, were not sincere. She was weak. "I hate to be so sobbing," she told Alva. She got up, however, for dinner. Actually they went out, to the McKimmons', for dinner. Afterward Oscar Bright came up to her. "In China," he said, "there is a theory that a man, a mature and educated individual, is more important than any problematic baby. He is regarded as more valuable than a woman. It is, do you see, a purely economic theory. There is nothing personal about it. The Chinese, for that reason, argue that men should be saved first. Anyhow, it does suggest a certain question, doesn't it?" Coral gazed at him speculatively, from the straps on his pumps to the top of his nicely shaped head. "Perhaps," she said at last. "In China."

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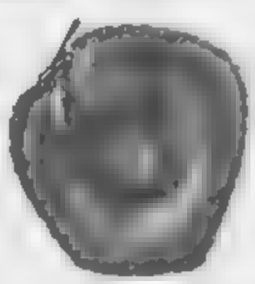

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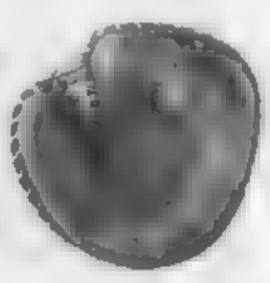

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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index

GULF REFINING COMPANY USES ALUMINUM PAINT AS A STANDARD COVERING FOR OIL EQUIPMENT

THIS MODERN CONSERVATION STORY

Is Important to Oil Producers and Other Paint Users

THE adoption of Aluminum Paint by the Gulf Refining Company as a standard protective covering for storage tanks, tank cars and refinery equipment not only evidences keen appreciation of modern conservation and efficiency, but typifies a definite trend in the industry. The Petroleum Industry has adopted Aluminum Paint.

Back of this world-wide acceptance are years of testing. Oil men try before they buy. They now know that Aluminum Paint best meets their exacting needs.

Aluminum Paint has proved that it saves countless barrels of oil every year by reducing evaporation losses. It keeps oil cool by *reflecting*, instead of *absorbing*, the sun's heat.

Furthermore, Aluminum Paint offers unusual protection for exposed equipment of all kinds. It resists hydrogen sulphide—one of steel's worst enemies in the oil industry.

Because of its unique "leafing" qualities, it forms a continuous enduring coat of pure metallic Aluminum over any surface to which it is applied—a coat of non-rusting metal that defies time and the elements.

Aluminum Paint provides these remarkable protective properties, yet costs no more than ordinary paint.

Let us give you complete information about this *modern* "coat-of-metal" protection for steel, wood, brick and concrete surfaces. Write for the booklet, "Aluminum Paint."

Trade Mark

The pigment base for the better grades of Aluminum Paint is ALBRON Aluminum Bronze Powder, made of pure ALCOA Aluminum. To be sure of the results described in this advertisement insist that ALBRON Aluminum Bronze Powder be used on every job.

To Maintenance Engineers

On both interior and exterior surfaces on steel, wood, brick and concrete, Aluminum Paint has proved a superior protection in all kinds of industry.

For interiors one coat usually suffices. It hides any under color—even black—and diffuses an abundance of agreeable light to every corner of the plant.

To the Householder

Keep a can of Aluminum Paint handy. Paint your cellar with it. It will make every corner bright and cheerful. Can be washed down like tile.

Lighten your laundry, brighten dark closets and stairways. Paint your garage interior, the rims of your tires.

For brightness, cleanliness and permanence call upon the magic of Aluminum Paint.

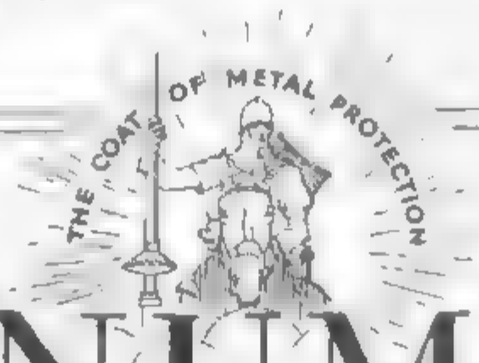
ALUMINUM COMPANY OF AMERICA

2326 Oliver Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Offices in 18 Principal American Cities

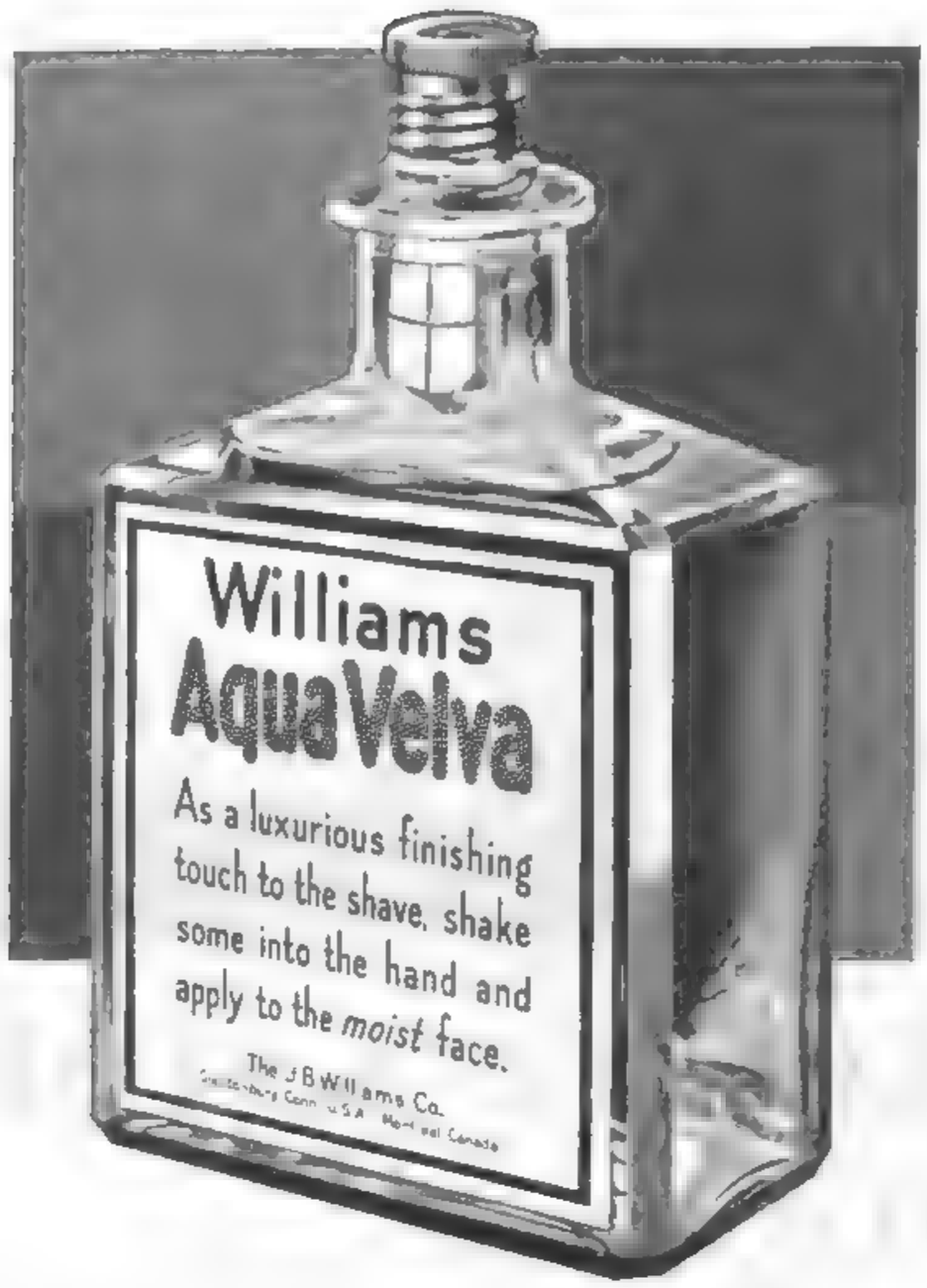
Aluminum Company of Canada, Ltd
Toronto, Montreal, Canada

Aluminum in Every Commercial Form



ALUMINUM PAINT

"IT LEAFS"


Williams
Aqua Velva
As a luxurious finishing touch to the shave, shake some into the hand and apply to the moist face.
The J.B. Williams Co.

A Splash! A Tingle!

Then all day face comfort from the

AQUA VELVA

After-Shave!

The after-shave! As important as the shave itself. For it means the proper treatment of the newly shaven skin.

Aqua Velva, made expressly for this purpose, is the product of 88 years of specialized study of what is best for beard and skin . . . best to keep *Faces Fit!*

Splash on Aqua Velva after you have shaved. It gives a sparkling tingle! Then, throughout the day, it keeps your face *Fit!*

It protects . . . from dust, germs, wind, weather. Helps to prevent chapping. Helps to heal tiny nicks and cuts, seen and unseen. Keeps the skin flexible, free from *unnatural* dryness by conserving its *natural* moisture.

Yes, Aqua Velva *keeps* the skin as perfectly conditioned as the Williams lather *leaves* it.

50 cents for a large bottle. Or, Free Trial Size if you will ask for it.
Address, Dept. P48, The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn.— Montreal, Canada.

Williams Aqua Velva

For use after shaving

OUT-OF-DOORS

(Continued from Page 48)

mite of a thing when he came to us. I don't know how much blackbird talk he knows. There may be a little problem for him when we release him and he starts courting a mate. But love will find a way.

"See that! He won't give those robins a moment's peace. As soon as they quiet down he's at them. He's just a born revolutionist. The grosbeak, there, is a quiet sort. He sits idly by and lets them bicker. Something of a philosopher, I dare say. They all have their foibles. Once we had a black-crowned night heron who'd shriek every time he heard the song Do You Ever Think of Me? Otherwise he was perfectly behaved."

Miss Coburn opens the wire door of the cage. A tailless crow ventures out. She gathers him into her arms like a kitten, and dipping a morsel of bread in milk slips it in his black beak.

"Always hungry—like boys," she goes on. "The robins will make away with two pounds of raw steak, ground fine, in a single day when earthworms are scarce. Bread and milk is a staple of diet, occasionally potatoes with butter, and for a green, iceberg lettuce. They love raisins, too, and relish canned blueberries when fresh ones are not available. For the water birds like the heron nothing will do, of course, but fresh fish. In winter we have to depend on the bait stores, but in summer the boys keep us pretty well supplied."

Pupils in the little red school are on as intimate terms with the birds as their teacher is. Fifteen nests in a season—orioles, bluebirds, robins, catbirds, woodpeckers, vireos and chipping sparrows—all within the triangle of the school grounds, scarcely fifty yards on a side, offer evidence enough that the little brothers of the air sense the welcome and seek sanctuary freely, though a spot where fifty children romp and shout is not normally the choice of a solicitous mother bird for the rearing of her brood.

"The children love them," explains Miss Coburn. "One winter while we were building the new bungalow we kept the birds in the schoolroom. And what a time the robins had of it! No redbreast can resist his native color. To him everything that blushes is a cherry. Let a little girl wear a crimson hair ribbon to school and immediately she became the center of the most absorbing interest."

Among her robins Miss Coburn will have bullies and crosspatches, sunny Sallies and meek Marys. Generally speaking, the redbreast must be rated a moron of the bird world—debonair but dense, with only a fraction of the intelligence of the wily catbird.

Bluebirds are belligerent, the cuckoo meek, the meadow lark a prince of good fellows, the grosbeak none too friendly, and the tanager cross. As a rule, however, all dwell together in reasonable amity in the big cage, until, strong of wing and quick of eye once more, they can speed away to flute their love songs from the tree tops.

—WILLIAM HENRY WRIGHT.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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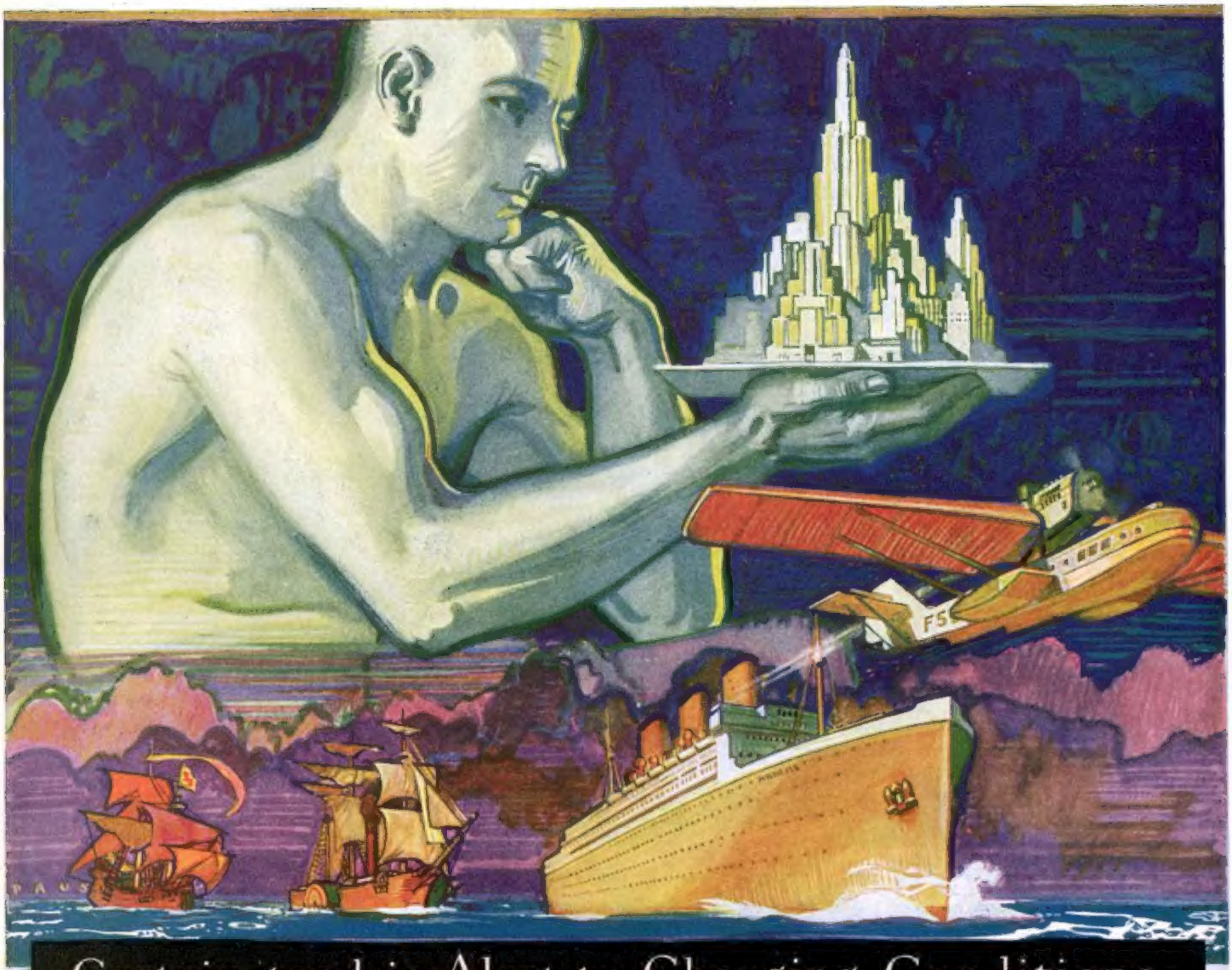

Certain-teed is Alert to Changing Conditions - Keeping Its Methods and Products Abreast of Modern Requirements

What will tomorrow bring to you—what changes of habits, tastes and modes of living? With its corps of engineers and staffs of expert chemists, the Certain-teed Products Corporation daily prepares itself for the fresh trends of tomorrow.

For, Certain-teed knows that new ideals and requirements are born overnight. This organization has had a part in the development of modern American building. Its lines of roofing, linoleum, paints and gypsum products . . all, have kept pace with altered conditions. Distinctive types, designs and patterns issue forth regularly from the Certain-teed plants. No item that does not fill a large popular demand is retained, since speed in the sale of merchandise is essential to progressive manufacturing methods.

You can be sure that when you purchase a product bearing the Certain-teed label, you are getting a most up-to-date, practical, and excellent product. All the vast resources of Certain-teed are mobilized to meet the shifting tides of public preference and to build the utmost quality into every product.

ASPHALT ROOFINGS
ASPHALT SHINGLES
BUILDING PAPERS
BUILDING FELTS
PAINTS - VARNISHES
LACQUERS

Certain-teed

LINOLEUM
FLOORTEX (FELT BASE)
OIL CLOTH
GYPSUM PLASTERS
BUILDING BLOCKS
GYPSUM BOARD

STAINLESS STEEL *for Spotless Kitchens*

Housewives are unanimous in the opinion that kitchen tools of Stainless Steel lighten labor and brighten the kitchen.

Kitchen tools are daily subjected to acids and juices which stain and tarnish their brightness and unless they are "Stainless" every cleaning means a scouring.

The complete line of A. & J. "Blutip" Kitchen Tools is now made in Stainless Steel—not only the blades and working parts but shanks, rivets, ferrules, and all metal parts.

This means Kitchen Tools that will last a lifetime and always look as bright as new without scouring or polishing.

A. & J. Stainless Steel Kitchen Tools will be found at department and hardware stores in a large variety to suit your needs. Recognize them by the big, comfy handles finished in highest grade enamel—pearl gray with blue tips.

As an inducement for you to become acquainted with these shining tools, so easy to keep clean and so appropriate for your bright kitchen, The A. & J. Manufacturing Company makes a special offer of a Stainless Steel Apple Corer and Parer FREE with an order for a Bent Handle Pancake Turner and Measuring Spoon with pouring lip.

Send the coupon with $1.00 for the two articles, and the third piece FREE for your dealer's name.

The A. & J. Manufacturing Company, Binghamton, N. Y.

A&J BLU TIP

STAINLESS STEEL *KITCHEN TOOLS*

Special offer includes a STAINLESS STEEL Apple Corer and Parer FREE FOR YOUR DEALER'S NAME

I enclose $1.00 for 1 Stainless Steel A. & J. Bent Handle Pancake Turner (817), and 1 Stainless Steel Measuring Spoon with pouring lip (823), with which you will send me—FREE—1 A. & J. Stainless Steel Apple Corer and Parer (833), for my dealer's name.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*Dealer's Name*_____

Genuine Stainless Steel is manufactured only under the patents of the

AMERICAN STAINLESS STEEL COMPANY · COMMONWEALTH BUILDING · PITTSBURGH, PA.

He'll like that!

GIVE him peas and potatoes creamed with Pet Milk! He'll think them *better* than "mother used to make." The better milk makes up for the loss of the boyhood appetite.

Vegetable fritters, and croquettes—cream soups, and all creamed vegetables—to every vegetable combination where milk is used, Pet Milk gives a flavor and texture that wasn't known when his mother was planning the meals he remembers.

Creamed Peas and Potatoes

1 tablespoon butter	⅛ teaspoon paprika	⅓ cup Pet Milk
1 tablespoon flour	1 teaspoon onion juice	⅔ cup water
½ teaspoon salt	Few grains cayenne	1 cup peas
1 cup cooked potatoes, cut in cubes		1 tablespoon chopped parsley

Melt the butter, add the flour, salt, paprika, onion juice and cayenne and mix well. Add the combined milk and water slowly and bring to the boiling point, stirring constantly. Add the peas, potatoes and parsley and heat thoroughly.

Pet Milk is pure, fresh milk that comes to you as pure and fresh and sweet as when it left the farm—*but more than twice as rich.* It stays fresh and sweet because it is sterilized in a sealed container. It is more than twice as rich because sixty per cent. of the water of natural milk is taken out. Nothing is added.

Because of the extra richness in all the valuable food substances of milk—because the cream is kept in Pet Milk, it can be diluted to suit any milk need, gives the rich flavor that makes food better, yet costs no more than ordinary milk.

We want you to have our free book telling about Pet Milk—how it will give you better food, and at the same time make your milk and cream supply more convenient and more economical. *Send address to*

PET MILK COMPANY
821 Arcade Building, St. Louis, Mo.

The Original Evaporated Milk

Glistening *Clean Teeth*

since Childhood Days

Her Reward . . . for this Daily Dental Care

Miss Marguerite Fish has used this cleansing dental cream for nearly twenty years. And today her flashing, brilliant teeth are envied wherever she goes.

* * *

EVER since she was a little girl, Marguerite Fish has used this one dental cream . . . . and you should see her beautiful teeth today.

We wish you could meet Miss Fish personally. You'd be fascinated by her charming personality . . . . her glorious flashing smile.

Her teeth are famous for their beauty—admired wherever she goes. A glance at the portrait on the right, painted by Joseph Cummings Chase, will give you an idea of their loveliness.

Ask Miss Fish the secret, and she will tell you the daily use of Colgate's.

"Colgate's certainly keeps your teeth in sound, healthy condition," says the dentist to Miss Fish.

She has used it for almost twenty years.

Many tell the same story

In this country, and in foreign countries the world over, you will find thousands and thousands of men and women who began using Colgate's ten, fifteen, even twenty years ago, whose teeth today are exceptionally sound and beautiful.

Many of these people are grateful enough to write to us. Some send their photographs also. Each day the postman brings a few more letters to add to an already bulging file.

Many of these letters are from users who have brushed with Colgate's for at least a decade.

We could fill the pages of this publication with quotations from them—sincere, unsolicited reports from people proud of the soundness and attractiveness of their teeth.

There is nothing mysterious about these enviable results.

The men and women fortunate enough to secure them did nothing that you cannot easily do yourself.

They visited their dentists for periodic inspections. And they used Colgate's.

Choose your dentifrice on the basis of results. Follow the lead of those who have already kept their teeth sound for years.

Simply adopt for your own use the dentifrice most popular among people with well-preserved teeth.

We persuaded Miss Fish to sit for this Joseph Cummings Chase portrait, just to show you how beautiful her teeth are today, after using Colgate's for nearly 20 years.

Made specifically to clean teeth

You see, Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream stands apart from most dentifrices. It is expressly and scientifically made to get teeth *clean*. With Colgate's, cleaning is not a side issue, or an added feature . . . it is the *main thing*.

Naturally, no dentifrice that you have ever used will *clean* your teeth more thoroughly. And, mark you, this supremely efficient cleansing is the basis of beautiful and long-lived teeth.

On the one hand you have Colgate's, the chief feature of which is thorough cleansing. On the other you have the fact that countless people who have used Colgate's for years now have exceptionally fine teeth.

In such a vital matter as the care of your teeth, could there be any safer guide than the actual experiences of people like yourself?

Also, wouldn't it be an immense satisfaction to know that the dentifrice *you* were using was the one which dentists recommended most frequently?

At your druggist's

So, for lovely teeth . . . for teeth that make your smile the social and business asset that it should be . . . ask your druggist today for Colgate's. Or, if you prefer, let us send you a sample to try.

Just jot your name and address on the coupon below and we will gladly mail you a trial tube of Colgate's to test in your own home.

CLEAN!

Years ago we set out to make the best dentifrice possible. We interviewed leading dental authorities. They told us that the one thing a dentifrice should do is to clean teeth. We then produced Ribbon Dental Cream—designing it to do that one thing superlatively well. It is not medicated because all experiments in the meantime have sustained the original principle that cleansing is the only thing a dentifrice can do.

Colgate & Co.
Est. 1806

Colgate & Co.,
Dept. 200-C, 595 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Please send me a Free sample of Ribbon Dental Cream.

Name_____

Address_____

In Canada, Colgate & Co., Ltd., 72 St. Antoine St., Montreal